LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS

VOLUME I

Edited and Translated by

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

I-09 1.985
V.1

MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

VOLUME I

FUDAN B01010905070 90复旦图书馆

复旦大学 文科 图书馆 藏书章

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
LONDON, ENGLAND
1993

Copyright © 1993 by the President and Fellows
of Harvard College
All rights reserved

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Martial.
Epigrams / edited and translated by D. R. Shackleton Bailey.
p. cm. — (Loeb classical library)
Translation of: Epigrammata.
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 0–674–99555–4 (v. 1). ISBN 0–674–99556–2 (v. 2).
ISBN 0–674–99529–5 (v. 3).
1. Martial—Translations into English.
2. Epigrams. Latin—Translations into English.
3. Occasional verse, Latin—Translations into English.
I. Shackleton Bailey, D. R. (David Roy), 1917–.
II. Title. III. Series: Loeb classical library; L094, L095, L480
PA6502.B35 1993 92–8234
878'.0102—dc20 CIP

Typeset by Chiron, Inc, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Printed in Great Britain by St Edmundsbury Press Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, on acid-free paper.
Bound by Hunter & Foulis Ltd, Edinburgh, Scotland.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION 1

ABBREVIATIONS 10

EPIGRAMS

ON THE SPECTACLES 12

BOOK I 40

BOOK II 132

BOOK III 200

BOOK IV 276

BOOK V 352

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

BOOK VI

BOOK VII

BOOK VIII

BOOK IX

BOOK X

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

BOOK XI

BOOK XII

BOOK XIII

BOOK XIV

APPENDIX A: ADDITIONAL NOTES

APPENDIX B: THE FICTITIOUS NAMES

INDEX

PREFACE

This edition replaces W. C. A. Ker's of 1925. I have repeated some of his notes where there seemed no reason to change the wording. Those in Books XIII and XIV containing botanical, zoological, and other information which I take on trust are distinguished by bracketed "K."

The text is that of my Teubner edition of 1990, by permission of its publisher, with a few misprints corrected and second thoughts,[1] and some changes in punctuation, spelling, and typography. Critical notes record conjectures adopted in the text, unless they are old and generally accepted. Most of my own had been advanced in articles, as specified in the Teubner apparatus. Other departures from the modern consensus, signalized in the Teubner, are generally tacit.

As translator I have been especially concerned with fidelity, which of course does not have to be literal. Readability would have been served if what I may call mythological aliases had been replaced by

[1] See Spect. 26.1; 1.76.11; 2.44.11; 3.47.7; 4.26.3; 5.22.13, 58.7; 8. epist. tit; 9.73.3; 11.2.2, 50.4, 99.6; 12.15.5; 13.72 tit., 87.1, 118.2; 14. 184 tit., 185.2, 197.2.

familiar equivalents (e.g. "Athenian" instead of "Cecropian"), but that would have removed a major stylistic feature. Like other Latin poets, Martial liked such variations, partly no doubt as giving the versifier more room for maneuver, but also for diversity and a cultural cachet. They are explained in the notes or the index.

Ker put the pornographic epigrams into Italian, for which plain English was substituted tacitly in reprints, I believe by the then general editor, E. H. Warmington. I have followed the precedent, though not the wording.

I am grateful to Professor G. P. Goold for advice and numerous improvements of detail.

D. R. Shackleton Bailey

Harvard University
July 1993

INTRODUCTION

MARCUS Valerius Martialis was born in Bilbilis, an ancient hill-town in northeast Spain. The year was A.D. 40 or thereabouts, the month March.[1] His parents' names were Fronto and Flaccilla.[2] We hear of no other family, except a relative, one Unicus, also a poet (12.44). Add that Martial almost certainly never married, the wife whom he occasionally addresses or mentions being an evident fiction.

He was given a good education (9.73) and in 64 (10.103) left to seek fame and fortune in Rome, where his family probably had connections, notably the Spanish Annaeus Seneca. But disaster overtook Seneca and his circle in 65 following an unsuccessful plot against Nero. So much the worse for Martial, though the widow of one of the casualties, the poet Lucan, remained a patroness.

For a young man of small means with literary

[1] Not March the first, as formerly supposed. At this period Romans often preferred to celebrate their anniversaries on the Kalends of the birth month rather than the actual day: see H. Lucas, *Cl. Quart.* 32 (1938), 5f.

[2] Mentioned 5.34. (Erotion in this epigram could be a figment, but that Martial would have falsified his parents' names is hard to believe.)

ambitions patronage, entailing the corresponding obligations of clientship, was indispensable. One way to find and keep patrons was to pay compliments in verse, and Martial's career as an epigrammatist, the only form of authorship he is known to have practiced, may have started in this way. For a long time he wrote for private presentation and circulation, even making collections, so that in the opening of Book I he can claim to be "known the world over for his witty little books of epigrams."[3]

In 80 he published his Book on Shows (*Liber de Spectaculis*), as it is conveniently called,[4] on the spectacles presented by the Emperor Titus in the recently completed Colosseum. About half of Martial's original series seems to be missing.[5] Five years later came two collections, the *Xenia* and the *Apophoreta*, now edited as Books XIII and XIV: two-line mottos to accompany gifts of food or wine (the *Xenia*) and miscellaneous presents (the *Apophoreta*) at the Saturnalia. According to the introductory epigram to the latter, gifts for the rich and the poor were supposed to alternate, but as they now stand the couplets show only residual traces of such an arrangement.

[3] See J. P. Sullivan, *Martial, The Unexpected Classic* (Cambridge 1991), 4–6. This work is the first major comprehensive study, embracing virtually every aspect of the subject other than the purely philological.

[4] Sullivan 6 n.13.

[5] Sullivan 8.

Books I and II came out around 86,[6] though the former was later reedited. The author was now a made man, well-known and despite frequent grumblings certainly not poor. He lived in an apartment on the Quirinal, up three flights of stairs, but later exchanged it for a house in the same area. He had also acquired a small property in the country near Nomentum, some thirteen miles north of Rome. Some of his patrons were wealthy grandees, above all the sinister Emperor Domitian, whose favor he assiduously courted in genuflectory verse. In return came the coveted and financially advantageous "Right of Three Children" (*ius trium liberorum*), originally granted by Titus but renewed by his successor,[7] and the Six-months Tribunate (*tribunatus semenstris*), which carried the status of Knight.

Book III was dispatched to Rome late in 37 from Forum Cornelii, modern Imola, in Cisalpine Gaul, where Martial had temporarily retreated, to get away, so he says (3.4), from the tiresome routine of clientship.[8] Books IV–IX followed in 88–94, six in six years. Book X originally appeared in 95, but

[6] Sullivan 15 n.31. The chronology of Martial's publications, basically established by Friedländer, can now be sought in Sullivan.

[7] See note on 2.91.6.

[8] Presumably he had some particular reason for going there. Sullivan (30f) suggests that he had been invited by a friend or patron who had an estate in the district, but would not Martial have mentioned him? Possibly he had been put in charge of somebody's property or business.

Domitian's assassination in September 96 necessitated a second edition in 98, which is the book as we have it, many new pieces replacing flatteries of the now anathematized ruler. Book XI came between these two editions, late in 96; also an anthology from X and XI in the following year (12.4).

Domitian's successor, the elderly and benign Nerva, had been a recipient of complimentary epigrams (8.70; 9.26) and had himself written verses in his time, but Martial's long prostration before the departed tyrant left him in an uncomfortable position under the new regime. It was not ameliorated when Nerva gave place to the soldierly Trajan. In 100 Martial said good-bye to Rome, to spend the remaining three or four years of his life back at Bilbilis. Thanks to the liberality of a local benefactress, he lived in the nearby countryside, comfortably but not happily, missing the metropolitan ambience at which he had so often chafed. From Bilbilis he sent to Rome the nucleus of Book XII, later expanded to what we have, perhaps after his death.

Epigram

Epigram had a long history. Originating in inscriptions, mostly sepulchral or votive, it took literary form in Hellenistic times with a wide range of subject matter, but especially directed to love and wine.

The Greek anthologies of Meleager (c. 80 B.C.) and Philip of Thessalonica (c. A.D. 40) have preserved many such otherwise fugitive pieces. In the latter the work of Marcus Argentarius set a new pattern: the joke with a surprise at the end. This was cultivated by Lucillius in Nero's time and his near-contemporary and imitator Nicarchus, also by Martial.

From the end of the second century B.C. the writing of Latin epigrams flourished, but except for Catullus, the work of Martial's predecessors, such as the Augustan Domitius Marsus and Lentulus Gaetulicus, a victim of Caligula, has almost entirely disappeared. Martial admired Catullus most of them all, but he did not take him as a model. Though he usually uses the first person, the authentic personal note is lacking. In so far as he is not simply out to entertain, like a teller of funny stories, or to compliment a patron, he is apt to deal in ostensibly typical characters and situations, portraying the life around him, so he fondly claims, as opposed to the overworked themes of mythology beloved by "serious" poets. There is merit in the claim, of course, although many of his sketches come no closer to plausible reality than a Victorian *Punch* cartoon.

It was the age of rhetoric, of paradox and hyperbole, the urge to take the reader, or rather the audience, by storm. Contrary to what is sometimes

alleged, Martial is by no means exempt from the tendency, though naturally his is not the "pathetic" rhetoric of a Lucan or a Juvenal. The conceits of a piece like 11.18 spring from the same psychological mold that produced the cult of the *sententia.*

Learning of Martial's death, the younger Pliny wrote to a friend: "I have just heard of the death of poor Martial, which much concerns me. He was a man of an acute and lively genius, and his writings abound in both wit and satire, combined with equal candor. When he left Rome I complimented him with a present to defray the charges of his journey, not only as a testimony of my friendship, but in return for the little poem he had written about me [10.20] . . . Do you not think that the poet who wrote in such terms of me deserved some friendly marks of my bounty *then*, and that he merits my sorrow *now*? For he gave me the most he could, and it was want of power only if his present was not more valuable. But to say truth, what higher can be conferred on man than fame, and applause, and immortality? And though it should be granted that his poems will not be immortal, still, no doubt, he composed them upon the contrary supposition" (*Ep.* 3.21, Melmoth's translation).

Pliny would have been surprised. But his implied prediction conformed to a much-illustrated truth, the importance, for an ancient writer who hoped to survive, of being earnest. The "Toys" of Laevius, the flood of epigram, the diversions of the

poetae novelli are gone (and how cheerfully would one part with some of the weightier products of the Latin muse, pagan and Christian, to get them back!). Catullus, by a narrow squeak, and Martial are still here. He deserves to be, for the polish and brilliance of his Latin, his gift for the memorable phrase, and his occasional exquisite rendering of certain universals: friendship, the pathos of a young person's death, the flight of mortal time, with its often repeated corollary of "live today"—albeit, to say truth, Martial's idea of living seems to have amounted to little more than loafing.

Manuscripts, Editions, and Sources

Martial's textual tradition divides into three branches, denoted by the Greek letters α, β, and γ.

α is represented by the following anthologies (florilegia) of the ninth or ninth-tenth century: H in Vienna, R in Leyden, and T, perhaps a transcript of H, in Paris. H itself disappears after the first couplet of 1.4. The *Liber de Spectaculis* is preserved only in α and certain representatives of a lost manuscript K, also of the α tradition or perhaps mixed. T has almost all the *Xenia* and *Apophoreta* (Books XIII and XIV), R some of them. In I–XII many epigrams are absent from both.

The β family, going back to a recension made in 401 by Torquatus Gennadius (see Friedländer, 69f), consists of L of the twelfth century in Berlin, the

best of the group as well as the oldest, and three others of the fourteenth.

γ is best represented by four copies of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the oldest and best being E in Edinburgh.

The three families go back to three independent recensions, all probably originating in late antiquity, and many of their differences are not to be accounted for palaeographically. γ is considered somewhat inferior to the other two, but the rival readings have to be judged on their merits. One group sometimes presents a better reading against the other two.

Citroni's edition of Book I (1975) with detailed reports of the individual manuscripts, showed that the triple division is less clear-cut and consistent than might be supposed from W. M. Lindsay's standard apparatus of 1903. The profit to the text is nil.

The complete Martial has had at least nineteen editors between 1471 and 1990. There are also a number of selections and editions of separate books (see below). W. Heraeus' Teubner text of 1925 (reissued with a few corrections and additions in 1974) was repeated with little change by successors, prior to my edition (Stuttgart 1990). The last complete commentary by W. Friedländer (Leipzig 1881) contains much that is still useful, though he had no head for textual and interpretive problems. Commentaries on individual books have appeared in the present century by U. Carratello (*Liber de Specta-*

culis), 1981, M. Citroni (Book I), 1975, P. Howell (Book I), 1980, and N. M. Kay (Book XI), 1985. A. E. Housman never edited Martial, but a long series of articles and reviews, now collected in his *Classical Papers*, solved many problems as only he knew how.[9]

Translations, many of them in verse, abound in a variety of languages.

Sullivan's bibliography, which takes little account of philology (Housman's name is not included) amounts to something like 800 items. For a shorter list, the one in the *Cambridge History of Latin Literature* (1982) may be consulted.

For more on manuscripts, editions, and sources, see my Teubner edition, pp. xii–xviii.

[9] E. H. Carr, for whom an obituarist claimed a "towering eminence among twentieth-century intellectuals," was much influenced by Housman as a Cambridge undergraduate: "the most powerful intellectual machine I've ever seen in action, whose effortless handling of obscure classical texts I enormously admired and should have liked to imitate" (*Proceedings of the British Academy*, LXIX 1983, 476). For whatever reason, his revelations in Martial and elsewhere have not always been welcomed as they deserve.

ABBREVIATIONS

Apart from some in general use, as for the names of ancient authors and their works, the following are to be noted:

Housman	A. E. Housman, *Classical Papers* (Cambridge, 1972).
K.–S.	Kühner–Stegmann, *Lateinische Grammatik.*
OLD	*Oxford Latin Dictionary*
RE	Pauly–Wissowa, *Realencyclopädie der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft.*
SB^1	D. R. Shackleton Bailey, "Corrections and Explanations of Martial," *Classical Philology* 73 (1978), 273–296.
SB^2	D. R. Shackleton Bailey, "Martial 2.91 and 10.20," *Classical Philology* 75 (1980), 69–70.
SB^3	D. R. Shackleton Bailey, "More Corrections and Explanations of Martial," *American Journal of Philology* 110 (1989), 131–150.
SB^4	D. R. Shackleton Bailey, "Animals Not Admitted," *Transactions of the American Philological Association*, 119 (1989), 285.
TLL	*Thesaurus Linguae Latinae.*

DE SPECTACULIS LIBER

1

Barbara pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis,
    Assyrius iactet nec Babylona labor;
nec Triviae templo molles laudentur Iones,
    dissimulet Delon cornibus ara frequens;
aëre nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea
    laudibus immodicis Cares in astra ferant.
omnis Caesareo cedit labor Amphitheatro,
    unum pro cunctis Fama loquetur opus.

2

Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra colossus
    et crescunt media pegmata celsa via,
invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis
    unaque iam tota stabat in urbe domus.

---

[a] That is, Babylonian, by a license common in Latin poetry (cf. Spect. 3.3).

[b] The walls of Semiramis.

[c] The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

[d] Constructed by Apollo of the horns of the beasts slain by his sister Diana. Like the other items, reckoned as one of the wonders of the world.

[e] See index (Mausolus).

ON THE SPECTACLES

1

Let barbarous Memphis speak no more of the wonder of her pyramids, nor Assyrian[a] toil boast of Babylon;[b] nor let the soft Ionians be extolled for Trivia's temple;[c] let the altar of many horns[d] say naught of Delos; nor let the Carians exalt to the skies with extravagant praises the Mausoleum[e] poised in empty air. All labor yields to Caesar's Amphitheater.[f] Fame shall tell of one work in lieu of all.

2

Where the starry colossus[g] sees the constellations at close range and lofty scaffolding[h] rises in the middle of the road, once gleamed the odious halls of a cruel monarch, and in all Rome there stood a single

[f] The Flavian Amphitheater, later called the Colosseum, begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus.

[g] A colossal statue of Nero, transferred from its place in his Golden House to the Via Sacra by Vespasian, who replaced the head to make it into a statue of the Sun, complete with rays (1.70.7).

[h] The purpose of this is in doubt; see A. Boethius' discussion in *Eranos* 50 (1952).129–137.

hic ubi conspicui venerabilis Amphitheatri
erigitur moles, stagna Neronis erant.
hic ubi miramur velocia munera thermas,
abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.
Claudia diffusas ubi porticus explicat umbras,
ultima pars aulae deficientis erat.
reddita Roma sibi est et sunt te praeside, Caesar,
deliciae populi, quae fuerant domini.

3

Quae tam seposita est, quae gens tam barbara, Caesar,
ex qua spectator non sit in urbe tua?
venit ab Orpheo cultor Rhodopeius Haemo,
venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo,
et qui prima bibit deprensi flumina Nili,
et quem supremae Tethyos unda ferit;
festinavit Arabs, festinavere Sabaei,
et Cilices nimbis hic maduere suis.
crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sygambri,
atque aliter tortis crinibus Aethiopes.
vox diversa sonat populorum, tum tamen una est,
cum verus patriae diceris esse pater.

---

[a] The Golden House of Nero, built in 64 after the great fire of Rome.

[b] Of Titus, one of Rome's three great public baths, along with those of Agrippa and Nero. M. regularly refers to these as *thermae* ("warm baths") as distinct from privately built and owned establishments (*balnea*).

[c] The Golden House.

house.[a] Where rises before our eyes the august pile of the Amphitheater, was once Nero's lake. Where we admire the warm baths,[b] a speedy gift, a haughty tract of land had robbed the poor of their dwellings. Where the Claudian colonnade unfolds its wide-spread shade, was the outermost part of the palace's[c] end. Rome has been restored to herself, and under your rule, Caesar, the pleasances that belonged to a master now belong to the people.

3

What race is so remote, so barbarous, Caesar, that no spectator from it is in your city? The farmer of Rhodope has come from Orphic Haemus, the Sarmatian fed on draughts of horses' blood[d] has come, and he who drinks discovered Nile's first stream, and he[e] on whom beats the wave of farthest Tethys. The Arab has sped hither, the Sabaeans too, and the Cilicians have here been sprayed with their own showers.[f] Sygambrians have come with hair curled in a knot and Ethiopians with hair curled otherwise.[g] Diverse sounds the speech of the peoples, and yet it is one, when you are called true father of the fatherland.

[d] Pliny *N.H.* 18.100 and Clem. Alex. *Paedag.* 3.3 are quoted.

[e] Probably the Briton.

[f] Of saffron, sprinkled over stage (arena) and spectators.

[g] That is, woolly.

4 (4.1–4)

Turba gravis paci placidaeque inimica quieti,
quae semper miseras sollicitabat opes,
traducta est †getulis† nec cepit harena nocentis:
et delator habet quod dabat exilium.

5 (4.5–6)

Exulat Ausonia profugus delator ab urbe:
haec licet impensis principis annumeres.

6 (5)

Iunctam Pasiphaen Dictaeo credite tauro:
vidimus, accepit fabula prisca fidem.
nec se miretur, Caesar, longaeva vetustas:
quidquid Fama canit, praestat harena tibi.

7 (6)

Belliger invictis quod Mars tibi servit in armis,
non satis est, Caesar; servit et ipsa Venus.

4.3 getulis] cunctos *Friedländer* : ingens *Housman*
6.3 nec T : ne K : neu *Housman*

---

[a] Suetonius (*Tit.* 8.5) relates that Titus had the informers (*delatores*), who used to charge rich men with words or acts of disloyalty to the Emperor, flogged in the Forum and finally sold into slavery or banished to inhospitable islands.

4 (4.1–4)

A company[a] dangerous to peace and inimical to placid tranquility, ever harrying hapless wealth, was led in parade, and the vast[b] arena did not have room enough for the guilty. The informer has the exile he used to give.

5 (4.5–6)

The informer is a fugitive in exile from the Ausonian city. This you may reckon among our prince's expenses.[c]

6 (5)

Believe that Pasiphae was mated to the Dictaean bull; we have seen it, the old legend has won credence. And let not hoary antiquity plume itself, Caesar: whatever Fame sings of, the arena affords you.

7 (6)

It is not enough that warrior Mars serves you in unconquered arms, Caesar. Venus herself serves you too.[d]

[b] Translating Housman's conjecture *ingens*.

[c] By suppressing the informers the Emperor lost revenue from the confiscated property of their victims.

[d] Women sometimes fought in the arena; see the next epigram and Juv. 1.22.

8 (6b)

Prostratum vasta Nemees in valle leonem
nobilis Herculeum Fama canebat opus.
prisca fides taceat: nam post tua munera, Caesar,
haec iam feminea vidimus acta manu.

9 (7)

Qualiter in Scythica religatus rupe Prometheus
assiduam nimio pectore pavit avem,
nuda Caledonio sic viscera praebuit urso
non falsa pendens in cruce Laureolus.
vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus
inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat.
denique supplicium <dignus tulit: ille parentis>
vel domini iugulum foderat ense nocens,
templa vel arcano demens spoliaverat auro,
subdiderat saevas vel tibi, Roma, faces.
vicerat antiquae sceleratus crimina famae,
in quo, quae fuerat fabula, poena fuit.

10 (8)

Daedale, Lucano cum sic lacereris ab urso,
quam cuperes pinnas nunc habuisse tuas!

8.2 nobilis *Heinsius* (*cf.* SB^3) : -le T : -le et K
8.4 f(o)eminea uidimus acta manu K : *om.* T
9.5 membris] nervis *Heinsius* 9.7 *suppl. Schneidewin, qui tamen* dignum *homoeoteleuto non tolerando*; *possis etiam* merito

---

[a] A robber who had been crucified and torn to pieces by

8 (6b)

Illustrious Fame used to sing of the lion laid low in Nemea's spacious vale, Hercules' work. Let ancient testimony be silent, for after your shows, Caesar, we have now seen such things done by women's valor.

9 (7)

As Prometheus, bound on Scythian crag, fed the tireless bird with his too abundant breast, so did Laureolus,[a] hanging on no sham cross, give his naked flesh to a Caledonian boar. His lacerated limbs lived on, dripping gore, and in all his body, body there was none. Finally he met with the punishment he deserved; the guilty wretch had plunged a sword into his father's throat or his master's, or in his madness had robbed a temple of its secret gold, or laid a cruel torch to Rome. The criminal had outdone the misdeeds of ancient story; in him, what had been a play became an execution.

10 (8)

Daedalus, when you are being thus torn by a Lucanian bear, how you wish you now had your wings![b]

wild beasts. A mime on the subject was performed under Caligula (Juv. 8.187; Suet. *Cal.* 57.4). The death was now enacted "for real" by a criminal in the amphitheater.

[b] Daedalus will have been a criminal or beast-fighter; cf. 1.43.14.

11 (9)

Praestitit exhibitus tota tibi, Caesar, harena
quae non promisit proelia rhinoceros.
o quam terribilis exarsit pronus in iras!
quantus erat taurus, cui pila taurus erat!

12 (10)

Laeserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum,
ausus tam notas contemerare manus;
sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine poenas,
et qui non tulerat verbera, tela tulit.
quos decet esse hominum tali sub principe mores,
qui iubet ingenium mitius esse feris!

13 (11)

Praeceps sanguinea dum se rotat ursus harena,
implicitam visco perdidit ille fugam.
splendida iam tecto cessent venabula ferro,
nec volet excussa lancea torta manu;
deprendat vacuo venator in aëre praedam,
si captare feras aucupis arte placet.

11 (9)

The rhinoceros,[a] displayed all over the arena, performed for you, Caesar, battles that he did not promise. How he lowered his head and flamed into fearful rage! How mighty a bull was he, to whom a bull was as a dummy![b]

12 (10)

A treacherous lion had harmed his master with his ingrate mouth, daring to violate the hands he knew so well; but he paid a fitting penalty for such a crime, and suffered weapons who had not suffered stripes. What should be the manners of men under such a prince, who commands wild beasts to be of milder nature?

13 (11)

A bear, whirling headlong in the bloody arena, got entangled in birdlime and lost his escape. Now let shining spears lie idle with covered points, and let not the lance fly, launched by extended arm. Let the hunter catch his quarry in the empty air, if it pleases us to hunt wild beasts with the fowler's art.[c]

[a] See Sp. 26.

[b] Of straw, as tossed by a bull; cf. 2.43.6; 10.86.4. Pausanias (9.21.2) writes of "Ethiopian bulls, which they call rhinoceroses."

[c] I.e. What now remains but that beasts should fly if they can be caught like birds?

14 (12)

Inter Caesareae discrimina saeva Dianae
fixisset gravidam cum levis hasta suem,
exiluit partus miserae de vulnere matris.
o Lucina ferox, hoc peperisse fuit?
pluribus illa mori voluisset saucia telis,
omnibus ut natis triste pateret iter.
quis negat esse satum materno funere Bacchum?
sic genitum numen credite: nata fera est.

15 (13)

Icta gravi telo confossaque vulnere mater
sus pariter vitam perdidit atque dedit.
o quam certa fuit librato dextera ferro!
hanc ego Lucinae credo fuisse manum.
experta est numen moriens utriusque Dianae,
quaque soluta parens quaque perempta fera est.

16 (14)

Sus fera iam gravior maturi pignora ventris
emisit fetum, vulnere facta parens;
nec iacuit partus, sed matre cadente cucurrit.
o quantum est subitis casibus ingenium!

14.3 matris K : mortis T

---

[a] See index under Semele.

14 (12)

Amid the cruel perils of Caesar's hunt a light spear had pierced a pregnant sow. One of her litter lept out of the hapless mother's wound. Savage Lucina, was *this* a delivery? She would have wished to die wounded by further weapons, so that the sad path might open for all her brood. Who denies that Bacchus sprang from his mother's death?[a] Believe that a deity was so given birth: so born was a beast.

15 (13)

A mother sow, struck by a heavy weapon and laid open by the wound, lost life and gave it at one and the same time. How sure was the hand that poised the steel! I believe this hand was Lucina's. Dying, the creature sampled the divine power of either Diana.[b] By one the parent was delivered, by the other the beast was slain.

16 (14)

A wild sow, now pregnant, sent forth her progeny, pledge of her ripe womb, made parent by a wound. Nor did the offspring lie on the ground, but ran as the mother fell. How ingenious are sudden chances![c]

[b] Diana, the huntress goddess, was also Lucina, who assisted at childbirth.

[c] The word can also mean "falls," but whether M. had that in mind may be doubted.

17 (15)

Summa tuae, Meleagre, fuit quae gloria famae,
quanta est Carpophori portio, fusus aper!
ille et praecipiti venabula condidit urso,
primus in Arctoi qui fuit arce poli,
stravit et ignota spectandum mole leonem,
Herculeas potuit qui decuisse manus,
et volucrem longo porrexit vulnere pardum.

* * * * * * *

praemia cum laudem ferret, at hic pateram.

18 (16)

Raptus abît media quod ad aethera taurus harena,
non fuit hoc artis, sed pietatis opus.

19 (16b)

Vexerat Europen fraterna per aequora taurus:
at nunc Alciden taurus in astra tulit.
Caesaris atque Iovis confer nunc, Fama, iuvencos:
par onus ut tulerint, altius iste tulit.

17.7 *lac. ind. Heraeus* 17.8 ferret, at hic pateram (pat- *iam ed. Rom.*) *Heraeus* : ferre (ferret K) adhuc poteram α

---

[a] The North Pole was conceived as above our heads; cf. Virg. *Georg.* 1.240–245.

[b] Who slew the lion of Nemea.

[c] On the part of the elephant to the Emperor; cf. Sp. 20, which should perhaps follow in the series (cf. Sp. 7 and 8).

17 (15)

That which was the topmost glory of your renown, Meleager, how small a portion is it of Carpophorus's, a felled boar! He plunged his spear in a charging bear, once prime in the peak[a] of the Arctic pole; he laid low a lion of unprecedented size, a sight to see, who might have done honor to Hercules'[b] hands; he stretched dead a fleet leopard with a wound dealt from afar * * * since one bore off glory as his reward, the other a dish.

18 (16)

The bull was snatched up in the midst of the arena and departed for the sky. This was the work, not of art, but of devotion.[c]

19 (16b)

A bull had carried Europa through his brother's sea;[d] but now a bull has borne Alcides to the stars.[e] Compare now, Fame, the steers of Caesar and of Jove; even though they bore an equal load, this one bore his load higher.

The couplet has often been thought to be a fragment, but can stand on its own.

[d] Jupiter, in the guise of a bull, carried off Europa over his brother Neptune's sea.

[e] A beast-fighter representing Hercules (who killed the bull of Marathon) was tossed by a bull.

20 (17)

Quod pius et supplex elephas te, Caesar, adorat
hic modo qui tauro tam metuendus erat,
non facit hoc iussus, nulloque docente magistro:
crede mihi, nostrum sentit et ille deum.

21 (18)

Lambere securi dextram consueta magistri
tigris, ab Hyrcano gloria rara iugo,
saeva ferum rabido laceravit dente leonem:
res nova, non ullis cognita temporibus.
ausa est tale nihil, silvis dum vixit in altis:
postquam inter nos est, plus feritatis habet.

22 (19)

Qui modo per totam flammis stimulatus harenam
sustulerat raptas taurus in astra pilas,
occubuit tandem †cornuto adore petitus†,
dum facilem tolli sic elephanta putat.

23 (20)

Cum peteret pars haec Myrinum, pars illa Triumphum,
promisit pariter Caesar utraque manu.
non potuit melius litem finire iocosam.
o dulce invicti principis ingenium!

22.3 cornuto adore (ore W) *α* : -to obtritus ab ore (*om.* petitus) *Housman*

20 (17)

Devoted and suppliant the elephant adores you, Caesar, he who but lately was so formidable to the bull. He does it unbidden, no master teaches him. Believe me, he too feels our god.

21 (18)

A tigress, wont to lick the hand of the fearless trainer, rare glory from Hyrcanian mountains, fiercely tore a wild lion with rabid tooth; a novelty, unknown in any times. She dared do no such thing while she lived in the high forests, but since she has been among us she has gained ferocity.

22 (19)

The bull, that goaded with fire through the whole arena had just snatched up dummies and tossed them to the stars, at length met his death, trampled by a horned mouth.[a] He thought it would be easy to toss an elephant so.

23 (20)

One party wanted Myrinus, the other Triumphus.[b] Caesar with either hand promised both alike. There was no better way for him to end the merry dispute. Oh pleasant device of our unconquered prince!

[a] Translating Housman's conjectures.

[b] I.e. called for them to take the arena. They were probably beast-fighters.

24 (21)

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse theatro
dicitur, exhibuit, Caesar, harena tibi.
repserunt scopuli mirandaque silva cucurrit,
quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
affuit immixtum pecori genus omne ferarum
et supra vatem multa pependit avis,
ipse sed ingrato iacuit laceratus ab urso.
haec tantum res est facta παρ' ἱστορίαν.

25 (21b)

Orphea quod subito tellus emisit hiatu
ursam invasuram, venit ab Eurydice.

26 (22)

Sollicitant pavidi dum rhinocerota magistri
seque diu magnae colligit ira ferae,
desperabantur promissi proelia Martis;
sed tandem rediit cognitus ante furor.
namque gravem cornu gemino sic extulit ursum,
iactat ut impositas taurus in astra pilas.
[Norica quam certo venabula derigit ictu
fortis adhuc teneri dextera Carpophori!]

24.8 tantum *Bodleianus Auct. F 4.33 teste Reeve, Housman*: tamen H : tamen haec TK παρ' ἱστορίαν *Housman* : ita pictoria *vel sim.* α 25.2 ursam (*Housman*) invasuram *Postgate* : uersam is amur H : -sa miramur T
26.7–8 *fort. ex alio epigr. fragmentum seclusi*
26.7 quam K : tam HT derigit *Duff* : dir- α

24 (21)

Whatever Rhodope is said to have watched on Orpheus' stage, the arena, Caesar, displayed to you. Rocks crept and a wondrous forest ran, such as the grove of the Hesperides is believed to have been. Every kind of wild beast was present, mingling with the tame, and many a bird hovered above the bard. But himself lay torn by an ungrateful bear. This thing alone was done contrary to the legend.

25 (21b)

Earth through a sudden opening sent a bear to attack Orpheus. She came from Eurydice.[a]

26 (22)

While the trembling trainers were goading the rhinoceros[b] and the great beast's anger was long a-gathering, men were giving up hope of the combats of promised warfare; but at length the fury we earlier knew returned. For with his double horn he tossed a heavy bear as a bull tosses dummies from his head to the stars. [With how sure a stroke does the strong hand of Carpophorus, still a youth, aim

[a] Eurydice sends the bear because she wants Orpheus back.

[b] See Sp. 11.

ille tulit geminos facili cervice iuvencos,
illi cessit atrox bubalus atque vison:
hunc leo cum fugeret, praeceps in tela cucurrit.
i nunc et lentas corripe, turba, moras!

27 (24)

Si quis ades longis serus spectator ab oris,
cui lux prima sacri muneris ista fuit,
ne te decipiat ratibus navalis Enyo
et par unda fretis: hic modo terra fuit.
non credis? specta, dum lassant aequora Martem:
parva mora est, dices 'hic modo pontus erat.'

28 (25)

Quod nocturna tibi, Leandre, pepercerit unda,
desine mirari: Caesaris unda fuit.

29 (25b)

Cum peteret dulces audax Leandros amores
et fessus tumidis iam premeretur aquis,

Norican spears!][a] He lifted two steers with his mobile neck, to him yielded the fierce buffalo and the bison. A lion fleeing before him ran headlong upon the spears. Go now, you crowd, complain of tedious delays!

27 (24)

If you are here from distant land, a late spectator for whom this was the first day of the sacred[b] show, let not the naval warfare deceive you with its ships, and the water like to a sea:[c] here but lately was land. You don't believe it? Watch while the waters weary Mars.[d] But a short while hence you will be saying: "Here but lately was sea."

28 (25)

Cease to wonder, Leander, that the night wave spared you. 'Twas Caesar's wave.[e]

29 (25b)

When bold Leander was seeking his sweetheart and the swollen waters were already overwhelming

[a] If the couplet belongs in this epigram, *tam* must be read in v. 7 ("with so sure ..."). But a rhinoceros tossing a bull "to the stars" would not take unerring aim.

[b] Because the Emperor gave it and was present in person; cf. 8.11.5.

[c] The arena had been flooded to stage a mock sea fight.

[d] While the sea fight lasts.

[e] The water covering the arena.

sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas:
'parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.'

30 (26)

Lusit Nereidum docilis chorus aequore toto
et vario faciles ordine pinxit aquas.
fuscina dente minax recto fuit, ancora curvo:
credidimus remum credidimusque ratem,
et gratum nautis sidus fulgere Laconum
lataque perspicuo vela tumere sinu.
quis tantas liquidis artes invenit in undis?
aut docuit lusus hos Thetis aut didicit.

31 (27, *prius* 29)

Cum traheret Priscus, traheret certamina Verus,
esset et aequalis Mars utriusque diu,
missio saepe viris magno clamore petita est;
sed Caesar legi paruit ipse suae: —

29.4 dum (*alt.*) RK : cum H

his weary body, he is said, poor fellow, to have addressed the surging waves in these words: "Spare me as I hasten, drown me as I return."[a]

30 (26)

The well-trained bevy of Nereids sported all over the surface and in various conformations decorated the yielding waters.[b] The trident menaced with upright tooth, the anchor with curved. We thought we saw an oar, we thought we saw a boat, and the Laconians'[c] star shining, welcome to seamen, and broad sails bellying in conspicuous folds. Who invented such devices in the clear water? Thetis either taught these games or learned them.

31 (27; 29)

As Priscus and Verus each drew out the contest and the struggle between the pair long stood equal, shouts loud and often sought discharge for the combatants. But Caesar obeyed his own law (the law

[a] This epigram seems out of place and, like 14.181, to refer to a statue or painting.

[b] In a water spectacle, possibly by artificial light, in which groups of Nereids presented somehow the picture of a boat and rowers.

[c] Castor and Pollux, making the constellation Gemini. They were supposed to aid sailors in a storm, appearing as balls of fire on the mast (St Elmo's fire).

lex erat, ad digitum posita concurrere parma: —
quod licuit, lances donaque saepe dedit.
inventus tamen est finis disciminis aequi:
pugnavere pares, succubuere pares.
misit utrique rudes et palmas Caesar utrique:
hoc pretium virtus ingeniosa tulit.
contigit hoc nullo nisi te sub principe, Caesar:
cum duo pugnarent, victor uterque fuit.

32 (28, *prius* 27)

Saecula Carpophorum, Caesar, si prisca tulissent,
†non amarathon cum† barbara terra fera,
non Marathon taurum, Nemee frondosa leonem,
Arcas Maenalium non timuisset aprum.
hoc armante manus Hydrae mors una fuisset,
huic percussa foret tota Chimaera semel.
igniferos possit sine Colchide iungere tauros,
possit utramque feram vincere Pasiphaes.
si vetus aequorei revocetur fabula monstri,
Hesionen solvet solus et Andromedan.
Herculeae laudis numeretur gloria: plus est
bis denas pariter perdomuisse feras.

31.5 posita H : -am R parma *P. Wagner* : palma H : -am R 31.11 te sub *Scaliger* : tibi α 32.2 *sic* HT : monstra quibus fudit *suppl. Heraeus* 32.7 iungere *Gronovius* : uincere α 32.9 vetus *Heraeus* : situs HT : sit ut *Heinsius*

was that the bout go on without shield until a finger be raised).[a] What he could do, he did, often giving dishes and presents.[b] But an end to the even strife was found: equal they fought, equal they yielded. To both Caesar sent wooden swords[c] and to both palms. Thus valor and skill had their reward. This has happened under no prince but you, Caesar: two fought and both won.

32 (28; 27)

If the ages of old, Caesar, in which a barbarous earth brought forth wild monsters,[d] had produced Carpophorus, Marathon would not have feared her bull, nor leafy Nemea her lion, nor Arcadians the boar of Maenalus. When he armed his hands, the Hydra would have met a single death, one stroke of his would have sufficed for the entire Chimaera. He could yoke the fire-bearing bulls without the Colchian, he could conquer both the beasts of Pasiphae.[e] If the ancient tale of the sea monster were recalled, he would release Hesione and Andromeda single-handed. Let the glory of Hercules' achievement be numbered: it is more to have subdued twice ten wild beasts at one time.

[a] By one of the fighters, conceding the match.

[b] Gifts of money on plates which were part of the gift.

[c] The gift of the wooden sword (*rudis*) symbolized discharge from service.

[d] Translating Heraeus' supplement, *monstra quibus fudit.*

[e] The bull and the Minotaur.

33 (29, *prius* 30)

Concita veloces fugeret cum damma Molossos
et varia lentas necteret arte moras,
Caesaris ante pedes supplex similisque roganti
constitit, et praedam non tetigere canes.

* * * * * * *

haec intellecto principe dona tulit.
numen habet Caesar: sacra est haec, sacra potestas,
credite: mentiri non didicere ferae.

34 (30, *prius* 28)

Augusti labor hic fuerat committere classes
et freta navali sollicitare tuba.
Caesaris haec nostri pars est quota? vidit in undis
et Thetis ignotas et Galatea feras;
vidit in aequoreo ferventes pulvere currus
et domini Triton isse putavit equos:
dumque parat saevis ratibus fera proelia Nereus,
horruit in liquidis ire pedestris aquis.
quidquid et in Circo spectatur et Amphitheatro,
id dives, Caesar, praestitit unda tibi.

34.10 id dives, Caesar *Housman* : d- caesarea α

33 (29; 30)

As the startled hind fled the swift Molossians and with various cunning spun lingering delays, suppliant and like to one begging she halted at Caesar's feet; and the hounds did not touch their prey. * * * Such was the boon she won from knowing her prince. Caesar has divine power; sacred, sacred is this potency, believe it. Wild beasts never learned to lie.

34 (30; 28)

It had been Augustus' labor to pit fleets against each other here[a] and rouse the waters with naval clarion. How small a part is this of our Caesar! Thetis and Galatea saw in the waves beasts they never knew. Triton saw chariots in hot career in the sea's dust[b] and thought his master's[c] horses had passed by. As Nereus prepared fierce battle for ferocious ships, he was startled to find himself walking on foot in the liquid expanse.[d] Whatever is viewed in the Circus and the Amphitheater, that, Caesar, the wealth of your water has afforded you. So no more of Fucinus[e]

[a] In Julius Caesar's "gardens" in Trastevere, where Augustus had a basin dug for his sea fight; it was used by Nero and now by Titus.

[b] I.e. foam.

[c] Neptune.

[d] Just what is described here is doubtful.

[e] The lake is central Italy on which Claudius staged *his* sea fight; see Tac. *Ann.* 12.56–57.

Fucinus et †tigri† taceantur stagna Neronis:
hanc norint unam saecula naumachiam.

35 (31)

Da veniam subitis: non displicuisse meretur,
festinat, Caesar, qui placuisse tibi.

36 (32)

Cedere maiori virtutis fama secunda est.
illa gravis palma est, quam minor hostis habet.

37 (33)

Flavia gens, quantum tibi tertius abstulit heres!
paene fuit tanti, non habuisse duos.

34.11 tigri H : pi- K : diri *Heinsius* 35–36 *ex florilegio Gallico addidit Iunius* 37 *alienum ab hoc libro hic ex schol. Iuv. 4.38 addidit Scriverius*

and the lake of direful Nero;[a] let this be the only sea fight known to posterity.

35 (31)

Pardon the hasty work. He deserves not to displease you, Caesar, who hurries to please you.[b]

36 (32)

To yield to a superior is valor's second glory; but grievous is the palm that a lesser enemy holds.

37 (33)

Flavian race, how much the third inheritor took away from you! It would almost have been worth while not to have had the other two.

[a] Who had also represented a sea fight: Suet. *Nero* 12.1. I translate *diri* (Heinsius).

[b] This and the two following are not in α and probably (certainly in the case of 37) do not belong in this book.

LIBER I

Spero me secutum in libellis meis tale temperamentum ut de illis queri non possit quisquis de se bene senserit, cum salva infimarum quoque personarum reverentia ludant; quae adeo antiquis auctoribus defuit ut nominibus non tantum veris abusi sint sed et magnis. mihi fama vilius constet et probetur in me novissimum ingenium. absit a iocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres nec epigrammata mea inscribat: improbe facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est. lascivam verborum veritatem, id est epigrammaton linguam, excusarem, si meum esset exemplum: sic scribit Catullus, sic Marsus, sic Pedo, sic Gaetulicus, sic quicumque perlegitur. si quis tamen tam ambitiose tristis est ut apud illum in nulla pagina latine loqui fas sit, potest epistula vel potius titulo contentus esse. epigrammata illis scribuntur qui solent spectare Florales. non intret Cato theatrum meum, aut si intraverit, spectet.

Epist. 9 inscribat *Heinsius* : s-$\beta\gamma$: circums- *Birt*

[a] The reference is to a story told in Val. Max. 2.10.8, to the effect that at the Floralia in 55 B.C. Cato left the theater on finding that his presence checked the license of the actors.

BOOK I

I hope to have struck a balance in my little books such that nobody can complain of them who has a good opinion of himself; their jesting is with respect of persons, even the humblest, respect which was so lacking in writers of old that they made free not only with real names, but even with great ones. I would not have fame at such a price; ingenuity is the last quality for which I seek approval. My quips are straightforward. I want no interpreter's malice, and beg that nobody write addresses on my epigrams. It is a scurvy trick to be ingenious with another man's book. As for the license I use in calling a spade a spade, the language of epigram that is to say, I should make apology if the example were of my setting. But that is how Catullus writes, and Marsus, and Pedo, and Gaetulicus, and whoever else is read all through. However, should any man so flaunt his prudery that Latin cannot be spoken on any page in his presence, he can make do with my letter, or better, my title. Epigrams are written for those who use to watch Flora's games. Let Cato keep out of my theater; or if he comes in, let him watch.[a] I think I

videor mihi meo iure facturus si epistulam versibus clusero:

Nosses iocosae dulce cum sacrum Florae
festosque lusus et licentiam vulgi,
cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
an ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

1

Hic est quem legis ille, quem requiris,
toto notus in orbe Martialis
argutis epigrammaton libellis:
cui, lector studiose, quod dedisti
viventi decus atque sentienti,
rari post cineres habent poetae.

2

Qui tecum cupis esse meos ubicumque libellos
et comites longae quaeris habere viae,
hos eme, quos artat brevibus membrana tabellis:
scrinia da magnis, me manus una capit.
ne tamen ignores ubi sim venalis et erres
urbe vagus tota, me duce certus eris:
libertum docti Lucensis quaere Secundum
limina post Pacis Palladiumque forum.

---

[a] A codex (book as opposed to papyrus roll) with parchment pages written on both sides could contain a complete Virgil (14.186). A Martial at this point in time would be comparatively small.

shall be within my rights if I conclude my letter in verse:

You knew of sprightly Flora's ritual fun,
The festal jests and license of the rout.
Then why, stern Cato, come to watch? Have done.
Or did you come in simply to walk out?

1

You read him, you ask for him, and here he is: Martial, known the world over for his witty little books of epigrams. Devoted reader, the glory you have given him while he lives and feels comes to few poets in their graves.

2

You who want my little books to keep you company wherever you may be and desire their companionship on a long journey, buy these, that parchment compresses in small pages.[a] Give book boxes to the great, one hand grasps *me.* But in case you don't know where I am on sale and stray wandering all over town, you will be sure of your way under my guidance. Look for Secundus, freedman of lettered Lucensis, behind Peace's entrance and Pallas' Forum.[b]

[b] The Temple of Peace was dedicated by Vespasian in A.D. 75 after his triumph for the capture of Jerusalem. The Forum of Pallas was the Forum of Nerva, or Transitorium, begun by Domitian and completed by Nerva. It contained a temple to Minerva.

3

Argiletanas mavis habitare tabernas,
cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacent?
nescis, heu, nescis dominae fastidia Romae:
crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
maiores nusquam rhonchi: iuvenesque senesque
et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.
audieris cum grande sophos, dum basia iactas,
ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago.
sed tu, ne totiens domini patiare lituras
neve notet lusus tristis harundo tuos,
aetherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras:
i, fuge; sed poteras tutior esse domi.

4

Contigeris nostros, Caesar, si forte libellos,
terrarum dominum pone supercilium.
consuevere iocos vestri quoque ferre triumphi,
materiam dictis nec pudet esse ducem.
qua Thymelen spectas derisoremque Latinum,
illa fronte precor carmina nostra legas.

---

[a] Cf. "turn up one's nose at."

[b] Strictly a military cloak (*sagum*), which, however, was part of a normal Roman wardrobe. For the tossing, here of course figurative, cf. Suet. *Otho* 2.1.

3

Would you rather live in the shops of Argiletum, when my boxes have room for you, small book? Ah, little, little do you know the haughty ways of Lady Rome! Believe me, Mars' children are smart to a degree. Nowhere are sniffs more emphatic. Young men, old men, boys—they all have noses like a rhino.[a] When you have heard a mighty "bravo," as you are throwing your kisses, you'll be tossed to the stars from a shaken blanket.[b] But rather than put up with your master's continual erasures, rather than let his stern pen score your jests, you are eager, you frolicker, to flit through the airs of heaven. Very well, off with you! But you might have been safer at home.

4

Caesar, if you happen to light upon my little books, put aside the frown that rules the world. Even the triumphs of Emperors are wont to tolerate jests, and a warlord is not ashamed to be matter for a quip.[c] Read my verses, I beg, with the expression with which you watch Thymele and jesting Latinus.[d] A

[c] It was customary for Roman soldiers, during a triumph, to indulge in scurrilous jests against their general. This was possibly done to avert the evil eye. See 7.8.7.

[d] Mime performers, also coupled by Juvenal (1.36). The latter is the subject of 9.28 (see index).

innocuos censura potest permittere lusus:
lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.

5

Do tibi naumachiam, tu das epigrammata nobis:
vis, puto, cum libro, Marce, natare tuo.

6

Aetherias aquila puerum portante per auras
illaesum timidis unguibus haesit onus:
nunc sua Caesareos exorat praeda leones
tutus et ingenti ludit in ore lepus.
quae maiora putas miracula? summus utrisque
auctor adest: haec sunt Caesaris, illa Iovis.

7

Stellae delicium mei Columba,
Verona licet audiente dicam,
vicit, Maxime, Passerem Catulli.
tanto Stella meus tuo Catullo
quanto passere maior est columba.

---

[a] And so supervisor of public morals. Domitian became censor in 84/85, then censor for life.

[b] Echoing Catull. 16.5–6 and Ov. *Trist.* 2.354.

[c] The Emperor is supposed to be speaking—a format not found elsewhere in M.

[d] You are asking to be thrown into the water along with your book.

[e] Ganymede. A representation by the fourth-century

censor[a] can permit harmless jollity. My page is wanton, but my life is virtuous.[b]

5

I[c] give you a sea fight, you give me epigrams. Methinks you want to be in the water with your book, Marcus.[d]

6

As the eagle bore the boy[e] through the airs of heaven, the timid talons did not harm their clinging freight. Now Caesar's lions are won over by their prey and the hare plays safely in the massive jaws. Which do you think the greater marvel? Behind both stands the Highest. The one is Caesar's, the other Jove's.[f]

7

My Stella's pet, Maximus, his Dove (I may say it, though Verona[g] hear), has surpassed Catullus' Sparrow.[h] My Stella is greater than your Catullus by as much as a dove is greater than a sparrow.[i]

sculptor Leochares is mentioned by Pliny (*N.H.* 34.79).

[f] The first of several variations on this theme in Book I.

[g] Catullus' birthplace.

[h] Catull. 2 and 3.

[i] Catullus wrote two poems (2 and 3) on Lesbia's sparrow; cf. 1.109.1; 4.14.14; 7.14.4; 11.6.16. Stella had written one on a pet dove.

8

Quod magni Thraseae consummatique Catonis
dogmata sic sequeris salvus ut esse velis,
pectore nec nudo strictos incurris in ensis,
quod fecisse velim te, Deciane, facis.
nolo virum facili redimit qui sanguine famam,
hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

9

Bellus homo et magnus vis idem, Cotta, videri:
sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

10

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillae
et cupit et instat et precatur et donat.
adeone pulchra est? immo foedius nil est.
quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? tussit.

11

Cum data sint equiti bis quina nomismata, quare
bis decies solus, Sextiliane, bibis?
iam defecisset portantis calda ministros,
si non potares, Sextiliane, merum.

---

[a] *Bellus*; cf. 2.7; 3.63; 12.39.

[b] She might not have long to live; cf. 2.26; 5.39.6.

8

Decianus, in following the tenets of great Thrasea and consummate Cato but at the same time wishing to survive and not rushing bare-breasted upon drawn swords, you do as I would have had you do. I am not for the hero who buys fame with easy blood, I am for him who can win glory without dying.

9

Cotta, you would like to be seen as a pretty fellow[a] and as a big man, both. But a pretty fellow, Cotta, is a petty fellow.

10

Gemellus is a-wooing Maronilla. He is eager and insistent, begs her, gives her presents. Is she such a beauty? On the contrary, she couldn't be uglier. So what is so desirable about her, so attractive? Her cough.[b]

11

A knight is given ten tokens.[c] Why then do you take twenty drinks on your own, Sextilianus? The waiters carrying hot water would have run out of it by now, Sextilianus, if you were not drinking your wine neat.

[c] *Tesserae vinariae* entitling to an allowance of wine at a show: cf. 1.26.3.

12

Itur ad Herculei gelidas qua Tiburis arces
canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis,
rura nemusque sacrum dilectaque iugera Musis
signat vicina quartus ab urbe lapis.
hic rudis aestivas praestabat porticus umbras,
heu quam paene novum porticus ausa nefas!
nam subito collapsa ruit, cum mole sub illa
gestatus biiugis Regulus esset equis.
nimirum timuit nostras Fortuna querelas,
quae par tam magnae non erat invidiae.
nunc et damna iuvant; sunt ipsa pericula tanti:
stantia non poterant tecta probare deos.

13

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto,
quem de visceribus strinxerat ipsa suis,
'si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet,' inquit,
'sed tu quod facies, hoc mihi, Paete, dolet.'

14

Delicias, Caesar, lususque iocosque leonum
vidimus — hoc etiam praestat harena tibi —
cum prensus blando totiens a dente rediret
et per aperta vagus curreret ora lepus.

12

On the road to the chilly heights of Herculean Tibur, where white Albula steams with her sulphurous waters, the fourth milestone from the neighboring city makes a farm and a sacred wood, acres dear to the Muses. Here a crumbling[a] colonnade used to offer summer shade. Ah, how near did that colonnade come to committing a shocking crime! For all of a sudden it collapsed in ruin, after Regulus in his carriage and pair had ridden under the masonry. Fortune surely feared our reproaches; she could not face such odium. As it is, even the loss is welcome, the very danger is worth while. A standing structure could not have proved that there are gods.

13

When virtuous Arria was handing her Paetus the sword she had drawn from her own flesh, she said: "I swear the wound I have dealt does not hurt, but the wound you will deal, Paetus, *that* hurts me."[b]

14

We have seen the pranks, the sportive gambols of the lions, Caesar (this too the arena offers you), when the hare as often as seized returned from the gentle fang and ran at large through the open jaws.

[a] For *rudis* = "in bad repair" see 7.36.2 and P. T. Eden, *Mnemosyne* 43 (1990).160.

[b] Perhaps on a painting of the celebrated death scene.

unde potest avidus captae leo parcere praedae?
sed tamen esse tuus dicitur: ergo potest.

15

O mihi post nullos, Iuli, memorande sodales,
si quid longa fides canaque iura valent,
bis iam paene tibi consul tricensimus instat,
et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.
non bene distuleris videas quae posse negari,
et solum hoc ducas, quod fuit, esse tuum.
exspectant curaeque catenatique labores,
gaudia non remanent, sed fugitiva volant.
haec utraque manu complexuque assere toto:
saepe fluunt imo sic quoque lapsa sinu.
non est, crede, mihi, sapientis dicere 'vivam':
sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie.

16

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
quae legis hic: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

How comes it that a greedy lion can spare his captive prey? Ah, but he is said to be yours. Therefore he can.

15

Julius,[a] whom I must needs name second to none of my cronies if long-standing loyalty and ancient ties count for anything, already a sixtieth consul is almost upon you, and yet your life scarce numbers a few days. You will be wrong to put off what you see can be denied you; you should reckon only the past as yours. Cares and toils, linked one to another, wait our turn, but joys never linger; they take wings and fly. Grasp them with both hands, take them for yours, hug them close; even so they often slip away from the bosom's depth. Believe me, the wise man does not say "I shall live." Tomorrow's life is too late. Live today.

16

There are good things that you read here, and some indifferent, and more bad. Not otherwise, Avitus, is a book made.[b]

[a] There can be no serious doubt that the Julius of this and other epigrams is M.'s closest friend, L. Julius Martialis. Their friendship went back to M.'s arrival in Rome (12.34.1).

[b] Cf. 7.90.

17

Cogit me Titus actitare causas
et dicit mihi saepe 'magna res est.'
res magna est, Tite, cum facit colonus.

18

Quid te, Tucca, iuvat vetulo miscere Falerno
in Vaticanis condita musta cadis?
quid tantum fecere boni tibi pessima vina?
aut quid fecerunt optima vina mali?
de nobis facile est; scelus est iugulare Falernum
et dare Campano toxica saeva mero.
convivae meruere tui fortasse perire:
amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

19

Si memini, fuerant tibi quattuor, Aelia, dentes:
expulit una duos tussis et una duos.
iam secura potes totis tussire diebus:
nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

20

Dic mihi, quis furor est? turba spectante vocata
solus boletos, Caeciliane, voras.
quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulaque precabor?
boletum qualem Claudius edit, edas.

17.3 cum SB^1 : quam $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] *Res* in v. 2 = "affair" or "business," in 3 = "landed property"; *facit* = "is efficient" (see SB^1).

17

Titus urges me to turn advocate and often tells me "It's a fine field." The field is fine, Titus, when the farmer knows his business.[a]

18

Tucca, what satisfaction do you get out of mixing must stored in Vatican[b] jars with old Falernian? What great good have vile wines done you or fine wines what harm? Never mind about us; it's a crime to murder Falernian and put fierce toxins into a Campanian vintage. Maybe your guests deserved to perish, but so costly a jar did not deserve to die.

19

If I rightly remember, you had four teeth, Aelia. One cough expelled two, another two more. Now you can cough all day long with mind at ease. A third cough in your case can have no effect.

20

Tell me, what folly is this? You devour mushrooms on your own, Caecilianus, before the eyes of the invited multitude. What fate shall I call down upon you to match so big a belly and so big an appetite? May you eat such a mushroom as Claudius ate.[c]

[b] Vatican was an inferior wine, often decried by M. As must it would be even worse.

[c] The Emperor Claudius was believed to have been poisoned by his wife Agrippina with a dish of mushrooms; cf. Juv. 5.147; Suet. *Claud.* 44.2.

21

Cum peteret regem, decepta satellite dextra
ingessit sacris se peritura focis.
sed tam saeva pius miracula non tulit hostis
et raptum flammis iussit abire virum:
urere quam potuit contempto Mucius igne,
hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.
maior deceptae fama est et gloria dextrae:
si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.

22

Quid nunc saeva fugis placidi, lepus, ora leonis?
frangere tam parvas non didicere feras.
servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues
nec gaudet tenui sanguine tanta sitis.
praeda canum lepus est, vastos non implet hiatus:
non timeat Dacus Caesaris arma puer.

23

Invitas nullum nisi cum quo, Cotta, lavaris
et dant convivam balnea sola tibi.
mirabar quare numquam me, Cotta, vocasses:
iam scio me nudum displicuisse tibi.

21

When the right hand that sought the king was misled by a courtier,[a] it thrust itself upon the sacred hearth, there to perish. But the chivalrous foe brooked not so cruel a marvel; he snatched the hero from the flames and bade him depart. The hand that Mucius could burn, despising the fire, Porsena could not bear to watch. Misled, the hand won greater fame and glory; had it not erred, it had accomplished less.

22

Wherefore, oh hare, are you fleeing the jaws of the gentle lion? They have not learned to crunch animals so small. These claws are kept for massive necks, and so large a thirst takes no joy in blood so scanty. A hare is prey for dogs; it does not fill vast cavities. A Dacian boy would not fear Caesar's arms.

23

You never invite anybody, Cotta, unless you have bathed with him; only the baths give you a guest. I used to wonder why you had never asked me to dinner. Now I know that you didn't like me in the nude.

[a] The story of Mucius (see index) seems to have been enacted "for real" on the stage with a criminal in the principal role; cf. 8.30; 10.25.

24

Aspicis incomptis illum, Deciane, capillis,
cuius et ipse times triste supercilium,
qui loquitur Curios adsertoresque Camillos?
nolito fronti credere: nupsit heri.

25

Ede tuos tandem populo, Faustine, libellos
et cultum docto pectore profer opus,
quod nec Cecropiae damnent Pandionis arces
nec sileant nostri praetereantque senes.
ante fores stantem dubitas admittere Famam
teque piget curae praemia ferre tuae?
post te victurae per te quoque vivere chartae
incipiant: cineri gloria sera venit.

26

Sextiliane, bibis quantum subsellia quinque
solus: aqua totiens ebrius esse potes;
nec consessorum vicina nomismata tantum,
aera sed a cuneis ulteriora petis.

---

[a] I.e. let himself be sodomized. The motif, vice hiding behind a façade of austerity, is used by M. elsewhere and by Juvenal in his second satire; cf. Quint. 1.praef.15 and Cicero's memorable caricatures of L. Piso, consul in 58 B.C., in the speeches after his return from exile. Decianus was a Stoic (1.8), and virtuous (1.39).

24

Decianus, you see that fellow there with the rough hair, whose beetling brow frightens even you, who talks of Curii and Camilli, freedom's champions? Don't believe his looks. He took a husband yesterday.[a]

25

At long last, Faustinus, give your little books to the public. Put forth the work that your accomplished wit has polished, work which the Cecropian towers of Pandion[b] would not reject nor our own forebears pass by in silence. Do you hesitate to let Fame in when she stands at your door? Are you reluctant to take the reward for your pains? Your pages will live after you; let them also begin to live *through* you.[c] Glory comes late to the grave.

26

Sextilianus, you drink on your own as much as five rows. You could get drunk on water in such quantity. You ask for bronze takens,[d] not only neighboring ones from people sitting with you but from blocks further off. This vintage is not moved

[b] I.e. Athens.
[c] Through your action in publishing.
[d] Cf. 1.11.1n.

non haec Paelignis agitur vindemia prelis,
uva nec in Tuscis nascitur ista iugis,
testa sed antiqui felix siccatur Opimi,
egerit et nigros Massica cella cados.
a copone tibi faex Laletana petatur,
si plus quam decies, Sextiliane, bibis.

27

Hesterna tibi nocte dixeramus,
quincunces puto post decem peractos,
cenares hodie, Procille, mecum.
tu factam tibi rem statim putasti
et non sobria verba subnotasti
exemplo nimium periculoso:
μισῶ μνάμονα συμπόταν, Procille.

28

Hesterno fetere mero qui credit Acerram,
fallitur: in lucem semper Acerra bibit.

29

Fama refert nostros te, Fidentine, libellos
non aliter populo quam recitare tuos.
si mea vis dici, gratis tibi carmina mittam:
si dici tua vis, hoc eme, ne mea sint.

26.9 *fort.* Laietana; *cf. ad* 1.49.22 *et* 7.53.6

through Paelignian presses, this grape is not born on the hills of Tuscany.[a] We are draining a happy bottle of old Opimius[b] and a Massic cellar unloads its blackened jars. Ask an innkeeper for Laletanian[c] lees if you take more than ten drinks, Sextilianus.

27

Last night after getting through four pints or so I asked you to dine with me this evening, Procillus. You thought you had the matter settled then and there, and made a mental note of my tipsy words—a very dangerous precedent. I don't like a boozing-partner with a memory,[d] Procillus.

28

Anybody who thinks that Acerra reeks of yesterday's wine misses his guess. Acerra always drinks till sunrise.

29

Rumor has it, Fidentinus, that you recite my little books in public just like your own. If you want the poems called mine, I'll send you them for nothing. If you want them called yours, buy out my ownership.

[a] We are not drinking inferior wines.

[b] Consul 121, a famous year for wine.

[c] Cf. 1.49; 7.53.6. The spelling, which varies in the manuscripts, is not certain.

[d] A well-known Greek proverb.

30

Chirurgus fuerat, nunc est vispillo Diaulus.
coepit quo poterat clinicus esse modo.

31

Hos tibi, Phoebe, vovet totos a vertice crines
Encolpos, domini centurionis amor,
grata Pudens meriti tulerit cum praemia pili.
quam primum longas, Phoebe, recide comas,
dum nulla teneri sordent lanugine vultus
dumque decent fusae lactea colla iubae;
utque tuis longum dominusque puerque fruantur
muneribus, tonsum fac cito, sero virum.

32

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare:
hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

33

Amissum non flet cum sola est Gellia patrem;
si quis adest, iussae prosiliunt lacrimae.
non luget quisquis laudari, Gellia, quaerit;
ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.

---

[a] Lit. "he has started to be a medic (*clinicus*)." The joke lies in the derivation from κλίνη (klinê) = "bed" or "bier."

[b] Cf. 5.48, where the vow was fulfilled. For Pudens' interest in *capillati* cf. 5.48; 8.63; 13.69.

30

Diaulus was once a surgeon, now he's an undertaker. He's started to practice medicine[a] the only way he knew how.

31

These locks, all he has from crown down, does Encolpus, the darling of his master the centurion, vow to you, Phoebus, when Pudens shall attain the rank of Chief Centurion which he wants and deserves.[b] Cut the long tresses as soon as may be, Phoebus, while no down darkens his soft cheeks and flowing locks grace his milk-white neck. And so that master and lad may long enjoy your bounty, make him soon shorn, but late a man.

32

I like you not, Sabidius, and I can't tell why. All I can tell is this: I like you not.[c]

33

Gellia does not cry for her lost father when she's by herself, but if she has company, out spring the tears to order. Gellia, whoever seeks credit for mourning is no mourner. He truly grieves who grieves without witnesses.[d]

[c] The original of "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."
[d] Contrast 4.58.

34

Incustoditis et apertis, Lesbia, semper
liminibus peccas nec tua furta tegis,
et plus spectator quam te delectat adulter
nec sunt grata tibi gaudia si qua latent.
at meretrix abigit testem veloque seraque
raraque Summemmi fornice rima patet.
A Chione saltem vel ab Iade disce pudorem:
abscondunt spurcas et monumenta lupas.
numquid dura tibi nimium censura videtur?
deprendi veto te, Lesbia, non futui.

35

Versus scribere me parum severos
nec quos praelegat in schola magister,
Corneli, quereris: sed hi libelli,
tamquam coniugibus suis mariti,
non possunt sine mentula placere.
quid si me iubeas thalassionem
verbis dicere non thalassionis?
quis Floralia vestit et stolatum
permittit meretricibus pudorem?
lex haec carminibus data est iocosis,
ne possint, nisi pruriant, iuvare.
quare deposita severitate
parcas lusibus et iocis rogamus,
nec castrare velis meos libellos.
gallo turpius est nihil Priapo.

BOOK I

34

Lesbia, when you turn your tricks, you don't hide them; the doors are always open and unguarded. A spectator gives you more pleasure than a lover and you have no use for joys concealed. A prostitute, on the other hand, drives witnesses away with curtain and bolt and rarely does a chink gape in Summemmius' brothel.[a] Learn modesty from Chione or Ias, if from nobody else. Even dirty whores take cover in tombs. Do you find my strictures too harsh? I am not telling you not to get fucked, Lesbia, only not to get caught.

35

Cornelius, you grumble that I write risqué verses, not the sort a schoolmaster would dictate in class. But these little books are like husbands with their wives — they can't please without a cock. You might as well tell me to sing a wedding song without using wedding song words. Does anybody put clothes on Flora's festival[b] or allow whores the modesty of the matron's robe? There's a law laid down for merry verses: they can't be good for anything unless they itch. So please put prudery aside and spare my jests and jollities; and don't try to emasculate my little books. There's nothing uglier than a neutered Priapus.

[a] Or Summemmium may be the name of a red-light quarter. [b] Cf. the prefatory letter.

36

Si, Lucane, tibi vel si tibi, Tulle, darentur
qualia Ledaei fata Lacones habent,
nobilis haec esset pietatis rixa duobus,
quod pro fratre mori vellet uterque prior,
diceret infernas et qui prior isset ad umbras:
'vive tuo, frater, tempore, vive meo.'

37

Ventris onus misero, nec te pudet, excipis auro,
Bassa, bibis vitro: carius ergo cacas.

38

Quem recitas meus est, o Fidentine, lbellus:
sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

39

Si quis erit raros inter numerandus amicos,
quales prisca fides famaque novit anus,
si quis Cecropiae madidus Latiaeque Minervae
artibus et vera simplicitate bonus,
si quis erit recti custos, mirator honesti,
et nihil arcano qui roget ore deos,
si quis erit magnae subnixus robore mentis:
dispeream si non hic Decianus erit.

37.2 bassa $\beta\gamma$: basse α

---

[a] The brothers Curvii; see index.

36

If you, Lucanus, or you, Tullus,[a] were vouchsafed such a destiny as Leda's Laconian sons[b] enjoy, a noble conflict of fraternal love would ensue between you, each wishing to die first for his brother. And whichever went first to the shades below would say: "Live in your time, brother, and live in mine."

37

You receive your belly's load, Bassa, in gold—unlucky gold!—and are not ashamed of it; you drink out of glass. So it costs you more to shit.

38

The little book you are reciting, Fidentinus, belongs to me. But when you recite it badly, it begins to belong to you.

39

If one there be to be numbered with such rare friends as old-time faith and ancient fame know of, one steeped in the arts of Cecropian and Latin Minerva, a good man, truly without guile; if one there be that guards the right, admires virtue, and asks nothing from the gods with secret lips; if one there be that rests on the strength of a noble heart: hang me if his name be not Decianus.

[b] Castor and Pollux, who divided alternately between them life in the shades and in heaven.

40

Qui ducis vultus et non legis ista libenter,
omnibus invideas, livide, nemo tibi.

41

Urbanus tibi, Caecili, videris.
non es, crede mihi. quid ergo? verna es,
hoc quod Transtiberinus ambulator,
qui pallentia sulphurata fractis
permutat vitreis, quod otiosae
vendit qui madidum cicer coronae,
quod custos dominusque viperarum,
quod viles pueri salariorum,
quod fumantia qui thumatla raucus
circumfert tepidis cocus popinis,
quod non optimus urbicus poeta,
quod de Gadibus improbus magister,
quod bucca est vetuli dicax cinaedi.
quare desine iam tibi videri,
quod soli tibi, Caecili, videris,
qui Gabbam salibus tuis et ipsum
posses vincere Tettium Caballum.
non cuicumque datum est habere nasum:

41.2 es (*alt.*) β : *om.* γ (*deest* β) : tomacla ς 41.9 thumatla *vel* thym- γ

40

Jealousy, do you grimace? Do you hate to read such things?[a] Then be envious of all, envied of none.

41

You fancy yourself a wit, Caecilius. Believe me, you are not. What then? You are a vulgar buffoon. What you are, the cheapjack from across Tiber is, who barters yellow sulphur matches for broken glass,[b] and the vendor of steaming pease-pudding to the idle crowd, and the keeper-owner of reptiles, and the salt-fishmongers' worthless varlets and the bawling cook who totes smoking sausages[c] round stuffy bistros, and the second-rate alley poet,[d] and the shameless impresario from Gades, and the smart mouth of an aging queen. So, Caecilius, stop fancying yourself what nobody else fancies you — fit to outdo Gabba with your quips and Tettius Caballus himself. It is not given to everyone to have

[a] As the previous epigram.

[b] After considerable discussion the broken glass remains problematic.

[c] J. Bodel has shown, in *Harv. Stud. in Cl. Phil.* 92 (1989).349–366, that *thumatla* or *thym-*, the manuscript reading, is right. The former vulgate *tomacla* is a nonword, at least in classical Latin.

[d] A street improvisatore (Friedländer). Such seems to be the sense of *urbicus poeta*, though the expression is found nowhere else.

ludit qui stolida procacitate,
non est Tettius ille, sed caballus.

42

Coniugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti
et subtracta sibi quaereret arma dolor,
'nondum scitis' ait 'mortem non posse negari?
credideram fatis hoc docuisse patrem.'
dixit et ardentis avido bibit ore favillas.
i nunc et ferrum, turba molesta, nega!

43

Bis tibi triceni fuimus, Mancine, vocati
et positum est nobis nil here praeter aprum,
non quae de tardis servantur vitibus uvae
dulcibus aut certant quae melimela favis,
non pira quae longa pendent religata genesta
aut imitata brevis Punica grana rosas,
rustica lactantes nec misit Sassina metas
nec de Picenis venit oliva cadis:
nudus aper, sed et hic minimus qualisque necari
a non armato pumilione potest.
et nihil inde datum est; tantum spectavimus omnes:
ponere aprum nobis sic et harena solet.

---

[a] I.e. to sneer; cf. 1.3.6.

[b] *Caballus* = "horse," probably with a depreciatory flavor, "nag."

a nose.[a] He who jests with blockish impudence is no Tettius, he's a Caballus.[b]

42

When Porcia heard of her husband Brutus' fate and her grief sought the weapons that had been put out of its reach, "Have you not learned," she said, "that there is no denying death? I had thought my father[c] had taught that lesson by the manner of his dying." So saying, she eagerly imbibed glowing embers. What now, you tiresome servitors? Deny steel?

43

Twice thirty of us were invited to dinner yesterday, Mancinus, and nothing was set before us but boar: no grapes preserved from late-maturing vines nor honey-apples that rival sweet honeycombs nor pears that hang tied with length of broom nor pomegranates looking like roses cut short. Neither did rustic Sassina send her milky cones nor came olives from Picene jars. No, naked boar, and a tiny one at that, such as an unarmed midget might lay low. And nothing of it came our way, we all just watched. The arena is apt to serve us boar in that fashion.[d]

[c] M. Porcius Cato, who committed suicide after the republican defeat at Thapsus in 46, despite the efforts of his entourage to stop him.

[d] Play on two senses of *ponere*: "serve (to guests)" and "put on (in a show)."

ponatur tibi nullus aper post talia facta,
sed tu ponaris cui Charidemus apro.

44

Lascivos leporum cursus lususque leonum
quod maior nobis charta minorque gerit
et bis idem facimus, nimium si, Stella, videtur
hoc tibi, bis leporem tu quoque pone mihi.

45

Edita ne brevibus pereat mihi cura libellis,
dicatur potius τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.

46

Cum dicis 'propero, fac si facis,' Hedyli, languet
protinus et cessat debilitata Venus.
expectare iube: velocius ibo retentus.
Hedyli, si properas, dic mihi ne properem.

46.1 *et* 4 Hedyli *Bentley* : -le γ (*deest* β)

---

[a] Some criminal who had been exposed to a wild boar in the arena.

[b] Perhaps the single sheets on which some epigrams were circulated before publication.

[c] A recurrent formula in Homer. M. means: Let me be allowed to repeat myself and so make a sizable book.

[d] On the feminine name (masculine *Hedyle* in the manuscripts) see SB^1. Sullivan's argument (*Philologus* 129 (1979).295 n.1) that M. used the masculine for a pathic homosexual in 4.52 and 9.37 (correct to 57) will not

After such behavior I hope that boar will never again be served you, but that *you* will be served to the same boar as Charidemus.[a]

44

Do my pages large and small[b] contain the gamesome runs of hares and the play of lions? Do I do the same thing twice over? Well, if this seems too much to you, Stella, why not on your side give me hare twice over for dinner?

45

Rather than have my work published in small volumes and so go to waste, let me say "to him in answer."[c]

46

Hedylis,[d] when you say "I'm in a hurry, do it if you're going to," forthwith my passion languishes; crippled, it subsides. Tell me to wait, and I shall go all the faster for the check. Hedylis, if you are in a hurry, tell me *not* to be in a hurry.

hold; 4.52 need not concern homosexuality and M. does not as a rule carry over name-associations from book to book (see Appendix B). The typical catamite is a boy slave, who would be unlikely to claim urgent business elsewhere. The same, I think, applies if *propero* has the meaning or secondary meaning "I am in a hurry for an orgasm," as J. N. Adams, *The Latin Sexual Vocabulary*, addendum to p. 144.

47

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vispillo Diaulus:
quod vispillo facit, fecerat et medicus.

48

Rictibus his tauros non eripuere magistri,
per quos praeda fugax itque reditque lepus;
quodque magis mirum, velocior exit ab hoste
nec nihil e tanta nobilitate refert.
tutior in sola non est cum currit harena,
nec caveae tanta conditur ille fide.
si vitare canum morsus, lepus improbe, quaeris,
ad quae confugias ora leonis habes.

49

Vir Celtiberis non tacende gentibus
nostraeque laus Hispaniae,
videbis altam, Liciniane, Bilbilin,
equis et armis nobilem,
senemque Caium nivibus, et fractis sacrum
Vadaveronem montibus,
et delicati dulce Boterdi nemus,
Pomona quod felix amat.
tepidi natabis lene Congedi vadum
mollesque Nympharum lacus,

48.4 e T : a $\beta\gamma$

47

Diaulus used to be a doctor till recently; now he's an undertaker. What the undertaker does, the doctor used to do.[a]

48

The trainers did not snatch bulls from these jaws through which the hare, fugitive prey, passes in and out. And what is more remarkable, he comes out of his enemy faster than before, he brings something back from so noble a creature. He is no safer running along deserted sands; inside a cage, he is less surely protected. If you want to avoid dogs' bites, saucy hare, you have the lion's mouth to run to.

49

Licinianus, worthy to be acclaimed by the peoples of Celtiberia, glory of our Spain, you will see Bilbilis on her height, famed for her horses and her weapons; and old Caius[b] in his snows; and sacred Vadevero set in rugged hills; and the pleasant wood of pretty Boterdus, beloved of bounteous Pomona. You will swim in the gentle shoals of warm Congedus and the soft lakes of the Nymphs, and

[a] Cf. 1.30.

[b] These names of places in northeast Spain have been the object of studies by G. Thiele, *Glotta* 3 (1912).257–266, and A. Schulten, *Neue Jahrbücher* 31 (1913).462–475.

quibus remissum corpus astriges brevi
Salone, qui ferrum gelat.
praestabit illic ipsa figendas prope
Voberca prandenti feras.
aestus serenos aureo franges Tago
obscurus umbris arborum;
avidam rigens Derceita placabit sitim
et Nutha, quae vincit nives.
at cum December canus et bruma impotens
Aquilone rauco mugiet,
aprica repetes Tarraconis litora
tuamque Laletaniam.
ibi illigatas mollibus dammas plagis
mactabis et vernaș apros
leporemque forti callidum rumpes equo —
cervos relinques vilico.
vicina in ipsum silva descendet focum
infante cinctum sordido;
vocabitur venator et veniet tibi
conviva clamatus prope;
lunata nusquam pellis et nusquam toga
olidaeque vestes murice;
procul horridus Liburnus et querulus cliens,
imperia viduarum procul;
non rumpet altum pallidus somnum reus,
sed mane totum dormies.

49.22 laletaniam γ : lace- β (*cf. ad* 1.26.9)

when they have relaxed your frame you will brace it with shallow Salo, that chills steel. There Voberca will provide you freely with animals to shoot at close range while you lunch. You will mitigate the cloudless heat with golden Tagus, hidden in the forest shades. Chill Derceita will assuage your eager thirst, and Nutha colder than snow. And when rimy December and winter wild shall howl with the hoarse North Wind, you will go back to the sunny shores of Tarraco and your own Laletania.[a] There you will slaughter deer snared in soft-meshed toils and native boars and run the cunning hare to death with your stout horse (stags you will leave to the bailiff).[b] The nearby wood shall come down right to your hearth and its girdle of grimy brats. The hunter will be invited; shout from close by, and a guest will come to share your dinner. Nowhere will you see a crescent shoebuckle[c] or a gown or clothes that smell of purple dye.[d] Far away will be the grim beadle[e] and the grumbling client, far away imperious widows. No pale defendant will interrupt your deep slumbers, you will sleep all through the early

[a] Cf. 1.26.9n.

[b] Among the Celts of Spain, it seems, as among those of Gaul (Arrian, *Cyn.* 19.1), hunting the hare on horseback was the special sport of the higher orders; cf. 12.14.

[c] As worn by senators or patricians.

[d] Cf. 2.16.3; 4.4.6; 9.62.4.

[e] Lit. "Liburnian (slave)." A burly litter-bearer in Juv. 3.240, here a court attendant.

mereatur alius grande et insanum sophos:
miserere tu felicium
veroque fruere non superbus gaudio,
dum Sura laudatur tuus.
non impudenter vita quod relicum est petit,
cum fama quod satis est habet.

50

Si tibi Mistyllos cocus, Aemiliane, vocatur,
dicatur quare non Taratalla mihi?

51

Non facit ad saevos cervix, nisi prima, leones.
quid petis hos dentes, ambitiose lepus?
scilicet a magnis ad te descendere tauris
et quae non cernunt frangere colla velint.
desperanda tibi est ingentis gloria fati:
non potes hoc tenuis praeda sub hoste mori.

52

Commendo tibi, Quintiane, nostros —
nostros dicere si tamen libellos
possum, quos recitat tuus poeta:
si de servitio gravi queruntur,
assertor venias satisque praestes,

51.2 petis SB^1 : fugis T$\beta\gamma$

morning. Let another win the loud, crazy "bravo"; do *you* pity the successful and unassumingly enjoy true happiness, while your friend Sura gets applause.[a] When fame is satisfied, life may fairly look for what remains.

50

If your cook, Aemilianus, is named Mistyllos, why should mine not be called Taratalla?[b]

51

Only a prime neck is fit for savage lions. Why court these fangs, ambitious hare? Do you think they would care to descend from mighty bulls to you and break a neck they don't see? You must not hope for the glory of a giant death. So puny a quarry cannot die by such a foe.

52

Quintianus, I commend you my little books—that is, however, if I can call them mine when your poet friend recites them. If they complain of harsh enslavement, come forward to claim their freedom[c]

[a] Presumably as an advocate; see index.

[b] Μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τἆλλα (mistyllon t'ara talla, "they cut up the rest") is part of a Homeric formula. Mistyllos being a cook gives the jest a start.

[c] As *assertor in libertatem*, who takes up their claim to freedom, not allowing the plagiarist to claim them when manumitted by M.

et, cum se dominum vocabit ille,
dicas esse meos manuque missos.
hoc si terque quaterque clamitaris,
impones plagiario pudorem.

53

Una est in nostris tua, Fidentine, libellis
pagina, sed certa domini signata figura,
quae tua traducit manifesto carmina furto.
sic interpositus villo contaminat uncto
urbica Lingonicus Tyrianthina bardocucullus,
sic Arretinae violant crystallina testae,
sic, niger in ripis errat cum forte Caystri,
inter Ledaeos ridetur corvus olores,
sic, ubi multisona fervet sacer Atthide lucus,
improba Cecropias offendit pica querelas.
indice non opus est nostris nec iudice libris:
stat contra dicitque tibi tua pagina 'fur es.'

53.4 villo *Heinsius* : uilis β : uitio γ

and give bail as required. And when he calls himself their owner, say they are mine, discharged from my hand.[a] If you shout this three or four times, you will make the kidnapper ashamed of himself.

53

Fidentinus, there is one page of yours in *my* little book, only one, but stamped with the sure likeness of its owner;[b] and it holds your poems up to scorn as a manifest theft. So a Lingonian overcoat put among city tyrianthines[c] contaminates them with its greasy wool; so crocks from Arretium[d] dishonor crystal glasses; so a black raven, wandering mayhap on Cayster's banks among Leda's swans, becomes a laughingstock; so, when a sacred wood is alive with many-toned nightingales, an impudent magpie grates upon their Cecropian laments. My books need no informer, no judge: your page confronts you and says "You are a thief."

[a] "To send forth from the hand" was to make free a slave. So, in another sense, a book on publication is sent forth from the hand.

[b] Copies of a book sometimes carried a portrait of the author (14.186).

[c] "Cloths dyed first violet and then Tyrian purple (a kind of scarlet)" *OLD*.

[d] Cf. 14.98.

54

Si quid, Fusce, vacas adhuc amari —
nam sunt hinc tibi, sunt et hinc amici —
unum, si superest, locum rogamus,
nec me, quod tibi sim novus, recuses:
omnes hoc veteres tui fuerunt.
tu tantum inspice qui novus paratur
an possit fieri vetus sodalis.

55

Vota tui breviter si vis cognoscere Marci,
clarum militiae, Fronto, togaeque decus,
hoc petit, esse sui nec magni ruris arator,
sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat.
quisquam picta colit Spartani frigora saxi
et matutinum portat ineptus have,
cui licet exuviis nemoris rurisque beato
ante focum plenas explicuisse plagas
et piscem tremula salientem ducere saeta
flavaque de rubro promere mella cado?
pinguis inaequales onerat cui vilica mensas
et sua non emptus praeparat ova cinis?
non amet hanc vitam quisquis me non amat, opto,
vivat et urbanis albus in officiis.

56

Continuis vexata madet vindemia nimbis:
non potes, ut cupias, vendere, copo, merum.

54

Fuscus, if you still have time to be loved (for you have friends on this side and on that), I ask a spot, if there is one left. And don't refuse me because I'm new to you. All your old friends were that once. Only look and see whether a new acquisition can become an old crony.

55

Fronto, shining glory of sword and gown, if you wish to know in brief your friend Marcus' dearest wish, this is what he wants: to farm land, a little plot, of his own. He loves independence, be it rough and humble. Is any man so silly as to court the painted chill of Spartan stone, conveying morning greetings, when he could be happy with the spoils of woodland and countryside, unfolding his loaded nets before the fireplace, pulling in leaping fish with tremulous line, bringing yellow honey forth from a ruddy jar, while the bailiff's buxom wife loads the rickety table and unpaid-for ash cooks the eggs he owns? Whoever loves not me, I pray he love not such a life and live whey-faced amid the obligations of the town.

56

The grapes are drenched, lashed by continual showers. Innkeeper, you cannot sell wine unwatered, even if you wished.

57

Qualem, Flacce, velim quaeris nolimve puellam?
nolo nimis facilem difficilemque nimis.
illud quod medium est atque inter utrumque probamus:
nec volo quod cruciat nec volo quod satiat.

58

Milia pro puero centum me mango poposcit:
risi ego, sed Phoebus protinus illa dedit.
hoc dolet et queritur de me mea mentula secum
laudaturque meam Phoebus in invidiam.
sed sestertiolum donavit mentula Phoebo
bis decies: hoc da tu mihi, pluris emam.

59

Dat Baiana mihi quadrantes sportula centum.
inter delicias quid facit ista fames?
redde Lupi nobis tenebrosaque balnea Grylli:
tam male cum cenem, cur bene, Flacce, laver?

57

You ask me, Flaccus, what sort of girl I want or don't want? I don't want one too easy or one too hard to get. I like a medium, something between the two. I don't want to be teased, nor yet to be glutted.

58

The salesman asked me a hundred thousand for a boy. I laughed, but Phoebus gave it right away. My cock is hurt and grumbles about me to himself, and Phoebus gets a commendation at my expense. But Phoebus' cock presented him with a tidy two million.[a] Give me that much, you, and I'll go higher.

59

The dole[b] at Baiae presents me with a hundred farthings. What is such poverty doing amid luxury? give me back the murky baths of Lupus and Gryllus. When my dinner's this bad, why should my bath be good?

[a] Gift of a rich widow or the like.

[b] Given by patrons to their clients, originally perhaps in the form of a basket (*sportula*) of provisions, later commuted to money. 100 quadrantes ("farthings") = 25 sesterces was the standard amount, which in a place like Baiae would not go far.

60

Intres ampla licet torvi, lepus, ora leonis,
esse tamen vacuo se leo dente putat.
quod ruet in tergum vel quos procumbet in armos,
alta iuvencorum vulnera figet ubi?
quid frustra nemorum dominum regemque fatigas?
non nisi delecta pascitur ille fera.

61

Verona docti sillybos amat vatis,
Marone felix Mantua est,
censetur Aponi Livio suo tellus
Stellaque nec Flacco minus,
Apollodoro plaudit imbrifer Nilus,
Nasone Paeligni sonant,
duosque Senecas unicumque Lucanum
facunda loquitur Corduba,
gaudent iocosae Canio suo Gades,
Emerita Deciano meo:
te, Liciniane, gloriabitur nostra
nec me tacebit Bilbilis.

62

Casta nec antiquis cedens Laevina Sabinis
et quamvis tetrico tristior ipsa viro,

61.1 sillybos *vel* sittybos *vel* sittybas *scribas* : syllabas $\beta\gamma$

60

Hare, though you enter the grim lion's spacious mouth, yet the lion thinks his fangs are empty. What back shall he rush at, onto what shoulders shall he launch himself, where shall he plant the deep wounds meet for steers? Why do you tease in vain the lord and king of the forests? He feeds only on the beast of his choice.

61

Verona loves the name tags[a] of an accomplished poet, Mantua is fortunate in Maro, the land of Aponus rests its reputation on its Livy, and no less on Stella and Flaccus, rain-bearing Nile applauds Apollodorus, the Paeligni resound with Naso, eloquent Corduba talks of the two Senecas and the one and only Lucan, merry Gades rejoices in her Canius, Emerita in my Decianus: you, Licinianus, shall our Bilbilis vaunt, nor of me be silent.

62

Laevina was virtuous, yielding no whit to the Sabine dames of old, sourer than her husband, straight-laced though he was. But as she trusted

[a] Labels attached to papyrus rolls, here standing for copies of the book. If *syllabos* is right, "syllables" must be taken as hendecasyllables, a favorite meter with Catullus (the "accomplished poet") — and M.

dum modo Lucrino, modo se permittit Averno,
et dum Baianis saepe fovetur aquis,
incidit in flammas: iuvenemque secuta relicto
coniuge Penelope venit, abît Helene.

63

Ut recitem tibi nostra rogas epigrammata. nolo.
non audire, Celer, sed recitare cupis.

64

Bella es, novimus, et puella, verum est,
et dives, quis enim potest negare?
sed cum te nimium, Fabulla, laudas,
nec dives neque bella nec puella es.

65

Cum dixi ficus, rides quasi barbara verba
et dici ficos, Laetiliane, iubes.
dicemus ficus, quas scimus in arbore nasci,
dicemus ficos, Laetiliane, tuos.

66

Erras, meorum fur avare librorum,
fieri poetam posse qui putas tanti,

65.1.4 *inter* ficus *et* ficos *variant codd. et testimonia*
66.2 tanto *Gronovius*

herself to the Lucrine or anon to Avernus and often let the waters of Baiae relax her, she fell into the furnace and left her husband for a younger man. Arriving Penelope, she departed Helen.

63

You ask me to recite my epigrams for your benefit. Not I. You don't want to listen, Celer, you want to recite.[a]

64

You are pretty: we know. You are young: true. And rich: who can deny it? But when you praise yourself too much, Fabulla, you are neither rich nor pretty nor young.

65

When I say "ficūs," Laetilianus, you laugh as if at a barbarism and require that one say "ficos."[b] We will say "ficūs" for the kind we know grow on trees; we will say "ficos" for your kind, Laetilianus.

66

You are mistaken, greedy purloiner of my books, in thinking that it costs no more to become a poet than

[a] Could be understood in two ways: "To recite them as your own" or "to recite your own to me."

[b] Alternative forms of the accusative plural of *ficus*, "fig" or "hemorrhoid."

scriptura quanti constet et tomus vilis:
non sex paratur aut decem sophos nummis.
secreta quaere carmina et rudes curas
quas novit unus scrinioque signatas
custodit ipse virginis pater chartae,
quae trita duro non inhorruit mento.
mutare dominum non potest liber notus.
sed pumicata fronte si quis est nondum
nec umbilicis cultus atque membrana,
mercare: tales habeo; nec sciet quisquam.
aliena quisquis recitat et petit famam,
non emere librum, sed silentium debet.

67

'Liber homo es nimium,' dicis mihi, Ceryle, semper.
in te qui dicit, Ceryle, liber homo est.

68

Quidquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo.
si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur.

67.2 est T β : es γ

---

[a] While being rolled up.

[b] Lit. "free." *Liber* is common in this sense.

[c] Lit. "is a free man," i.e. he can say anything he likes because it will be true, or at any rate no worse than the truth. Suetonius (*Vesp.* 23.1) mentions a freedman of Vespasian's of this name, who changed it and pretended to

the price of copying and a cheap length of papyrus. Applause is not to be had for six or ten sesterces. You must look for private, unpublished work, poems known only to the parent of the virgin sheet, which he keeps sealed up in his book-box, work not rubbed rough by hard chins.[a] A well-known book cannot change author. But if you find one whose face is not yet smoothed by the pumice stone, one not embellished with bosses and parchment cover, buy it. I have such, and nobody will be the wiser. Whoever recites other men's productions and seeks fame thereby, ought to buy — not a book, but silence.

67

"You are too free-spoken,"[b] so you are always telling me, Cerylus. Whoever talks against you, Cerylus, speaks free.[c]

68

Whatever Rufus is doing, for Rufus there is nothing but Naevia. If he's happy, if he's weeping, if he's silent, he talks of her. He eats his dinner, drinks a

be free-born to avoid death duties. Hence P. Wagner's proposal *in te quis dicit, Ceryle, "liber homo es"?* ("who accuses *you* of being free?"). This may be right, for though M. did not address offensive epigrams to living persons, he occasionally uses those of dead ones as though they were still alive (see Appendix B).

cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit: una est
Naevia; si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
'Naevia lux', inquit, 'Naevia lumen, have.'
haec legit et ridet demisso Naevia vultu.
Naevia non una est: quid, vir inepte, furis?

69

Coepit, Maxime, Pana quae solebat,
nunc ostendere Canium Tarentos.

70

Vade salutatum pro me, liber: ire iuberis
ad Proculi nitidos, officiose, lares.
quaeris iter, dicam. vicinum Castora canae
transibis Vestae virgineamque domum;

68.3 annuit *coni. Izaac* 68.5 matri SB^1

---

[a] *Annuit*, "nods assent," suggested by Izaac, makes better sense, following *negat.*

[b] Or "mother" (*matri*)? (SB^1)

[c] "Naevia" is a made up name, a favorite with M., and the girl in v. 7 is anyone who flatters herself that she is the person referred to. There may be any number of "Naevias," and "Rufus," who thinks that *his* "Naevia" is the only person in the world, is out of his mind (SB^3). The Naevia/Rufus combination recurs in 1.106.

health, asks a favor, refuses one, makes a sign:[a] it's all Naevia. If there should be no Naevia, he will be dumb. When he wrote a greeting to his father[b] yesterday morning, "Naevia, light of my eyes," says he, "Naevia, light of my life, good morning."

Naevia reads this and smiles, lowering her face. There's more than one Naevia. Why, silly man, are you such a fool?"[c]

69

Tarentos[d] used to feature Pan, Maximus. Now she has begun to feature Canius.[e]

70

Go in my place and present my greetings, book. You are bidden to proceed in duty to Proculus' handsome house. You ask the way? I'll tell you.[f] You will pass the temple of Castor, close by ancient Vesta, and

[d] More usually "Tarentum" (Taranto).

[e] "Canius Rufus of Gades (I 61 9) is staying at Tarentum, where his perpetual smile (III 20 21) has quite eclipsed some effigy of a laughing Pan which used to be one of the sights of the place" (Housman, 714). Heraeus notes that Cicero mentions a statue of a Satyr as one of the sights of Tarentum (*Verr.* 2.4.135).

[f] M. is sending his book from his home on the Quirinal to Proculus on the Palatine across the Via Sacra and Forum Romanum, and he points out the various temples, etc, on the way. As to the colossus, see Sp. 2.1n.

inde sacro veneranda petes Palatia clivo,
plurima qua summi fulget imago ducis.
nec te detineat miri radiata colossi
quae Rhodium moles vincere gaudet opus.
flecte vias hac qua madidi sunt tecta Lyaei
et Cybeles picto stat Corybante tholus.
protinus a laeva clari tibi fronte Penates
atriaque excelsae sunt adeunda domus.
hanc pete: ne metuas fastus limenque superbum:
nulla magis toto ianua poste patet,
nec proprior quam Phoebus amat doctaeque sorores.
si dicet 'quare non tamen ipse venit?'
sic licet excuses: 'quia qualiacumque leguntur
ista, salutator scribere non potuit.'

71

Laevia sex cyathis, septem Iustina bibatur,
quinque Lycis, Lyde quattuor, Ida tribus.
omnis ab infuso numeretur amica Falerno,
et quia nulla venit, tu mihi, Somne, veni.

70.15 amat β : amet Tγ 71.2 lycis β : lycas γ
71.3 infuso γ : eff- β 71.4 et] sed *P. Wagner*

---

[a] Domitian.

[b] The colossal statue of the Sun god at Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world.

the house of the Virgins. From there you will take the Sacred Slope and make for the august Palatine, where shines many an image of our exalted Leader.[a] Do not be delayed by the rayed mass of the marvellous colossus that joys to outdo the work of Rhodes.[b] Make a turn at the dwelling of tipsy Lyaeus, where stands Cybele's dome with its painted Corybants. Right ahead on your left the shining façade of a mansion and the hall of a lofty house await your approach. Seek this house. Have no fear of arrogance and a haughty threshold. The doorway opens wide from post to post, none wider, and to none does Phoebus and the poetic sisterhood bear closer affection. If he shall say, "Why does he not come himself?" you may make this excuse: "Because no matter what these poems are worth, a morning caller could not have written them."

71

Let Laevia be drunk in six measures,[c] and Justina in seven, in five Lycis,[d] Lyde in four, Ida in three. Let each of my girls be numbered by the Falernian in my cup; and since none of them comes, do you, Sleep, come to me.

[c] One *cyathus* (= one-twelfth of a *sextarius*) is to be poured into the cup for each letter of the name: cf. 8.51.21; 11.36.7. A *sextarius* was slightly less than a pint.

[d] The name Lycis is collateral with Lyce, as Hedylis with Hedyle (cf. SB^3 on 1.6).

72

Nostris versibus esse te poetam,
Fidentine, putas cupisque credi?
sic dentata sibi videtur Aegle
emptis ossibus Indicoque cornu;
sic, quae nigrior est cadente moro,
cerussata sibi placet Lycoris.
hac et tu ratione qua poeta es,
calvus cum fueris, eris comatus.

73

Nullus in urbe fuit tota qui tangere vellet
uxorem gratis, Maeciliane, tuam,
dum licuit: sed nunc positis custodibus ingens
turba fututorum est: ingeniosus homo es.

74

Moechus erat: poteras tamen hoc tu, Paula, negare.
ecce vir est: numquid, Paula, negare potes?

75

Dimidium donare Lino quam credere totum
qui mavult, mavult perdere dimidium.

73.2 Maeciliane *Schneidewin ex* T (mec-) : caec- $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Ivory.
[b] Cf. 4.62; 7.13.

72

Fidentinus, do you take yourself for a poet on the strength of *my* verses and want it believed? Just so Aegle thinks she has teeth in virtue of purchased bones and Indian horn.[a] Just so Lycoris,[b] who is blacker than a falling mulberry, fancies herself in white lead. You too by the reasoning that makes you a poet will have a head of hair when you are bald.

73

Nobody in all Rome would have wanted to lay a finger on your wife gratis so long as it was permitted, Maecilianus; but now you have posted guards, there is a huge crowd of fuckers. You're a smart fellow.[c]

74

He was your lover. However, you could deny it, Paula. There now, he's your husband. Paula, can you deny?

75

Anyone who prefers to give Linus half rather than lend him the whole, prefers to lose half.

[c] Irony? Or is there a suggestion that Maecilianus might share in his wife's takings?

76

O mihi curarum pretium non vile mearum,
Flacce, Antenorei spes et alumne laris,
Pierios differ cantusque chorosque sororum;
aes dabit ex istis nulla puella tibi.
quid petis a Phoebo? nummos habet arca Minervae;
haec sapit, haec omnes fenerat una deos.
quid possunt hederae Bacchi dare? Pallados arbor
inclinat varias pondere nigra comas.
praeter aquas Helicon et serta lyrasque dearum
nil habet et magnum, sed perinane sophos.
quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permesside nuda?
Romanum propius divitiusque forum est.
illic aera sonant: at circum pulpita nostra
et steriles cathedras basia sola crepant.

77

Pulchre valet Charinus et tamen pallet.
parce bibit Charinus et tamen pallet.
bene concoquit Charinus et tamen pallet.
sole utitur Charinus et tamen pallet.

76.3 cantusque chorosque β : cantus citharamque γ
76.11 permesside nuda β : -dis unda γ

---

[a] Patavium (Padua); see index.

[b] Poetry and music were Phoebus Apollo's domain; arts and crafts, including advocacy, Minerva's. Bacchus too favored poets.

76

Flaccus, in whom I find no mean reward for my labors, hope and child of Antenor's home,[a] defer Pierian strains and the dances of the sisterhood; no girl among them will give you a penny. What do you expect from Phoebus? Minerva's box holds the cash. She's the smart one, sole creditor of all the gods. What can Bacchus' ivy give?[b] Pallas' tree bends its particolored foliage[c] with its dark load. Helicon has nothing but water and garlands and the lyres of the goddesses; these and a mighty but quite vacuous "bravo."[d] What have you to do with Cirrha? What with the naked Nymph of Permessus?[e] The Roman Forum is closer and wealthier. There's where money chinks; but around our platforms and our barren chairs there's only smack of kisses.

77

Charinus is in the pink, and yet he's pale. Charinus drinks sparingly, and yet he's pale. Charinus has a good digestion, and yet he's pale. Charinus goes out in the sun, and yet he's pale. Charinus paints his

[c] Olive leaves are green on top, silver below; when ripe, the fruit is black.

[d] At recitations.

[e] River rising on Mt Helicon. The Nymph's name was Aganippe: see E. Kirsten, *RE* XIX.871. Being naked, she has nothing financial to offer.

tingit cutem Charinus et tamen pallet.
cunnum Charinus lingit et tamen pallet.

78

Indignas premeret pestis cum tabida fauces
inque ipsos vultus serperet atra lues,
siccis ipse genis flentes hortatus amicos
decrevit Stygios Festus adire lacus.
nec tamen obscuro pia polluit ora veneno
aut torsit lenta tristia fata fame,
sanctam Romana vitam sed morte peregit
dimisitque animam nobiliore rogo.
hanc mortem fatis magni praeferre Catonis
fama potest: huius Caesar amicus erat.

79

Semper agis causas et res agis, Attale, semper:
est, non est quod agas, Attale, semper agis.
si res et causae desunt, agis, Attale, mulas.
Attale, ne quod agas desit, agas animam.

78.8 rogo β : uita γ : uia *cod. saec. XII, vulg. olim*

skin, and yet he's pale. Charinus licks a cunt, and yet he's pale.[a]

78

A wasting disease he little deserved was choking Festus' throat and the black corruption crept into his very countenance. Dry-eyed himself but with words of comfort for his weeping friends, he resolved to go to the Stygian pool. However, he did not defile his innocent lips with secret poison nor wring out a doleful fate by slow starvation; he closed a blameless life with a Roman death, despatching his soul by a nobler end.[b] Fame may set this death above great Cato's fate: Caesar was this man's friend.[c]

79

You are always pleading cases and always doing business, Attalus. Whether you have anything to do or not, Attalus, you are always a-doing. If business and cases fail, you drive mules, Attalus. In case something to do fail you, Attalus, have done with you.[d]

[a] For that very reason, "and yet" being ironical. Others interpret "and yet he doesn't blush."

[b] Lit. "pyre," standing for death (by the sword).

[c] Whereas Julius Caesar was Cato's enemy, so that the latter's suicide was in some degree forced upon him; cf. Cic. *Fam.* 9.18.2.

[d] A play on various meanings of the verb *agere*: "plead (a case)," "do," "drive," *animam agere* = "be at death's door."

80

Sportula, Cane, tibi suprema nocte petita est.
occidit, puto, te, Cane, quod una fuit.

81

A servo scis te genitum blandeque fateris,
cum dicis dominum, Sosibiane, patrem.

82

Haec quae pulvere dissipata multo
longas porticus explicat ruinas,
en quanto iacet absoluta casu!
tectis nam modo Regulus sub illis
gestatus fuerat recesseratque,
victa est pondere cum suo repente,
et postquam domino nihil timebat,
securo ruit incruenta damno.
tantae, Regule, post metum querelae
quis curam neget esse te deorum,
propter quem fuit innocens ruina?

83

Os et labra tibi lingit, Manneia, catellus:
non miror, merdas si libet esse cani.

80

Canus, you looked for a dole the night you died.[a] I think it killed you, Canus, that there was only one.

81

You know you are slave-born, Sosibianus, and you blandly admit it when you call your father "sir."[b]

82

This colonnade, that spreads its ruins at length, scattered in a mass of dust, ah, of what a disaster it lies absolved! For Regulus had just been driven under that roof and passed out at the other end, when suddenly it collapsed under its own weight and, once relieved of fear for its owner, crashed in carefree destruction, without bloodshed. Now that the fear of so great a lament has passed, who would gainsay that you are under divine protection, Regulus, on whose account ruin caused no harm?

83

Manneia, your little dog licks your face and lips. Small wonder that a dog likes eating dung.

[a] The dole (cf. 1.59.1n) was sometimes given out in the evening; cf. 3.7.3; 10.70.13.

[b] *Dominus* = "Master." *Dominus pater* is found on sepulchral inscriptions. Augustus strictly forbade his children and grandchildren to address or speak of him so (Suet. *Aug.* 53.1).

84

Uxorem habendam non putat Quirinalis,
cum velit habere filios, et invenit
quo possit istud more: futuit ancillas
domumque et agros implet equitibus vernis.
pater familiae verus est Quirinalis.

85

Venderet excultos colles cum praeco facetus
atque suburbani iugera pulchra soli,
'errat' ait 'si quis Mario putat esse necesse
vendere: nil debet, fenerat immo magis.'
'quae ratio est igitur?' 'ṣervos ibi perdidit omnes
et pecus et fructus, non amat inde locum.'
quis faceret pretium nisi qui sua perdere vellet
omnia? sic Mario noxius haeret ager.

86

Vicinus meus est manuque tangi
de nostris Novius potest fenestris.
quis non invideat mihi putetque
horis omnibus esse me beatum,
iuncto cui liceat frui sodale?

---

[a] "Head" (lit. father) "of household." But *familia* sometimes = slave establishment.

84

Quirinalis doesn't think he should have a wife, though he wants to have sons, and has found a way to achieve this: he fucks his slave girls and fills town house and country estate with home-born knights. Quirinalis is a true paterfamilias.[a]

85

A humorist[b] of an auctioneer was selling a well-cultivated area in the hills, some fine acres of land near Rome. "Anybody who thinks Marius is forced to sell is mistaken," says he. "Marius is not in debt, quite the contrary—he lends money." "So what is the reason?" "He lost all his slaves there and his livestock and crops; therefore he doesn't like the place." Who would make a bid, except somebody who wanted to lose his all? So Marius is stuck with his noxious land.

86

Novius is my neighbor and can be touched by hand from my windows. Who would not envy me and think me happy as the day is long, when I can enjoy my chum at such close quarters? Well, he is as far

[b] Auctioneers would naturally be given to cracking jokes, but *facetus* in v. 1 seems to be ironical. The auctioneer was quite serious and thought he was defending the vendor's reputation when in fact he was ruining the sale.

tam longe est mihi quam Terentianus,
qui nunc Niliacam regit Syenen.
non convivere, non videre saltem,
non audire licet, nec urbe tota
quisquam est tam prope tam proculque nobis.
migrandum est mihi longius vel illi.
vicinus Novio vel inquilinus
sit, si quis Novium videre non vult.

87

Ne gravis hesterno fragres, Fescennia, vino,
pastillos Cosmi luxuriosa voras.
ista linunt dentes iantacula, sed nihil obstant,
extremo ructus cum redit a barathro.
quid quod olet gravius mixtum diapasmate virus
atque duplex animae longius exit odor?
notas ergo nimis fraudes deprensaque furta
iam tollas et sis ebria simpliciter.

88

Alcime, quem raptum domino crescentibus annis
Labicana levi caespite velat humus,
accipe non Pario nutantia pondera saxo,
quae cineri vanus dat ruitura labor,
sed faciles buxos et opacas palmitis umbras
quaeque virent lacrimis roscida prata meis
accipe, care puer, nostri monumenta doloris:
hic tibi perpetuo tempore vivet honor.

86.8 non (*alt.*) β : nec Tγ

away from me as Terentianus, now governing Syene on the Nile. I can't have dinner with him, can't see him even or hear him; in all Rome nobody is so near me and so far away. I must move further off, or he must. Whoever doesn't want to see Novius should be Novius' neighbor or his lodger.

87

Fescennia, not wishing to reek of yesterday's wine, you greedily devour Cosmus' pastilles. Such breakfasts smear the teeth, but they are no obstacle when a belch comes back from the depth of the abyss. Moreover, the evil element smells worse when mixed with scented powder and the doubled odor of the breath carries further. So away now with your too familiar tricks and detected cheats, and be a simple drunk.

88

Alcimus, whom snatched from your master in your burgeoning years the Labican soil covers with light turf, take no tottering masses of Parian stone, gifts of vain labor doomed to fall, but take, dear boy, boxwood easily shaped and the vine's dim shade and green meadows dewy with my tears, memorials of my sorrow. This honor for all time shall live for

cum mihi supremos Lachesis perneverit annos,
non aliter cineres mando iacere meos.

89

Garris in aurem semper omnibus, Cinna,
garrire et illud teste quod licet turba.
rides in aurem, quereris, arguis, ploras,
cantas in aurem, iudicas, taces, clamas,
adeoque penitus sedit hic tibi morbus,
ut saepe in aurem, Cinna, Caesarem laudes.

90

Quod numquam maribus iunctam te, Bassa, videbam
quodque tibi moechum fabula nulla dabat,
omne sed officium circa te semper obibat
turba tui sexus, non adeunte viro,
esse videbaris, fateor, Lucretia nobis:
at tu, pro facinus, Bassa, fututor eras.
inter se geminos audes committere cunnos
mentiturque virum prodigiosa Venus.
commenta es dignum Thebano aenigmate monstrum,
hic ubi vir non est, ut sit adulterium.

91

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea carmina, Laeli.
carpere vel noli nostra vel ede tua.

you.[a] When Lachesis shall spin my last years out, I charge that my ashes lie thus and not otherwise.

89

You are always chattering in everybody's ear, Cinna, even what could safely be chattered in front of a crowd. You laugh in an ear, complain, accuse, weep; you sing in an ear, opine, keep silent, shout. And so deep-seated is this malady of yours, Cinna, that you often praise Caesar in an ear.

90

I never saw you close to men, Bassa, and no rumor gave you a lover. You were always surrounded by a crowd of your own sex, performing every office, with no man coming near you. So I confess I thought you a Lucretia; but Bassa, for shame, you were a fornicator. You dare to join two cunts and your monstrous organ[b] feigns masculinity. You have invented a portent worthy of the Theban riddle: where no man is, there is adultery.

91

Although you don't publish your own poems, Laelius, you carp at mine. Either don't carp at mine or publish your own.

[a] Because recorded in M.'s poem.
[b] *Venus* = clitoris.

92

Saepe mihi queritur non siccis Cestos ocellis
tangi se digito, Mamuriane, tuo.
non opus est digito: totum tibi Ceston habeto,
si deest nil aliud, Mamuriane, tibi.
sed si nec focus est nudi nec sponda grabati
nec curtus Chiones Antiopesve calix,
cerea si pendet lumbis et scripta lacerna
dimidiasque nates Gallica paeda tegit,
pasceris et nigrae solo nidore culinae
et bibis immundam cum cane pronus aquam:
non culum, neque enim est culus, qui non cacat olim,
sed fodiam digito qui superest oculum:
nec me zelotypum nec dixeris esse malignum.
denique pedica, Mamuriane, satur.

93

Fabricio iunctus fido requiescit Aquinus,
qui prior Elysias gaudet adisse domos.
ara duplex primi testatur munera pili:
plus tamen est, titulo quod breviore legis:
'iunctus uterque sacro laudatae foedere vitae,
famaque quod raro novit, amicus erat.'

92.8 p(a)eda β : praeda T : palla γ 93.2 adisse γ : abi- β

92

Cestus often complains to me with tears in his eyes of being touched by your finger, Mamurianus. No need for the finger; have Cestus complete, Mamurianus, if he is all you lack. But if you have neither fireplace nor bare bedframe, nor broken cup of Chione or Antiope,[a] if the cloak that hangs from your loins is yellowed and patched and a Gallic jacket covers half your buttocks; if your only food is the smell of a blackened kitchen and you drink dirty water on your belly with the dog: why, I shall dig my finger into — not your arse, for an arse that never shits is none, but your remaining eye. And don't call me jealous or malevolent. In fine, Mamurianus, sodomize on a full stomach.[b]

93

Aquinus rests by the side of loyal Fabricius, who is glad to have been first to go to the Elysian dwellings. A double altar attests the rank of Chief Centurion; but what you read in the shorter inscription means more: "Both were united in the sacred bond of an honorable life, and, what fame seldom knows,[c] both were friends."

[a] Prostitutes.
[b] Supposedly dangerous to health.
[c] Especially in cases such as theirs.

94

Cantasti male, dum fututa es, Aegle.
iam cantas bene; basianda non es.

95

Quod clamas semper, quod agentibus obstrepis, Aeli,
non facis hoc gratis: accipis, ut taceas.

96

Si non molestum est teque non piget, scazon,[a]
nostro rogamus pauca verba Materno
dicas in aurem sic ut audiat solus.
amator ille tristium lacernarum
et baeticatus atque leucophaeatus,
qui coccinatos non putat viros esse
amethystinasque mulierum vocat vestes,
nativa laudet, habeat et licet semper
fuscos colores, galbinos habet mores.
rogabit unde suspicer virum mollem.
una lavamur: aspicit nihil sursum,
sed spectat oculis devorantibus draucos
nec otiosis mentulas videt labris.
quaeris quis hic sit? excidit mihi nomen.

---

[a] Scazon, iambics with a spondee in the last foot.

[b] Not dyed.

[c] Garments of this color were worn by women or effeminate men.

94

You sang badly, Aegle, in the days when you were fucked. Now you sing well, but you're not to be kissed.

95

You are forever shouting and interrupting the barristers, Aelius. You don't do this for nothing: you take money for keeping quiet.

96

If it's not too much trouble and you don't mind, please, my limping verse,[a] say a few words in friend Maternus' ear, so that he is the only one to hear them. That lover of sad-colored cloaks, who goes about in Baetic wool or grey, thinks people who wear scarlet unmanly, and calls violet clothes dress for women, though he praise native[b] stuff and be always somberly attired—his morals are green.[c] He will ask how I come to suspect the man of effeminacy. We bathe together. He never looks up, but watches the athletes with devouring eyes and his lips work as he gazes at their cocks. Who is it, you ask? The name has escaped me.[d]

[d] Some see an ambiguity: "I have forgotten the name" or "I let out the name by accident." But M.'s old friend and fellow Bilbilitan Maternus (10.37.3) cannot be the person in question.

97

Cum clamant omnes, loqueris tunc, Naevole, tantum,
et te patronum causidicumque putas.
hac ratione potest nemo non esse disertus.
ecce, tacent omnes: Naevole, dic aliquid.

98

Litigat et podagra Diodorus, Flacce, laborat.
sed nil patrono porrigit: haec cheragra est.

99

Non plenum modo vicies habebas,
sed tam prodigus atque liberalis
et tam lautus eras, Calene, ut omnes
optarent tibi centies amici.
audît vota deus precesque nostras
atque intra, puto, septimas Kalendas
mortes hoc tibi quattuor dederunt.
at tu, sic quasi non foret relictum
sed raptum tibi centies, abisti
in tantam miser esuritionem,
ut convivia sumptuosiora,
toto quae semel apparas in anno,
nigrae sordibus explices monetae,
et septem veteres tui sodales
constemus tibi plumbea selibra.
quid dignum meritis precemur istis?
optamus tibi milies, Calene.
hoc si contigerit, fame peribis.

99.17 optamus Tγ : optemus β

97

When everybody is shouting, then and then only you speak, Naevolus, and you consider yourself a defense counsel, a barrister. At that rate anybody can be eloquent. Now then, they're all quiet. Naevolus, say something.

98

Flaccus, Diodorus goes to law and suffers with gout in the feet. But he gives nothing to his counsel. That's gout in the hand.

99

Calenus, you used to be worth under two million, but you were so lavish and open-handed and high-living that your friends wished you ten. A god heard our vows and prayers, and within seven months, I think, four deaths gave you that sum. But just as though you hadn't come into ten million but been robbed of it, you went off into such a miserly habit of fasting that your more sumptuous dinner parties, put on once in a whole year, cost you a mean handful of dirty copper, and the seven of us, your old cronies, set you back half a pound of bad silver plate. What prayer should we make to match such deservings? We wish you a hundred million, Calenus. If you get it, you'll starve to death.

100

Mammas atque tatas habet Afra, sed ipsa tatarum
dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.

101

Illa manus quondam studiorum fida meorum
et felix domino notaque Caesaribus,
destituit primos viridis Demetrius annos:
quarta tribus lustris addita messis erat.
ne tamen ad Stygias famulus descenderet umbras,
ureret implicitum cum scelerata lues,
cavimus et domini ius omne remisimus aegro:
munere dignus erat convaluisse meo.
sensit deficiens sua praemia meque patronum
dixit ad infernas liber iturus aquas.

102

Qui pinxit Venerem tuam, Lycori,
blanditus, puto, pictor est Minervae.

100

Afra has mamas and dadas, but she herself may be called the grandmama[a] of dadas and mamas.

101

Once the faithful amanuensis of my studies, a boon to his master and known to the Caesars,[b] Demetrius in his green youth deserted his opening years; to three lusters a fourth harvest had been added. But when the accursed pestilence held him burning in its grip, I saw to it that he did not go down a slave to the Stygian shades and gave up all a master's rights to the sufferer. He deserved that my gift should have made him well. As his strength failed, he realized his reward and called me "patron," to go a free man to the waters of the underworld.

102

Methinks the painter who painted your Venus, Lycoris, flattered Minerva.[c]

[a] *Maxima mamma*, on the analogy of *maxima amita* (or *matertera*), "great-aunt."

[b] Who read his copies of M.'s epigrams.

[c] The picture was a bad one. M. sarcastically suggests that the painter must have been deliberately unkind to Venus in order to please Minerva, her defeated rival in the judgment of Paris. Cf. 5.40.

103

'Si dederint superi decies mihi milia centum'
dicebas nondum, Scaevola, iustus eques,
'qualiter o vivam, quam large quamque beate!'
riserunt faciles et tribuere dei.
sordidior multo post hoc toga, paenula peior,
calceus est sarta terque quaterque cute,
deque decem plures semper servantur olivae,
explicat et cenas unica mensa duas,
et Veientani bibitur faex crassa rubelli,
asse cicer tepidum constat et asse Venus.
in ius, o fallax atque infitiator, eamus:
aut vive aut decies, Scaevola, redde deis.

104

Picto quod iuga deligata collo
pardus sustinet improbaeque tigres
indulgent patientiam flagello,
mordent aurea quod lupata cervi,
quod frenis Libyci domantur ursi
et, quantum Calydon tulisse fertur,
paret purpureis aper capistris,
turpes esseda quod trahunt visontes
et molles dare iussa quod choreas
nigro belua non negat magistro:

103.7 semper γ : tibi nunc β 104.1 deligata *Heinsius* : delicata $\beta\gamma$ 104.10 non β : nihil γ : nil ς

103

"If the gods give me a million," you used to say, Scaevola, before you became a regular knight,[a] "oh, how I shall live, how lavishly, how happily!" The kindly gods smiled and granted. Since then your gown is much dirtier, your overcoat shabbier, and your shoe leather has been patched and patched again. Out of ten olives the greater number is always saved for later, and a single serving sets forth two dinners. Thick lees of red Veientan is your wine, your warm pea soup costs you a copper, your sex the same amount. Cheat and fraud that you are, let us go to court. Either live, Scaevola, or return the million to the gods.

104

The leopard carries a yoke attached to his spotted neck and vicious tigers vouchsafe patience to the whip. Stags champ golden bits, Libyan bears are cowed with reins, and a boar, big as Calydon is said to have endured, obeys a purple halter. Ugly bisons draw chariots and the great beast,[b] bidden perform an agile dance, does not refuse his black master.

[a] He had not yet the full qualification of 400,000 sesterces.

[b] The elephant.

quis spectacula non putet deorum?
haec transit tamen, ut minora, quisquis
venatus humiles videt leonum,
quos velox leporum timor fatigat.
dimittunt, repetunt, amantque captos,
et securior est in ore praeda,
laxos cui dare perviosque rictus
gaudent et timidos tenere dentes,
mollem frangere dum pudet rapinam,
stratis cum modo venerint iuvencis.
haec clementia non paratur arte,
sed norunt cuï serviant leones.

105

In Nomentanis, Ovidi, quod nascitur agris,
accepit quotiens tempora longa, merum
exuit annosa mores nomenque senecta,
et quidquid voluit, testa vocatur anus.

106

Interponis aquam subinde, Rufe,
et si cogeris a sodale, raram
diluti bibis unciam Falerni.
numquid pollicita est tibi beatam
noctem Naevia sobriasque mavis
certae nequitias fututionis?

105.1 agris β : aruis γ

Who but would think such sights are for the gods? Yet whoever sees the lions at their humble hunting, as the rapid fright of the hares teases them, passes over all this as of slight account. They let them escape, go after them again, love them when caught, and the quarry is safer in the mouth. For they delight to offer wide-open, pervious jaws and to hold back their timorous teeth, ashamed to chew so tender a prey when they have come fresh from laying steers low. Such clemency does not come by training. The lions know whom they serve.

105

Ovidius,[a] when the wine that is born in the fields of Nomentum has taken to itself length of time, it sheds its character and its name with old age full of years, and the ancient jar is called whatever it desired.[b]

106

You often take water in between your wine, Rufus, and if urged by a friend, you drink at rare intervals an ounce[c] of diluted Falernian. Has Naevia promised you a night of bliss and do you prefer sure fornication in sober naughtiness? You sigh, you say

[a] Q. Ovidius, M.'s neighbor at Nomentum.
[b] It can be taken for any fine wine; cf. 13.117.
[c] *Uncia* = *cyathus*, one-twelfth of a *sextarius* (pint).

suspiras, retices, gemis: negavit.
crebros ergo bibas licet trientes
et durum iugules mero dolorem.
quid parcis tibi, Rufe? dormiendum est.

107

Saepe mihi dicis, Luci carissime Iuli,
'scribe aliquid magnum: desidiosus homo es.'
otia da nobis, sed qualia fecerat olim
Maecenas Flacco Vergilioque suo:
condere victuras temptem per saecula curas
et nomen flammis eripuisse meum.
in steriles nolunt campos iuga ferre iuvenci:
pingue solum lassat, sed iuvat ipse labor.

108

Est tibi — sitque precor multos crescatque per annos —
pulchra quidem, verum Transtiberina domus:
at mea Vipsanas spectant cenacula laurus
factus in hac ego sum iam regione senex.
migrandum est, ut mane domi te, Galle, salutem:
est tanti, vel si longius illa foret.
sed tibi non multum est, unum si praesto togatum:
multum est hunc unum si mihi, Galle, nego.

106.8 bibas licet β : l- b- γ

nothing, you groan. She has refused. Well then, you may drink bumper[a] after bumper and kill harsh pain with neat liquor. Why spare yourself, Rufus? You have to sleep.

107

You often say to me, dearest Lucius Julius:[b] "Write something big. You are a lazybones." Give me leisure, I mean such leisure as Maecenas once made for his Flaccus and his Virgil. Then I would try to write works that would live through the centuries and snatch my name from the funeral fires. Oxen don't like to bear the yoke into barren acres. A thick soil tires, but the very labor is joy.

108

You have (and may it stand and grow for years to come) a house, beautiful to be sure, but across Tiber. Whereas my garret looks out at the Vipsanian laurels;[c] I have grown old in this district. I must move if I am to make you a morning call, Gallus. Well, it's worth while, even if your house were further off. But it is nothing much to you if I furnish one client; whereas it's much to me if I deny you that

[a] *Triens* = one-third of a *sextarius*.

[b] M.'s closest friend, Julius Martialis; cf. 1.15.

[c] M. lived on the Quirinal, up three flights of stairs (1.117.7). The Campus of (Vipsanius) Agrippa with its portico was immediately to the west.

ipse salutabo decima te saepius hora:
mane tibi pro me dicet havere liber.

109

Issa est passere nequior Catulli,
Issa est purior osculo columbae,
Issa est blandior omnibus puellis,
Issa est carior Indicis lapillis,
Issa est deliciae catella Publi.
hanc tu, si queritur, loqui putabis;
sentit tristitiamque gaudiumque.
collo nixa cubat capitque somnos,
ut suspiria nulla sentiantur;
et desiderio coacta ventris
gutta pallia non fefellit ulla,
sed blando pede suscitat toroque
deponi monet et rogat levari.
castae tantus inest pudor catellae,
ignorat Venerem; nec invenimus
dignum tam tenera virum puella.
hanc ne lux rapiat suprema totam,
picta Publius exprimit tabella,
in qua tam similem videbis Issam,
ut sit tam similis sibi nec ipsa.
Issam denique pone cum tabella:
aut utramque putabis esse veram,
aut utramque putabis esse pictam.

one. I shall often call on you in person at the tenth hour.[a] In the early morning my book shall bid you good day for me.

109

Issa is naughtier than Catullus' sparrow,[b] Issa is purer than a dove's kiss, Issa is more winning than any girl, Issa is more precious than Indian pearls, Issa is a lapdog, Publius' darling. If she whines, you will think she's talking; she feels both his sadness and his joy. She lies resting on his neck and slumbers, with not a breath perceptible. Urged by her belly's need, she never betrays the bedcover by a single drop, but rouses him with a wheedling paw and warns to put her down from the bed and then asks to be taken up.[c] Such is the inborn modesty of this chaste little dog, she knows nothing of love; nor can we find any husband worthy of so tender a maid. That her last day may not snatch all of her away, Publius is painting her picture. There you will see an Issa so like that herself is not so like her. In fine, compare Issa with the picture: either you will take both for real, or you will take both for painted.

[a] For dinner.
[b] Cf. 1.7n.
[c] After relieving herself.

110

Scribere me quereris, Velox, epigrammata longa.
ipse nihil scribis: tu breviora facis?

111

Cum tibi sit sophiae par fama et cura deorum,
ingenio pietas nec minor ipsa suo,
ignorat meritis dare munera, qui tibi librum
et qui miratur, Regule, tura dari.

112

Cum te non nossem, dominum regemque vocabam:
nunc bene te novi: iam mihi Priscus eris.

113

Quaecumque lusi iuvenis et puer quondam
apinasque nostras, quas nec ipse iam novi,
male collocare si bonas voles horas
et invidebis otio tuo, lector,
a Valeriano Pollio petes Quinto,
per quem perire non licet meis nugis.

110

Velox, you complain that I write long epigrams, and yourself write nothing. Do you make shorter ones?[a]

111

Your wisdom's fame is on a par with your devotion to the gods, and your piety is no less than the intellect that goes with it. Whoever wonders that you are presented with a book and with incense, Regulus, knows not how to make gifts to the deserving.[b]

112

When I knew you not, I called you "lord" and "patron."[c] Now I know you well. In future you will be Priscus to me.

113

If you wish to lay out good hours badly and have a grudge against your leisure, reader, you will seek whatever verses I once scribbled as a young man and a boy, my rubbish which I no longer know myself, from Quintus Pollius Valerianus, who will not let my trifles perish.

[a] Usually read as a statement. As a question it implies that Velox has no right to criticize.

[b] No doubt the verses accompanied the gift.

[c] "King," i.e. patron. As such "Priscus" had proved unsatisfactory.

114

Hos tibi vicinos, Faustine, Telesphorus hortos
Faenius et breve rus udaque prata tenet.
condidit hic natae cineres nomenque sacravit
quod legis Antullae, dignior ipse legi.
ad Stygias aequum fuerat pater isset ut umbras:
quod quia non licuit, vivat, ut ossa colat.

115

Quaedam me cupit, — invide, Procille! —
loto candidior puella cycno,
argento, nive, lilio, ligustro:
sed quandam volo nocte nigriorem,
formica, pice, graculo, cicada.
iam suspendia saeva cogitabas:
si novi bene te, Procille, vives.

116

Hoc nemus aeterno cinerum sacravit honori
Faenius et culti iugera pauca soli.
hoc tegitur cito rapta suis Antulla sepulchro,
hoc erit Antullae mixtus uterque parens.
si cupit hunc aliquis, moneo, ne speret agellum:
perpetuo dominis serviet iste suis.

116.2 pauca β : pulchra Tγ

114

This place near town,[a] Faustinus, neighbor to yours, with its parcel of land and water-meadows, belongs to Faenius Telesphorus. Here he buried his daughter's ashes and consecrated the name you read, Antulla's; it were more fitting that his own be read. In justice the father should have gone to the Stygian shades. Since that was not to be, may he live to cherish her bones.

115

A certain girl wants me (envy me, Procillus), one whiter than a washed swan, than silver, than snow, than lilies, than privet. But I want a certain girl, one darker than night, or ant, or pitch, or crow, or cricket. Already you were thinking of the cruel rope.[b] If I know you well, Procillus, you will live on.

116

This wood and a few acres of cultivated soil Faenius consecrated to the eternal honor of his dead. By this tomb is covered Antulla, snatched from her family too soon, and in this will be mingled both Antulla's parents. If any man desire this plot of land, I warn him not to hope; it will serve its lords in perpetuity.

[a] *Horti*, a villa with grounds near the city.
[b] I.e. of hanging yourself out of envy; cf. 4.77.5, 8.61.2.

117

Occurris quotiens, Luperce, nobis,
'vis mittam puerum' subinde dicis,
'cui tradas epigrammaton libellum,
lectum quem tibi protinus remittam?'
non est quod puerum, Luperce, vexes.
longum est, si velit ad Pirum venire,
et scalis habito tribus, sed altis.
quod quaeris propius petas licebit.
Argi nempe soles subire Letum:
contra Caesaris est forum taberna
scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
omnis ut cito perlegas poetas.
illinc me pete. †nec† roges Atrectum —
hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernae —
de primo dabit alterove nido
rasum pumice purpuraque cultum
denarîs tibi quinque Martialem.
'tanti non es' ais? sapis, Luperce.

118

Cui legisse satis non est epigrammata centum,
nil illi satis est, Caediciane, mali.

117.13 nec] ne P : si *Heinsius* : nam *conieci*

117

Whenever you come my way, Lupercus, you say straight off: "May I send a boy for you to give him your little book of epigrams? I'll return it to you as soon as I've read it." Lupercus, you need not trouble the boy. It's a long way for him to come to Ad Pirum[a] and I live up three flights of stairs, long ones too. You can look for what you want closer to hand. No doubt you often go down to Argiletum.[b] Opposite Caesar's Forum[c] there's a shop with its doorposts completely covered by advertisements, so that you can read the entire list of poets at a glance. Look for me there. Ask for Atrectus (that being the name of the shop's proprietor), and he will hand you from the first or second pigeonhole a Martial, shaved with pumice and smart with purple, for five denarii.[d] "You're not worth it," you say. You're a man of sense, Lupercus.

118

He for whom reading a hundred epigrams is not enough, will never have enough of a bad thing, Caedicianus.

[a] "At the Pear Tree," located on the Quirinal; see Friedländer's note.

[b] Roman shopping center. As here divided, Argi Letum = "Death of Argus." Another etymology derived it from *argilla*, "clay."

[c] The Forum Iulium.

[d] Twenty sesterces.

LIBER II

VALERIUS MARTIALIS DECIANO SUO SAL.

'Quid nobis' inquis 'cum epistula? parum enim tibi praestamus, si legimus epigrammata? quid hic porro dicturus es quod non possis versibus dicere? video quare tragoedia aut comoedia epistulam accipiant, quibus pro se loqui non licet: epigrammata curione non egent et contenta sunt sua, id est mala, lingua: in quacumque pagina visum est, epistulam faciunt. noli ergo, si tibi videtur, rem facere ridiculam et in toga saltantis inducere personam. denique videris an te delectet contra retiarium ferula. ego inter illos sedeo qui protinus reclamant.' puto me hercules, Deciane, verum dicis. quid si scias cum qua et quam longa epistula negotium fueris habiturus? itaque quod exigis fiat. debebunt tibi si qui in hunc librum inciderint quod ad primam paginam non lassi pervenient.

BOOK II

VALERIUS MARTIALIS TO HIS FRIEND DECIANUS GREETINGS.

"What do we want," you say, "with a letter? Don't we do enough for you if we read your epigrams? And what are you going to say here which you couldn't say in verse? I see why tragedy or comedy get a letter,[a] not being able to speak for themselves. Epigrams need no crier, they are content with their own tongue, which is to say a wicked tongue; they make a letter on any page they think proper. So, if you please, don't be ridiculous and put on stage the figure of a dancer in a gown. In fine, consider whether it amuses you to fight a Netsman[b] with a stick. I sit with those who make an immediate protest." Upon my word, Decianus, I believe you're right. What if you knew *what* a letter and how long a letter you would have been up against? So let it be as you require. Any who chance upon this book will have you to thank that they don't come through to the first page worn out.

[a] A prologue.

[b] A gladiator armed with net and trident (*retiarius*). He was opposed by a *secutor* or *murmillo*, armed with sword and shield.

1

Ter centena quidem poteras epigrammata ferre,
sed quis te ferret perlegeretque, liber?
at nunc succincti quae sint bona disce libelli.
hoc primum est, brevior quod mihi charta perit;
deinde, quod haec una peragit librarius hora,
nec tantum nugis serviet ille meis;
tertia res haec est, quod si cui forte legeris,
sis licet usque malus, non odiosus eris.
te conviva leget mixto quincunce, sed ante
incipiat positus quam tepuisse calix.
esse tibi tanta cautus brevitate videris?
ei mihi, quam multis sic quoque longus eris!

2

Creta dedit magnum, maius dedit Africa nomen,
Scipio quod victor quodque Metellus habet;
nobilius domito tribuit Germania Rheno,
et puer hoc dignus nomine, Caesar, eras.
frater Idumaeos meruit cum patre triumphos,
quae datur ex Chattis laurea, tota tua est.

---

[a] *Quincunx*, five-twelfths of a *sextarius*.

[b] Wine was sometimes drunk hot, or mixed with hot water, especially in winter.

[c] Two Scipios, Maior and Minor, earned the honorific name of Africanus in the Second and Third Punic Wars

BOOK II

1

You could bear three hundred epigrams, but who would bear with you and read you through, my book? And now let me tell you the virtues of a compact little book. The first is that I use up less paper. The second is that the copyist gets through this stuff in a single hour and will not spend all his time on my trifles. The third thing is that if you happen to get read to somebody, you may be thoroughly bad but you won't be a bore. The diner will read you when his five measures[a] have been mixed, but before the cup set down begins to cool.[b] Do you suppose you are protected by such brevity? Ah me, how many will think you long even so!

2

Crete gave a great name, Africa a greater, borne by victorious Scipio and by Metellus.[c] Germany bestowed a nobler when the Rhine was subjugated; you were worthy of this name, Caesar, even as a boy.[d] Your brother won Idumean triumphs along with your father,[e] but the laurel given for the Chatti is all yours.

respectively. Q. Metellus took that of Creticus for his conquest of Crete in 69–67 B.C.

[d] He assumed the name of Germanicus in 84, after his triumph over the Chatti, but he had taken part in an expedition into Germany in A.D. 70.

[e] Titus and Vespasian. The former captured Jerusalem in 70.

3

Sexte, nihil debes, nil debes, Sexte, fatemur.
debet enim, si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.

4

O quam blandus es, Ammiane, matri!
quam blanda est tibi mater, Ammiane!
fratrem te vocat et soror vocatur.
cur vos nomina nequiora tangunt?
quare non iuvat hoc quod estis esse?
lusum creditis hoc iocumque? non est:
matrem, quae cupit esse se sororem,
nec matrem iuvat esse nec sororem.

5

Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus
et tecum totis noctibus esse velim.
sed duo sunt quae nos distinguunt milia passum:
quattuor haec fiunt, cum rediturus eam.
saepe domi non es; cum sis quoque, saepe negaris:
vel tantum causis vel tibi saepe vacas.
te tamen ut videam, duo milia non piget ire;
ut te non videam, quattuor ire piget.

5.3 distingu(u)nt $\beta\gamma$: disiung- T

BOOK II

3

You have no debts, Sextus, no debts, we grant you. For only a man who can pay has debts, Sextus.

4

Oh, how affectionate you are to your mother, Ammianus, and how affectionate your mother is to you! She calls you "brother" and is called "sister." Why do naughty names attract the two of you? Why aren't you happy to be what you are? Do you imagine this is just innocent fun? Not so. A mother who wants to be a sister is not happy to be either mother or sister.

5

May I fall sick if I would not like to be with you all day and all night, Decianus. But there are two miles separating us; they become four when I go and have to get back. Often you are not at home. Even when you are, you are often said not to be. Often you have only time for your briefs or for yourself. All the same, I don't mind going two miles to see you. I do mind going four not to see you.

6

I nunc, edere me iube libellos.
lectis vix tibi paginis duabus
spectas eschatocollion, Severe,
et longas trahis oscitationes.
haec sunt, quae relegente me solebas
rapta exscribere, sed Vitellianis,
haec sunt, singula quae sinu ferebas
per convivia cuncta, per theatra;
haec sunt, aut meliora si qua nescis.
quid prodest mihi tam macer libellus,
nullo crassior ut sit umbilico,
si totus tibi triduo legatur?
numquam deliciae supiniores.
lassus tam cito deficis viator,
et cum currere debeas Bovillas,
interiungere quaeris ad Camenas?
i nunc, edere me iube libellos.

7

Declamas belle, causas agis, Attale, belle,
historias bellas, carmina bella facis,
componis belle mimos, epigrammata belle,
bellus grammaticus, bellus es astrologus,

7.1 attale $\beta\gamma$: attice R

---

[a] Small, delicate tablets, often used for love messages: cf. 14.8 and 9.

BOOK II

6

Go ahead, tell me to publish my little books! You have hardly read a couple of pages, Severus, and you are looking at the final sheet and fetching lengthy yawns. These are the pieces you used to grab as I read them and to copy, on Vitellian tablets[a] at that. These are what you used to carry in your pocket one at a time to every dinner party, every theater. These are they, or perhaps some better that you don't know of. What good is it to me, a little book so slender that it is no thicker than any roller stick,[b] if it would take you three days to get through all of it? Never was aesthete so languid. Does the traveller flag so quickly? When you ought to drive to Bovillae,[c] do you want to change horses at the Camenae? Go ahead, tell me to publish my little books!

7

You're a pretty declaimer, Attalus, a pretty pleader, you write pretty histories and pretty poems, you compose mimes prettily, epigrams prettily, you're a pretty grammarian and a pretty astronomer, you're

[b] *Umbilicus* (navel), the stick on which the roll was wound, a transference from *umbilici*, the two ends or bosses thereof.

[c] Twelve miles from Rome on the Appian Way; the fountain and temple of the Camenae were just outside the Porta Capena.

et belle cantas et saltas, Attale, belle,
bellus es arte lyrae, bellus es arte pilae.
nil bene cum facias, facias tamen omnia belle,
vis dicam quid sis? magnus es ardalio.

8

Si qua videbuntur chartis tibi, lector, in istis
sive obscura nimis sive Latina parum,
non meus est error: nocuit librarius illis
dum properat versus annumerare tibi.
quod si non illum sed me peccasse putabis,
tunc ego te credam cordis habere nihil.
'ista tamen mala sunt.' quasi nos manifesta negemus!
haec mala sunt, sed tu non meliora facis.

9

Scripsi, rescripsit nil Naevia, non dabit ergo.
sed, puto, quod scripsi legerat: ergo dabit.

10

Basia dimidio quod das mihi, Postume, labro,
laudo: licet demas hinc quoque dimidium.
vis dare maius adhuc et inenarrabile munus?
hoc tibi habe totum, Postume, dimidium.

7.5 attale γ : attice R β 7.6 es (*alt.*) γ : et β

prettily versed in the art of the lyre and likewise in the art of the ball. Seeing that you do nothing well but everything prettily, shall I tell you what you are? You're a great trifler.

8

If some things in these pages, reader, strike you as too obscure or doubtful Latin, the error is not mine. The copyist did the damage in his hurry to tell out the number of verses for you. But if you think that I, not he, am the culprit, then *I* shall think you are a fool. "But the stuff is bad." As though I were denying what is plain to see! Yes, these are bad; but you don't make better.

9

I wrote. Naevia did not answer. So she won't give. But she read what I wrote, I suppose. So she'll give.[a]

10

You give me kisses with half your lips, Postumus. Fine! You can subtract half from that too. Do you want to do me an even greater favor, one beyond description? Keep this entire half for yourself, Postumus.

[a] Her favors, a common use of *dare*. Did the letter contain some sort of blackmail?

11

Quod fronte Selium nubila vides, Rufe,
quod ambulator porticum terit seram,
lugubre quiddam quod tacet piger vultus,
quod paene terram nasus indecens tangit,
quod dextra pectus pulsat et comam vellit:
non ille amici fata luget aut fratris,
uterque natus vivit et precor vivat,
salva est et uxor sarcinaeque servique,
nihil colonus vilicusque decoxit.
maeroris igitur causa quae? domi cenat.

12

Esse quid hoc dicam quod olent tua basia murram
quodque tibi est numquam non alienus odor?
hoc mihi suspectum est, quod oles bene, Postume, semper:
Postume, non bene olet qui bene semper olet.

13

Et iudex petit et petit patronus.
solvas censeo, Sexte, creditori.

14

Nil intemptatum Selius, nil linquit inausum,
cenandum quotiens iam videt esse domi.

BOOK II

11

Do you see, Rufus? Selius' brow is clouded, he walks around treading the portico late in the day. His glum face leaves some sorrow unvoiced, his ugly nose almost touches the ground, his right hand thumps his breast and tears his hair. He is not mourning a friend's death or a brother's, both of his children live (I pray they so continue), his wife is in good shape, as are his chattels and slaves, his tenant and his bailiff have not defaulted. So what is the cause of his grief? He's dining at home.

12

What am I to make of it that your kisses smell of myrrh and that you always have an odor from outside yourself? I find it suspicious that you smell good all the time, Postumus. Postumus, a man does not smell good who smells good all the time.

13

The judge wants money and your counsel wants money, Sextus. My advice is to pay your creditor.

14

Selius leaves nothing untried, nothing unventured, whenever he sees that he has to dine at home. He

currit ad Europen et te, Pauline, tuosque
laudat Achilleos, sed sine fine, pedes.
si nihil Europe fecit, tunc Saepta petuntur,
si quid Phillyrides praestet et Aesonides.
hic quoque deceptus Memphitica templa frequentat,
assidet et cathedris, maesta iuvenca, tuis.
inde petit centum pendentia tecta columnis,
illinc Pompei dona nemusque duplex.
nec Fortunati spernit nec balnea Fausti
nec Grylli tenebras Aeoliamque Lupi:
nam thermis iterum ternis iterumque lauatur.
omnia cum fecit, sed renuente deo,
lotus ad Europes tepidae buxeta recurrit,
si quis ibi serum carpat amicus iter.
per te perque tuam, vector lascive, puellam,
ad cenam Selium tu, rogo, taure, voca.

14.13 iterum ternis iterumque *Gilbert* : iterumque iterumque iterumque β : iterumque iterumque γ

---

[a] Portico in the Campus Martius. It was built by Vipsania Polla, the sister of Agrippa, and adorned with paintings of the rape of Europa. As to its connection with running matches, cf. 7.32.12.

[b] The Saepta Julia, an enclosure in the Campus Martius, begun by Julius Caesar, and completed by Agrippa.

runs to Europa[a] and praises you, Paulinus, and your feet fast as Achilles'—interminably. If Europa does nothing, he heads for the Enclosure[b] to see whether the son of Phillyra and the son of Aeson will furnish anything. Disappointed here too, he goes and hangs around the goddess[c] of Memphis' temple and seats himself beside your chairs, sorrowful heifer.[d] Thence he seeks the roof supported by a hundred columns,[e] and from there the gift of Pompey[f] and the double wood. Nor does he scorn the baths of Fortunatus nor those of Faustus nor yet the gloom of Gryllus and Lupus' Aeolian cavern. As for the three hot baths,[g] he uses them and again. When he has tried everything but the god refuses, he runs after his ablutions back to the box shrubbery of sun-warmed Europa, in case a friend may be taking his way there late. Wanton mount, I beg you in your own name and your girl's,[h] o bull, *you* invite Selius to dinner.[i]

It contained shops and became a fashionable place of resort: cf. 2.57; 9.59. Pliny (*N.H.* 36.29) mentions it as containing a group of Chiron (Phillyrides) and Achilles. Aesonides (=Jason) refers to the neighboring Porticus Argonautarum: cf. 3.20; 11.1.12.

[c] Isis, whose temple also was in the Campus Martius.

[d] See index under Io.

[e] The so-called Hecatostylon, close to the Portico and Theater of Pompey.

[f] Pompey's Portico.

[g] Cf. Sp. 2.7n.

[h] Europa.

[i] And give him grass to eat—or perhaps nothing at all.

15

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
humane facis, Horme, non superbe.

16

Zoilus aegrotat: faciunt hanc stragula febrem.
si fuerit sanus, coccina quid facient?
quid torus a Nilo, quid Sidone tinctus olenti?
ostendit stultas quid nisi morbus opes?
quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnis.
vis fieri sanus? stragula sume mea.

17

Tonstrix Suburae faucibus sedet primis,
cruenta pendent qua flagella tortorum
Argique Letum multus obsidet sutor.
sed ista tonstrix, Ammiane, non tondet,
non tondet, inquam. quid igitur facit? radit.

15

You pass your cup for a pledge to no one, Hormus.
That is humanity, not arrogance.

16

Zoilus is ill. His bedclothes make this fever. If he gets well, what will be the use of his scarlet coverlets or an underblanket[a] from Nile or one dyed in smelly Sidonian purple? What but sickness shows off such silly wealth? What do you want with doctors? Dismiss all the Machaons. Do you want to get well? Take *my* bedclothes.

17

A woman barber sits right at the entrance of Subura, where the bloody scourges of the torturers hang and many a cobbler throngs Argiletum. But that woman barber, Ammianus, does not clip, she doesn't clip, I say. What does she do then? She shaves.[b]

[a] The exact meaning of *torus* here is doubtful.

[b] I.e. fleeces her clients (for *radere* thus cf. Pers. 3.50). *Sedet* in v. 1 suggests that the woman was a prostitute; cf. 6.66.2. *Tondet* takes up *tonstrix*, untranslatably.

18

Capto tuam, pudet heu, sed capto, Maxime, cenam.
tu captas aliam: iam sumus ergo pares.
mane salutatum venio, tu diceris isse
ante salutatum: iam sumus ergo pares.
sum comes ipse tuus tumidique anteambulo regis,
tu comes alterius: iam sumus ergo pares.
esse sat est servum, iam nolo vicarius esse.
qui rex est regem, Maxime, non habeat.

19

Felicem fieri credis me, Zoile, cena?
felicem cena, Zoile, deinde tua?
debet Aricino conviva recumbere clivo,
quem tua felicem, Zoile, cena facit.

20

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina Paulus.
nam quod emas possis iure vocare tuum.

21

Basia das aliis, aliis das, Postume, dextram.
dicis 'utrum mavis? elige.' malo manum.

18

I angle for a dinner invitation (to my shame I say it, but it's true) from you, Maximus; you do the same from somebody else. So we are even thus far. I go to your levée in the morning, you are said to have already gone to one. So we are even thus far. I escort you, walking in front of my pompous patron. You escort somebody else. So we are even thus far. It's enough to be a slave. I won't be a slave's slave any longer. A patron, Maximus, should not have a patron.

19

Zoilus, do you think I am made happy by a dinner? And then, Zoilus, made happy by a dinner of yours? The guest whom a dinner of yours makes happy, Zoilus, ought to lie on Aricia's slope.[a]

20

Paulus buys poems, Paulus recites his poems. For what you buy, you may rightly call your own.

21

You give kisses to some, to others you give your hand, Postumus. You say: "Which do you prefer? Make your choice." I prefer the hand.

[a] A favorite resort of beggars: cf. 12.32.10; Juv. 4.117.

22

Quid mihi vobiscum est, o Phoebe novemque sorores?
ecce nocet vati Musa iocosa suo.
dimidio nobis dare Postumus ante solebat
basia, nunc labro coepit utroque dare.

23

Non dicam, licet usque me rogetis,
qui sit Postumus in meo libello,
non dicam: quid enim mihi necesse est
has offendere basiationes
quae se tam bene vindicare possunt?

24

Si det iniqua tibi tristem fortuna reatum,
squalidus haerebo pallidiorque reo:
si iubeat patria damnatum excedere terra,
per freta, per scopulos exulis ibo comes.
dat tibi divitias: ecquid sunt ista duorum?
das partem? 'multum est.' Candide, das aliquid?
mecum eris ergo miser: quod si deus ore sereno
annuerit, felix, Candide, solus eris.

BOOK II

22

What do I want with you, o Phoebus and Sisters Nine? See, the playful Muse harms her poet. Postumus used to kiss me with half his lips, now he's started doing it with both.[a]

23

I shan't tell you people, though you ask me and ask, who is Postumus in my little book, no, I shan't tell you. What call have I to offend these kissings that can so well take their revenge?

24

If unkind Fortune should put you in the sad situation of a man on trial, I shall stand by you in mourning, paler than the accused. If she have you found guilty and order you to leave your native land, I shall bear the exile company through seas and cliffs. She gives you riches. Are they for us both? Do you give me a half share? "That's a lot." Candidus, do you give me anything? Very well, in trouble you will be with me, but if the god nods with face serene, in prosperity, Candidus, you will be alone.

[a] In retaliation for 2.10 and 12. "Postumus" is a *fellator* or *cunnilingus*, a common motif in M.

25

Das numquam, semper promittis, Galla, roganti.
si semper fallis, iam rogo, Galla, nega.

26

Quod querulum spirat, quod acerbum Naevia tussit,
inque tuos mittit sputa subinde sinus,
iam te rem factam, Bithynice, credis habere?
erras: blanditur Naevia, non moritur.

27

Laudantem Selium, cenae cum retia tendit,
accipe, sive legas sive patronus agas:
'effecte! graviter! cito! nequiter! euge! beate!
hoc volui!' 'facta est iam tibi cena, tace.'

28

Rideto multum qui te, Sextille, cinaedum
dixerit et digitum porrigito medium.
sed nec pedico es nec tu, Sextille, fututor,
calda Vetustinae nec tibi bucca placet.
ex istis nihil es, fateor, Sextille: quid ergo es?
nescio, sed tu scis res superesse duas.

---

[a] Cf. 1.10.
[b] The *digitus infamis*; cf. 6.70.5; Pers. 2.33.
[c] Cf. 12.59.10.

BOOK II

25

You never give, but always promise me when I ask, Galla. If you always deceive, I ask you, Galla, say no now.

26

Naevia wheezes, she has a dry cough, she often sends spit into your lap. Bithynicus, do you think you have it made? You're wrong. Naevia is coaxing, not dying.[a]

27

When Selius spreads his net for a dinner and praises you, take him along, whether you are reciting or pleading a case. "That does it!" "A hit!" "A quick one!" "Cunning!" "Jolly good!" "Lovely!" "That's what I was waiting for."—"All right, you've got your dinner. Now hush."

28

Laugh loudly, Sextillus, when someone calls you a queen and put your middle finger out.[b] But you are no sodomite nor fornicator either, Sextillus, nor is Vetustina's hot mouth your fancy. You are none of these, I admit, Sextillus. What are you then? I don't know. But *you* know that two possibilities remain.[c]

29

Rufe, vides illum subsellia prima terentem,
cuius et hinc lucet sardonychata manus
quaeque Tyron totiens epotavere lacernae
et toga non tactas vincere iussa nives,
cuius olet toto pinguis coma Marcellano
et splendent vulso bracchia trita pilo,
non hesterna sedet lunata lingula planta,
coccina non laesum pingit aluta pedem,
et numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem.
ignoras quid sit? splenia tolle, leges.

30

Mutua viginti sestertia forte rogabam,
quae vel donanti non grave munus erat.
quippe rogabatur fidusque vetusque sodalis

29.5 Marcellano *Salmasius* : -lliano $\beta\gamma$: -llino *cod. saec. XII* 30.3 fidus β : felix Tγ

BOOK II

29

Rufus, you see that person lounging in the front rows,[a] whose hand with its sardonyx gleams even from here, and his cloak that has so often drunk up Tyre, and his gown, commanded to outdo untrodden snow, whose oily hair can be smelt all over Marcellus' theater[b] and whose plucked arms shine smooth, on whose crescent-bearing shoe rests a shoestrap not of yesterday,[c] whose unchafed foot is decked with scarlet leather, whose starred brow is plastered by many a patch.[d] Don't you know what he is? Remove the patches: you will read.

30

I happened to ask a loan of twenty thousand sesterces, no burdensome present even as a gift. He of whom I asked it was a faithful old friend,[e] whose

[a] Reserved for senators.

[b] South of the Circus Flaminius. Begun by Julius Caesar, and finished by Augustus, who dedicated it in 11 B.C. in the name of Marcellus, his nephew who died young.

[c] That is, brand-new, not twenty-four hours old. The man was pretending to be a senator.

[d] Often used to set off beauty (cf. 8.33.32), here to hide the marks of the branding iron.

[e] I.e. he had been; cf. 2.43.15; 5.19.9. The alternative reading *felix*, "prosperous," may be right, but it anticipates v. 4.

et cuius laxas arca flagellat opes.
is mihi 'dives eris, si causas egeris' inquit.
quod peto da, Gai: non peto consilium.

31

Saepe ego Chrestinam futui. det quam bene quaeris?
supra quod fieri nil, Mariane, potest.

32

Lis mihi cum Balbo est, tu Balbum offendere non vis,
Pontice: cum Licino est, hic quoque magnus homo est.
vexat saepe meum Patrobas confinis agellum,
contra libertum Caesaris ire times.
abnegat et retinet nostrum Laronia servum,
respondes 'orba est, dives, anus, vidua.'
non bene, crede mihi, servo servitur amico:
sit liber, dominus qui volet esse meus.

33

Cur non basio te, Philaeni? calva es.
cur non basio te, Philaeni? rufa es.
cur non basio te, Philaeni? lusca es.
haec qui basiat, o Philaeni, fellat.

32.3 patrobas Tγ : protas β

coffer whips up his ample wealth.[a] Says he to me: "You'll be a rich man if you plead cases." Give me what I ask, Gaius; I'm not asking advice.

31

I have often fucked Chrestina. You ask how well she gives? To the limit of the possible, Marianus.

32

I have a lawsuit with Balbus, but you, Ponticus, don't want to offend Balbus. I have another with Licinus, but he's a big man too. My neighbor Patrobas often harasses my plot of land, but you daren't go against Caesar's freedman. Laronia keeps my slave, denying the loan, but you reply: "She is childless, a rich old widow." Believe me, it is not good to be slave to a friend who is himself a slave. Whoever wants to be my master must be free.

33

Why don't I kiss you, Philaenis? You are bald. Why don't I kiss you, Philaenis? You are rubicund. Why don't I kiss you, Philaenis? You are one-eyed. He who kisses these things, Philaenis, sucks.

[a] I.e. makes it increase. The coffer would contain records of money lent at interest as well as coin and other valuables (*SB*[3]).

34

Cum placeat Phileros tota tibi dote redemptus,
tres pateris natos, Galla, perire fame.
praestatur cano tanta indulgentia cunno,
quem nec casta potest iam decuisse Venus.
perpetuam di te faciant Philerotis amicam,
o mater, qua nec Pontia deterior.

35

Cum sint crura tibi simulent quae cornua lunae,
in rhytio poteras, Phoebe, lavare pedes.

36

Flectere te nolim, sed nec turbare capillos;
splendida sit nolo, sordida nolo cutis;
nec mitratorum nec sit tibi barba reorum:
nolo virum nimium, Pannyche, nolo parum.
nunc sunt crura pilis et sunt tibi pectora saetis
horrida, sed mens est, Pannyche, vulsa tibi.

36.3 mitratorum *Housman* : tibi mitrarum $\beta\gamma$

34

While Phileros, whom you bought with your entire dowry, Galla, gives you pleasure, you let your three children starve to death. Such is the indulgence accorded to your hoary cunt, which even chaste love can no longer befit. May the gods make you Phileros' mistress for ever and a day, mother no better than Pontia[a] herself.

35

Since you have legs that imitate the crescent moon, Phoebus, you could wash your feet in a drinking-horn.

36

I would not want you to curl your hair, but neither would I want you to rough it up. I don't want your skin to glisten, nor yet to be dirty. Don't wear the beard of the turbaned crew,[b] nor yet of men on trial.[c] I don't want too much of a man, Pannychus, and I don't want too little. As it is, your shins bristle with hairs and your chest with shag, but, Pannychus, you have a depilated mind.

[a] She poisoned her two sons. Cf. 4.43.5; 6.75; Juv. 6.638. See Appendix B.

[b] M. is probably thinking of the eunuch and depilated priests of Cybele (Friedländer).

[c] Who let their beards grow unkempt to excite the jury's compassion.

37

Quidqùid ponitur hinc et inde verris,
mammas suminis imbricemque porci
communemque duobus attagenam,
mullum dimidium lupumque totum
muraenaeque latus femurque pulli
stillantemque alica sua palumbum.
haec cum condita sunt madente mappa,
traduntur puero domum ferenda:
nos accumbimus otiosa turba.
ullus si pudor est, repone cenam:
cras te, Caeciliane, non vocavi.

38

Quid mihi reddat ager quaeris, Line, Nomentanus?
hoc mihi reddit ager: te, Line, non video.

39

Coccina famosae donas et ianthina moechae:
vis dare quae meruit munera? mitte togam.

40

Uri Tongilius male dicitur hemitritaeo.
novi hominis fraudes: esurit atque sitit.

BOOK II

37

Whatever is served, you sweep it up from this side and that: teats of sow's udder, rib of pork, a woodcock meant for two, half a mullet and a whole pike, side of lamprey, leg of fowl, pigeon dripping with its gravy. When these have been secreted in a greasy cloth, they are handed to your boy to be taken home. As for us, we just recline, an idle throng. If you have any sense of decency, put back the dinner. I did not invite you for tomorrow, Caecilianus.

38

Linus, you ask me what I get out of my land near Nomentum. This is what I get out of the land: I don't see you, Linus.

39

You give scarlet and violet dresses to a notorious adulteress. Would you like to give her a present she has deserved? Send her a gown.[a]

40

Tongilius is said to have a severe attack of semitertian. I know the fellow's tricks: he is hungry and

[a] Toga, dress prescribed by law for prostitutes and women taken in adultery.

subdola tenduntur crassis nunc retia turdis,
hamus et in mullum mittitur atque lupum.
Caecuba saccantur quaeque annus coxit Opimi,
conduntur parco fusca Falerna vitro.
omnes Tongilium medici iussere lavari:
o stulti, febrem creditis esse? gula est.

41

'Ride, si sapis, o puella, ride'
Paelignus, puto, dixerat poeta.
sed non dixerat omnibus puellis.
verum ut dixerit omnibus puellis,
non dixit tibi: tu puella non es,
et tres sunt tibi, Maximina, dentes,
sed plane piceique buxeique.
quare si speculo mihique credis,
debes non aliter timere risum
quam ventum Spanius manumque Priscus,
quam cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,
cerussata timet Sabella solem.
vultus indue tu magis severos
quam coniunx Priami nurusque maior.
mimos ridiculi Philistionis

40.5 saccantur SB^1 : saccen- γ : siccen- β : sincen- T
40.6 conduntur T : -dantur β : -datur γ L fusca $\beta\gamma$: fusa T

thirsty. Now the crafty nets are set for fat thrushes, the hook is thrown to mullet and pike. Caecuban is strained and dark Falernian, the ripenings of Opimius' year, is put in small glass bottles.[a] All his doctors ordered Tongilius to take baths. Fools, do you believe this is fever? It's greed.

41

It was the Paelignian poet,[b] I believe, who said "Laugh if you have any sense, girl, laugh." But he did not say that to all girls. However, supposing he did say it to all girls, he didn't say it to you. You are no girl, and you have but three teeth, Maximina, and they quite the color of pitch or boxwood. So, if you trust your mirror and me, you will fear laughter as Spanius fears the wind[c] and Priscus a touch, as powdered Fabulla fears a rain shower, as painted Sabella fears the sun. Put on a face more solemn than Priam's wife and chief daughter-in-law.[d] Avoid funny Philistion's mimes and parties of the

[a] The legacy-hunters vie with one another in finding presents for the invalid (*SB*[1]).

[b] Ovid; but the passage is not found in his extant works, which do not include hendecasyllables. M. may be thinking of *Ars* 3.5.13.

[c] Which might disorder the arrangement of his hair that conceals his baldness (cf. 10.83.4). Priscus is a fop who is afraid a touch might disorder or soil his dress (cf. 3.63.10).

[d] Andromache.

et convivia nequiora vita
et quidquid lepida procacitate
laxat perspicuo labella risu.
te maestae decet assidere matri
lugentique virum piumve fratrem,
et tantum tragicis vacare Musis.
at tu iudicium secuta nostrum
plora, si sapis, o puella, plora.

42

Zoile, quod solium subluto podice perdis,
spurcius ut fiat, Zoile, merge caput.

43

'Κοινὰ φίλων.' haec sunt tua, Candide, κοινά,
quae tu magnilocus nocte dieque sonas?
te Lacedaemonio velat toga lota Galaeso
vel quam seposito de grege Parma dedit:
at me, quae passa est furias et cornua tauri,
noluerit dici quam pila prima suam.
misit Agenoreas Cadmi tibi terra lacernas:
non vendes nummis coccina nostra tribus.
tu Libycos Indis suspendis dentibus orbis:
fulcitur testa fagina mensa mihi.
immodici tibi flava tegunt chrysendeta mulli:
concolor in nostra, cammare, lance rubes.

42.1 quod SB^1 : quid R $\beta\gamma$ 43.1–2 *sic distinxi*

naughtier kind and anything sprightly and saucy that loosens the lips in revealing laughter. Your place is by a sorrowing mother or a woman mourning her husband or loving brother, you should have time only for the tragic Muses. No, take my advice and weep if you have any sense, girl, weep.

42

Zoilus, you spoil the bathtub washing your arse. To make it filthier, Zoilus, stick your head in it.

43

"Friends must share."[a] Is *this*, is *this* your sharing, Candidus, that you boom about so grandly night and day? A gown washed in Lacedaemonian Galaesus[b] covers you, or one that Parma furnished from a special flock. As for mine, dummy number one[c] that has suffered the horns of a raging bull wouldn't care to be called its owner. The land of Cadmus has sent you an Agenorian cloak; you won't sell my scarlet for three sesterces. You balance Libyan tabletops on Indian tusks; my beachwood board is propped up with earthenware. For you outsize mullets cover yellow dishes gold-inlaid; a crab blushes on my plate, red like himself. Your waiters could vie with

[a] Proverbial.

[b] I.e. from Tarentum, founded by the Spartan Phalant(h)us.

[c] The *pila* was a dummy figure thrown into the arena to enrage the bull; cf. Sp. 11.4; 10.86. The first one thrown would be the worst gored.

grex tuus Iliaco poterat certare cinaedo:
at mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.
ex opibus tantis veteri fidoque sodali
das nihil et dicis, Candide, *κοινὰ φίλων*'?

44

Emi seu puerum togamve pexam
seu tres, ut puta, quattuorve libras,
Sextus protinus ille fenerator,
quem nostis veterem meum sodalem,
ne quid forte petam timet cavetque,
et secum, sed ut audiam, susurrat:
'septem milia debeo Secundo,
Phoebo quattuor, undecim Phileto,
et quadrans mihi nullus est in arca.'
o grande ingenium mei sodalis!
durum est, Sexte, negare, cum rogaris,
quanto durius, antequam rogeris!

45

Quae tibi non stabat praecisa est mentula, Glypte.
demens, cum ferro quid tibi? gallus eras.

46

Florida per varios ut pingitur Hybla colores,
cum breve Sicaniae ver populantur apes,

the Ilian catamite;[a] but my hand comes to *my* assistance in lieu of Ganymede. Out of so much wealth you give nothing to your faithful old crony and you say "friends must share," Candidus?

44

If I buy a boy or a woolly gown or three, say, or four pounds of plate, forthwith Sextus, that capitalist—you know him, my old chum—is frightened I may ask for something and takes his precautions. He whispers to himself, but so I hear: "That's seven thousand I owe Secundus, Phoebus four, Philetus eleven, and I don't have a farthing in the money box." A remarkable brain, my chum. Sextus, it's unfeeling to refuse when you're asked; how much more unfeeling before you're asked!

45

Your cock, which wouldn't stand up, has been cut, Glyptus. You're out of your mind. What did you want with the knife? You *were* a eunuch.[b]

46

As flowery Hybla is decked in various hues when the bees of Sicily plunder the short-lived spring, so your

[a] Ganymede.

[b] Cybele's priests, called Galli ("Gauls," i.e. Galatians), castrated themselves, hence *gallus* = eunuch. "Glyptus" ("carved") presumably had joined the fraternity.

sic tua suppositis collucent prela lacernis,
sic micat innumeris arcula synthesibus,
†atquae unam† vestire tribum tua candida possunt,
Apula non uno quae grege terra tulit.
tu spectas hiemem succinti lentus amici,
pro scelus, et lateris frigora trita tui.
quantum erat, infelix, pannis fraudare duobus —
quid metuis? — non te, Naevole, sed tineas?

47

Subdola famosae moneo fuge retia moechae,
levior o conchis, Galle, Cytheriacis.
confidis natibus? non est pedico maritus:
quae faciat duo sunt: irrumat aut futuit.

48

Coponem laniumque balneumque,
tonsorem tabulamque calculosque
et paucos, sed ut eligam, libellos:
unum non nimium rudem sodalem
et grandem puerum diuque levem
et caram puero meo puellam:
haec praesta mihi, Rufe, vel Butuntis,
et thermas tibi have Neronianas.

46.5 atque omnem *Postgate* : plusque unam SB^1 : atque tuam *Håkanson* 46.8 tui *anon. ap. Schrevel* : times T$\beta\gamma$: mei *Scriverius* 46.10 metuis T : renuis $\beta\gamma$

presses shine with the cloaks they overlay, so gleams your chest with countless dinner suits, and your white gowns, that Apulia produced from flocks more than one, are enough to clothe a tribe. But you gaze impassively at your freezing, girt-up friend (oh it's abominable) and the threadbare chill of your escort. Was it so much, you wretched fellow, to cheat of a couple of rags (what are you afraid of?)— not yourself, Naevolus, but the moths?

47

Gallus, smoother than Cytherea's shells, fly, I warn you, the crafty nets of the notorious adulteress. Do you trust in your buttocks? The husband is no sodomite. There are two things he does: he gives suck or he fucks.

48

An innkeeper, a butcher, a bath, a barber, a board and pieces, and a few little books (but I must choose them), one friend not too new, a large boy[a] smooth-cheeked for a long time to come, and a girl of whom my boy is fond: give me these, Rufus, even at Butunti, and keep Nero's baths.

[a] Cf. 6.54n.

49

Uxorem nolo Telesinam ducere: quare?
moecha est. sed pueris dat Telesina. volo.

50

Quod fellas et aquam potas, nil, Lesbia, peccas.
qua tibi parte opus est, Lesbia, sumis aquam.

51

Unus saepe tibi tota denarius arca
cum sit et hic culo tritior, Hylle, tuo,
non tamen hunc pistor, non auferet hunc tibi copo,
sed si quis nimio pene superbus erit.
infelix venter spectat convivia culi
et semper miser hic esurit, ille vorat.

52

Novit loturos Dasius numerare. poposcit
mammosam Spatalen pro tribus: illa dedit.

53

Vis fieri liber? mentiris, Maxime, non vis:
sed fieri si vis, hac ratione potes.
liber eris, cenare foris si, Maxime, nolis,
Veientana tuam si domat uva sitim,

BOOK II

49

I won't marry Telesina. Why not? She's a tramp. But Telesina goes with boys. I will.[a]

50

You suck and drink water, Lesbia. Nothing wrong with that. You take water where it's needed, Lesbia.

51

Often you have one silver coin in your entire strongbox, Hyllus, and that worn smoother than your arse. And yet you won't lose it to the baker or the innkeeper, but to someone who boasts an outsize cock. Your unfortunate belly watches your arse's banquet. The one hungers miserably all the time, the other guzzles.

52

Dasius knows how to count his bathers. He charged big-bosomed Spatale for three.[b] She paid.

53

You want to become a free man? You lie, Maximus; you don't want. But if you do, this is how you can. You will be a free man, Maximus, if you don't want to dine out, if Veii's grape quenches your thirst, if

[a] Cf. 2.60.2.

[b] Herself and her breasts.

si ridere potes miseri chrysendeta Cinnae,
contentus nostra si potes esse toga,
si plebeia Venus gemino tibi iungitur asse,
si tua non rectus tecta subire potes.
haec tibi si vis est, si mentis tanta potestas,
liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

54

Quid de te, Line, suspicetur uxor
et qua parte velit pudiciorem,
certis indiciis satis probavit,
custodem tibi quae dedit spadonem.
nil nasutius hac maligniusque.

55

Vis te, Sexte, coli: volebam amare.
parendum est tibi: quod iubes, coleris.
sed si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.

56

Gentibus in Libycis uxor tua, Galle, male audit
immodicae foedo crimine avaritiae.
sed mera narrantur mendacia: non solet illa
accipere omnino. quid solet ergo? dare.

53.7 iungitur *Heinsius* : uinci- T$\beta\gamma$

you can laugh at unhappy Cinna's gold-inlaid dishes, if you can be content with a gown like mine, if you go with a vulgar tart for a couple of asses, if you can't get into your quarters without stooping. If you have strength and willpower enough for that, you can live more free than the king of Parthia.

54

What your wife suspects about you, Linus, and in which part she would wish you more modest, she has sufficiently proved by sure signs: she has set a eunuch to watch you. The lady is as sharp and malicious as they come.

55

You want to be cultivated, Sextus. I wanted to love you. I must do as you say. Cultivated you shall be, as you demand. But if I cultivate you, Sextus, I shall not love you.

56

Among the peoples of Libya, Gallus,[a] your wife has a bad reputation; she is charged with immoderate greed, an ugly charge. But the stories are pure lies. She doesn't take at all. What does she do then? Give.

[a] "Gallus" will have been governor of an African province.

57

Hic quem videtis gressibus vagis lentum,
amethystinatus media qui secat Saepta,
quem non lacernis Publius meus vincit,
non ipse Cordus alpha paenulatorum,
quem grex togatus sequitur et capillatus
recensque sella linteisque lorisque,
oppigneravit modo modo ad Cladi mensam
vix octo nummis anulum, unde cenaret.

58

Pexatus pulchre rides mea, Zoile, trita.
sunt haec trita quidem, Zoile, sed mea sunt.

59

Mica vocor: quid sim cernis, cenatio parva:
ex me Caesareum prospicis ecce tholum.
frange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tinguere nardo:
ipse iubet mortis te meminisse deus.

57.7 Cladi *Salmasius* : gl- β : claudi γ

57

You see him sauntering aimlessly, crossing the Enclosure in violet. My friend Publius doesn't outdo him in mantles, nor Cordus[a] himself, our number one in cloaks. A gowned and long-haired troop[b] follows him, and a chair with fresh curtains and straps. Only the other day he pawned a ring for barely eight sesterces at Cladus' counter, to buy his dinner.

58

In your fine woolly gown you laugh at my threadbare outfit, Zoilus. Threadbare it is, Zoilus, but it's mine.

59

I am called "the Crumb."[c] You see what I am, a small dining hall. From me (see!) you look out on the dome of the Caesars. Pound the couches, call for wine, take roses, soak in nard. The god[d] himself bids you remember death.

[a] Cf. 5.26, where M. apologises to Cordus.

[b] Clients and pages.

[c] Mica Aurea ("Golden Crumb"), a small banqueting hall built by Domitian, giving a view of Augustus' Mausoleum, where Emperors were buried until Domitian built his Temple of the Flavian Family.

[d] Augustus.

60

Uxorem armati futuis, puer Hylle, tribuni,
supplicium tantum dum puerile times.
vae tibi, dum ludis, castrabere. iam mihi dices
'non licet hoc.' quid? tu quod facis, Hylle, licet?

61

Cum tibi vernarent dubia lanugine malae,
lambebat medios improba lingua viros.
postquam triste caput fastidia vispillonum
et miseri meruit taedia carnificis,
uteris ore aliter nimiaque aerugine captus
allatras nomen quod tibi cumque datur.
haereat inguinibus potius tam noxia lingua:
nam cum fellaret, purior illa fuit.

62

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod bracchia vellis,
quod cincta est brevibus mentula tonsa pilis,
hoc praestas, Labiene, tuae — quis nescit? — amicae.
cui praestas, culum quod, Labiene, pilas?

61.1 dubia γ : tenera β

BOOK II

60

Hyllus my boy, you fuck the wife of an armed tribune, fearing nothing worse than a boyish punishment.[a] Alas and alack, you'll be castrated as you sport. Now you'll say to me: "That's not allowed."[b] Well, how about what you're up to, Hyllus? Is that allowed?

61

In the springtime of your cheeks when the down was still dubious, your shameless tongue licked male middles. Now that your sorry head has earned the scorn of undertakers and the disgust of a wretched executioner, you use your mouth otherwise; delighted by excess of spite, you bark at whatever name is put to you. Better that your noxious tongue stick in genitals. It was cleaner when it sucked.

62

You pluck your chest and your shins and your arms, and your shaven cock is ringed with short hairs. This, Labienus, you do for your mistress' sake, as everybody knows. For whose sake, Labienus, do you depilate your arse?

[a] I.e. to be sodomized; cf. 2.47 and 49.

[b] Domitian will have issued a censorial edict forbidding castration, which he later reinforced (cf. 6.2).

63

Sola tibi fuerant sestertia, Miliche, centum,
quae tulit e Sacra Leda redempta via.
Miliche, luxuria est si tanti dives amares.
'non amo' iam dices: haec quoque luxuria est.

64

Dum modo causidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis
et non decernis, Laure, quid esse velis,
Peleos et Priami transît et Nestoris aetas
et fuerat serum iam tibi desinere.
incipe, tres uno perierunt rhetores anno,
si quid habes animi, si quid in arte vales.
si schola damnatur, fora litibus omnia fervent,
ipse potest fieri Marsua causidicus.
heia age, rumpe moras: quo te sperabimus usque?
dum quid sis dubitas, iam potes esse nihil.

BOOK II

63

You had only a hundred thousand sesterces, Milichus, and Leda took them, bought in the Sacred Way. It would be extravagant, Milichus, to love at such a cost if you were rich. "I don't love her," you will reply. That too is extravagance.[a]

64

While you shape yourself now as a barrister, now as a declaimer, Laurus, and don't make up your mind what you want to be, the lifetime of Peleus or Priam or Nestor has passed by and it had been late for you now to retire. Begin (three declaimers have died in one year), if you have any spirit, any capacity for the profession. If the lecture room is out, well, the courts are all a-boil with lawsuits; Marsyas himself can become a barrister.[b] Up now, no more paltering! How long are we to wait for you? While you're dithering about what to be, you can already be nothing.[c]

[a] I.e. all the more.

[b] A statue of Marsyas stood near the Rostra in the Forum Romanum and was a rendezvous of lawyers; cf. Hor. *Sat.* 1.6.120; Juv. 9.2.

[c] I.e. dead.

65

Cur tristiorem cernimus Saleianum?
'an causa levis est?' inquis, 'extuli uxorem.'
o grande fati crimen! o gravem casum!
illa, illa dives mortua est Secundilla,
centena decies quae tibi dedit dotis?
nollem accidisset hoc tibi, Saleiane.

66

Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum
anulus, incerta non bene fixus acu.
hoc facinus Lalage speculo, quo viderat, ulta est,
et cecidit saevis icta Plecusa comis.
desine iam, Lalage, tristes ornare capillos,
tangat et insanum nulla puella caput.
hoc salamandra notet vel saeva novacula nudet,
ut digna speculo fiat imago tua.

65

Why does Saleianus look saddish? "Is it a trivial matter?" you[a] say. "I have buried my wife." Ah, monstrous crime of fate! Ah, grievous chance! Is she dead, she, wealthy Secundilla, who brought you a million of dowry? I'm sorry this has happened to you, Saleianus.

66

A single ringlet out of the whole circle of hair had gone amiss, fixed insecurely with an unsteady pin. Lalage punished this misdeed with the mirror in which she had seen it, and Plecusa fell smitten, victim of the cruel tresses. Dress no more your sinister locks, Lalage, and let no maid touch your demented head. Let salamander[b] brand it or cruel razor lay it bare, so that your image become worthy of its mirror.[c]

[a] Saleianus.

[b] It was supposed that contact with a salamander acted as a depilatory: Pliny *N.H.* 10.188.

[c] It will be smooth like the mirror, but with the further implication that the cruel mirror deserves an ugly reflection.

67

Occurris quocumque loco mihi, Postume, clamas
protinus et prima est haec tua vox 'quid agis?'
hoc, si me decies una conveneris hora,
dicis: habes, puto, tu, Postume, nil quod agas.

68

Quod te nomine iam tuam saluto,
quem regem et dominum prius vocabam,
ne me dixeris esse contumacem:
totis pillea sarcinis redemi.
reges et dominos habere debet
qui se non habet atque concupiscit
quod reges dominique concupiscunt.
servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

69

Invitum cenare foris te, Classice, dicis:
si non mentiris, Classice, dispeream.
ipse quoque ad cenam gaudebat Apicius ire:
cum cenaret, erat tristior ille, domi.
si tamen invitus vadis, cur, Classice, vadis?
'cogor' ais: verum est; cogitur et Selius.
en rogat ad cenam Melior te, Classice, rectam:
grandia verba ubi sunt? si vir es, ecce, nega.

69.8 ecce] ire *A. Ker*

BOOK II

67

Wherever you meet me, Postumus, at once you cry: "How do?" and this is your first utterance. This you say if you meet me ten times in one hour. I fancy you, Postumus, have nothing to do.

68

Don't think me contumacious because I greet you by your name nowadays, whereas formerly I used to call you "patron" and "lord." I have bought my cap of liberty[a] with all I possesss. He should have patrons and lords who does not have himself and who desires what patrons and lords desire. If you can do without a slave, Olus, you can also do without a patron, Olus.

69

Classicus, you say you dine out unwillingly. Hang me, Classicus, if you're not lying. Apicius himself was glad to go to dinner; when he dined at home, he was the sadder. But if you go unwillingly, Classicus, why go? You say "I'm forced." True, and so is Selius.[b] Now then, Melior asks you to a formal dinner, Classicus. Where are your fine words? If you're a man, come on, refuse.

[a] *Pilleum*, worn by manumitted slaves, and, as a symbol of license, at the Saturnalia.

[b] Forced by hunger; cf. 2.11.

70

Non vis in solio prius lavari
quemquam, Cotile: causa quae, nisi haec est,
undis ne fovearis irrumatis?
primus te licet abluas, necesse est
ante hic mentula quam caput lavetur.

71

Candidius nihil est te, Caeciliane. notavi,
si quando ex nostris disticha pauca lego,
protinus aut Marsi recitas aut scripta Catulli.
hoc mihi das, tamquam deteriora legas,
ut collata magis placeant mea? credimus istud;
malo tamen recites, Caeciliane, tua.

72

Hesterna factum narratur, Postume, cena
quod nollem — quis enim talia facta probet? —
os tibi percisum quanto non ipse Latinus
vilia Panniculi percutit ora sono:
quodque magis mirum est, auctorem criminis huius
Caecilium tota rumor in urbe sonat.
esse negas factum: vis hoc me credere? credo.
quid quod habet testes, Postume, Caecilius?

---

[a] Comic actors in mimes, like clown and pantaloon, the latter being the stupid character, who gets his ears boxed by the former; cf. 1.4.5; 5.61.11.

[b] *Testes*, but with secondary sense "has testicles," i.e. is

BOOK II

70

You don't like anyone to wash in the bathtub before yourself, Cotilus. What is the reason except that you would rather not be laved by irrumated water? But though you are first in the bath, it needs must be that your cock is washed here before your head.

71

None kinder than you, Caecilianus. I have noticed that if ever I read a few couplets from my work, you at once recite something of Marsus or Catullus. Is this a favor to me, as though you were reading inferior productions so that mine may the better please by comparison? I believe that. However, I'd rather you read your own, Caecilianus.

72

A story is told about a happening at dinner yesterday evening, Postumus, one that I was sorry to hear of (for who would approve of such goings-on?): that your ears were boxed with a louder smack than when Latinus himself slaps Panniculus' sorry face.[a] And what is more remarkable, rumor bruits it all over Rome that the author of this outrage was Caecilius. You say it never happened. Do you want me to believe that? Very well; but Caecilius has witnesses,[b] Postumus, how about that?

a man of spirit. It may also be implied that he irrumated Postumus.

73

<Quid faciat se scire Lyris negat ebria semper.>
quid faciat vult scire Lyris? quod sobria: fellat.

74

Cinctum togatis post et ante Saufeium,
quanta reduci Regulus solet turba,
ad alta tonsum templa cum reum misit,
Materne, cernis? invidere nolito.
comitatus iste sit precor tuus numquam.
hos illi amicos et greges togatorum
Fuficulenus praestat et Faventinus.

75

Verbera securi solitus leo ferre magistri
insertamque pati blandus in ora manum
dedidicit pacem subito feritate reversa,
quanta nec in Libycis debuit esse iugis.
nam duo de tenera puerilia corpora turba,
sanguineam rastris quae renovabat humum,
saevus et infelix furiali dente peremit:
Martia non vidit maius harena nefas.

73.1 *suppl. Munro*

BOOK II

73

Lyris is always saying that she doesn't know what she is doing when she is drunk. Lyris wants to know what she does? The same as when she's sober. She sucks.

74

Maternus, do you see Saufeius surrounded by a gowned escort, fore and aft, a crowd as big as takes Regulus home when he has sent a shaven defendant to the lofty temples?[a] Don't be jealous. I pray you never have such an entourage. These friends, these gowned cohorts, are furnished to him by Fuficulanus and Faventinus.[b]

75

A lion, accustomed to bear the blows of his fearless keeper and mildly suffer a hand thrust into his mouth, unlearned his pacific ways in a sudden return of savagery such as should not have existed on the hills of Libya. For the cruel wretch with his raging fangs killed two boyish bodies out of the youthful band that was refurbishing the bloody ground with rakes. Mars' sand never saw a worse

[a] To give thanks to the gods for his acquittal. Men on trial let their hair and beards grow.

[b] Moneylenders, who supply the means of display.

exclamare libet: 'crudelis, perfide, praedo,
a nostra pueris parcere disce lupa!'

76

Argenti libras Marius tibi quinque reliquit,
cui nihil ipse dabas: hic tibi verba dedit.

77

Cosconi, qui longa putas epigrammata nostra,
utilis unguendis axibus esse potes.
hac tu credideris longum ratione colosson
et puerum Bruti dixeris esse brevem.
disce quod ignoras: Marsi doctique Pedonis
saepe duplex unum pagina tractat opus.
non sunt longa quibus nihil est quod demere possis,
sed tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

78

Aestivo serves ubi piscem tempore, quaeris?
in thermis serva, Caeciliane, tuis.

---

[a] Who fostered Romulus and Remus.

[b] Lit. "Gave you words," a common expression. The man's expectation (that having given nothing, he would get nothing) was falsified. The humor lies in turning upside down the stock situation in which a testator "cheats" a legacy-hunter by leaving him out of his will (SB^1).

atrocity. One would fain exclaim: "Cruel, treacherous brigand, learn mercy to boys from our she-wolf!"[a]

76

Marius has left you five pounds of silver, a man to whom you yourself used to give nothing. He's cheated you![b]

77

Cosconius, you that think my epigrams too long, you would do fine for greasing axles.[c] At that rate you would find the colossus[d] too tall and call Brutus' boy[e] too short. Let me tell you what you don't know: two pages of Marsus and accomplished Pedo often cover a single item. Things from which you cannot make any deduction are not long. But you, Cosconius, make long couplets.

78

Do you ask where you should keep fish in summer time? Keep them in your warm baths,[f] Caecilianus.

[c] I.e. you are *pinguis,* "greasy," which can mean "stupid."

[d] Cf. Sp. 2.1n.

[e] Statuette of a boy, said to have been loved by M. Brutus (cf. 9.50; 14.171; Pliny *N.H.* 34.82).

[f] M. leaves it to be inferred that the bath was cold because the owner did not provide enough fuel.

79

Invitas tunc me cum scis, Nasica, vocasse.
excusatum habeas me rogo: ceno domi.

80

Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit.
hic, rogo, non furor est, ne moriare, mori?

81

Laxior hexaphoris tua sit lectica licebit,
cum tamen haec tua sit, Zoile, sandapila est.

82

Abscisa servum quid figis, Pontice, lingua?
nescis tu populum, quod tacet ille, loqui?

---

[a] The discourtesy of the excuse (he might have said "I have guests coming") would show Nasica that his artifice had been detected.

BOOK II

79

You invite me, Nasica, only when you know I have asked guests. I beg you to hold me excused. I am dining at home.[a]

80

While fleeing from the enemy, Fannius[b] killed himself. I ask, is this not madness, dying to avoid death?

81

Your litter may be more spacious, Zoilus, than hexaphores,[c] but since it's yours, Zoilus, it's a pauper's bier.[d]

82

Why do you cut off your slave's tongue before you crucify him, Ponticus? Don't you know that what he does not say everybody says?[e]

[b] Sometimes supposed to be Fannius Caepio, who headed a conspiracy against Augustus. But his suicide is not recorded elsewhere. Dio (54.3) says that he was captured while trying to escape and killed. *Hostis* suggests an incident of warfare rather than the pursuit of a criminal.

[c] Litters with six bearers.

[d] Though alive and well, Zoilus is no better than a "vile body."

[e] Cf. Cic. *Cluent.* 187, which M. may well have had in mind.

83

Foedasti miserum, marite, moechum,
et se, qui fuerant prius, requirunt
trunci naribus auribusque vultus.
credis te satis esse vindicatum?
erras: iste potest et irrumare.

84

Mollis erat facilisque viris Poeantius heros:
vulnera sic Paridis dicitur ulta Venus.
cur lingat cunnum Siculus Sertorius, hoc est:
alter ab hoc caesus, Rufe, videtur Eryx.

85

Vimine clausa levi niveae custodia coctae
hoc tibi Saturni tempore munus erit.
dona quod aestatis misi tibi mense Decembri
si quereris, rasam tu mihi mitte togam.

84.4 alter ab hoc caesus *Delz* : ab hoc occisus $\beta\gamma$

BOOK II

83

Husband, you mutilated your wife's unhappy lover, and his face, maimed of nose and ears, misses its former self. Do you suppose you are sufficiently avenged? You err. He can also give suck.[a]

84

The hero son of Poeas[b] was an effeminate who yielded easily to men. Thus Venus is said to have avenged Paris' wounds. That is why Sicilian Sertorius licks a cunt. It seems he killed[c] another Eryx, Rufus.

85

Water boiled and iced protected by a container of light wickerwork shall be your present at this Saturn's season. If you grumble at my sending you a summer gift in December, why don't you send me a shorn[d] gown?

[a] As well as have natural sex (SB^3). Cf. 3.85.

[b] Philoctetes, who fatally wounded Paris. In revenge Venus made him a pathic. On that analogy, says M., Sertorius the Sicilian might be supposed to have killed Venus' son Eryx, who according to legend was king of Sicily and actually killed by Hercules. Not one of M.'s better efforts.

[c] *Caesus*, also sens. absc. = *paedicatus*.

[d] Shorn of its pile for summer wear.

86

Quod nec carmine glorior supino
nec retro lego Sotaden cinaedum,
nusquam Graecula quod recantat echo
nec dictat mihi luculentus Attis
mollem debilitate galliambon,
non sum, Classice, iam malus poeta.
quid si per gracilis vias petauri
invitum iubeas subire Ladan?
turpe est difficiles habere nugas
et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
scribat carmina circulis Palaemon,
me raris iuvat auribus placere.

87

Dicis amore tui bellas ardere puellas,
qui faciem sub aqua, Sexte, natantis habes.

88

Nil recitas et vis, Mamerce, poeta videri.
quidquid vis esto, dummodo nil recites.

86.6 iam SB^1 : tam $\beta\gamma$ 87.2 natantis R β : cacan- γ

86

I don't pride myself on palindromes or read pathic Sotades backwards.[a] Nowhere does a Greekling echo sing answer,[b] neither does pretty Attis dictate me a weakly effeminate galliambus.[c] That does not automatically make me a bad poet, Classicus. Would you tell Ladas to mount against his will the narrow path of a trapeze? It's demeaning to make difficulties out of trifles, and labor over frivolities is foolish. Let Palaemon write poems for the crowd. I like to please uncommon ears.

87

You say that pretty girls are on fire with love for you, Sextus, you that have the face of a man swimming under water.

88

You recite nothing and want to be considered a poet, Mamercus. Be what you like, so long as you recite nothing.

[a] For Sotades see index. The nature of the trick verses is not certain.

[b] *Versus echoici* seem to be elegiac verses in which the first words of the hexameter are repeated at the end of the couplet, as in *Anth. Lat.* 226–227 (Bailey = 234–235 Riese).

[c] The *Attis* of Catullus is in this meter.

89

Quod nimio gaudes noctem producere vino,
ignosco: vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.
carmina quod scribis Musis et Apolline nullo,
laudari debes: hoc Ciceronis habes.
quod vomis, Antoni: quod luxuriaris, Apici.
quod fellas, vitium, dic mihi, cuius habes?

90

Quintiliane, vagae moderator summe iuventae,
gloria Romanae, Quintiliane, togae,
vivere quod propero pauper nec inutilis annis,
da veniam: properat vivere nemo satis.
differat hoc patrios optat qui vincere census
atriaque immodicis artat imaginibus.
me focus et nigros non indignantia fumos
tecta iuvant et fons vivus et herba rudis.
sit mihi verna satur, sit non doctissima coniunx,
sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies.

BOOK II

89

You enjoy stretching the evening with overmuch wine. That I forgive; you have Cato's bad habit,[a] Gaurus. You write verses without Apollo and the Muses. You deserve praise; this habit you have of Cicero's. Your vomiting: a way of Antony's. Your extravagance: of Apicius's. Your sucking: tell me, whose bad habit is that?

90

Quintilian, supreme guide of wayward youth, Quintilian, glory of the Roman gown, forgive me that I, a poor man and not crippled with years, am in haste to live. No man is enough in haste to live. Let him put it off who prays to surpass his father's riches and crowds his hall with excess of portraits.[b] My pleasure is a hearth, and a roof that does not resent black smoke, and a running stream, and fresh grass. Let me have a well-fed, home-bred slave, a wife not over-educated, the night with sleep, the day without a quarrel.

[a] On Cato the Younger's drinking see Pliny *Ep.* 3.12.

[b] *Imagines*, death masks of ancestors. Pride of birth is linked with desire for wealth as a distraction from life's enjoyment because it implies ambition. Cf. Sen. *Epist.* 115.17, where wealth and ambition are linked as sources of unhappiness.

91

Rerum certa salus, terrarum gloria, Caesar,
sospite quo magnos credimus esse deos,
si festinatis totiens collecta libellis
detinuere oculos carmina nostra tuos,
quod fortuna vetet fieri, permitte videri,
natorum genitor credar ut esse trium.
haec, si displicui, fuerint solacia nobis;
haec fuerint nobis praemia, si placui.

92

Natorum mihi ius trium roganti
Musarum pretium dedit mearum
solus qui poterat. valebis, uxor.
non debet domini perire munus.

93

'Primus ubi est' inquis 'cum sit liber iste secundus?'
quid faciam si plus ille pudoris habet?
tu tamen hunc fieri si mavis, Regule, primum,
unum de titulo tollere iota potes.

91.3 collecta SB^1 (*vide* SB^2) : tibi lecta $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] With reference to previous publications; cf. SB^1.

[b] The lex Papia-Poppaea of A.D. 9 conferred certain privileges on fathers of three (*ius trium liberorum*). Later they were sometimes given to childless or unmarried per-

BOOK II

91

Caesar, the world's sure salvation, glory of the earth, whose safety is our assurance that the great gods exist, if my poems, so often collected in hasty little volumes,[a] have detained your eyes, permit in semblance what fortune forbids in fact, that I may be taken for the father of three children.[b] If I have displeased, let this be my consolation, this my reward if I have pleased.

92

The Right of Three Children he gave me at my petition who alone had the power, as a reward for my poetry. Good-bye, wife. Our Lord's gift should not be wasted.

93

"If this is the second book," you say, "where is the first?"[c] How can I help it if the other is more bashful? However, if you prefer that this one become the first, Regulus, you can take one iota from the title.[d]

sons. M.'s request was successful (2.92). Later (3.95.5; 9.97.5) he says that both Caesars had given him the Right, apparently implying that an earlier grant by Titus had lapsed on Titus' death.

[c] Apparently Regulus had not had a copy of Book I and M. had none left to give him.

[d] The Greek letter iota (I) is the Roman numeral I. Thus by dropping an iota II becomes I.

LIBER III

1

Hoc tibi, quidquid id est, longinquis mittit ab oris
Gallia Romanae nomine dicta togae.
hunc legis et laudas librum fortasse priorem:
illa vel haec mea sunt, quae meliora putas.
plus sane placeat domina qui natus in urbe est;
debet enim Gallum vincere verna liber.

2

Cuius vis fieri, libelle, munus?
festina tibi vindicem parare,
ne nigram cito raptus in culinam
cordylas madida tegas papyro
vel turis piperisve sis cucullus.
Faustini fugis in sinum? sapisti.
cedro nunc licet ambules perunctus
et frontis gemino decens honore
pictis luxurieris umbilicis,
et te purpura delicata velet,

BOOK III

1

This, whatever it amounts to, Gaul called by the name of the Roman gown[a] sends you from distant lands. You read it and perhaps praise its predecessor. That one or this is mine, whichever you think the better. To be sure, let the one that was born in the imperial city please more: a home-bred book should best a Gaul.

2

Whose present do you wish to be, little book? Hurry to find yourself a protector, lest hustled off to a sooty kitchen you wrap sprats in your sodden papyrus or become a cowl for incense or pepper. Do you fly to Faustinus' bosom? You are wise. Now you may walk oiled with cedar, your twin brows handsomely adorned,[b] luxuriating in your painted bosses,

[a] Gallia Togata, "Gaul that wears the gown," i.e. Cisalpine Gaul south of the Po. M. was residing there at this time; cf. 3.4 and Intro. p. 3.

[b] The two edges of the papyrus roll (called brows) were gaily colored. The bosses were the ends of the cylinder around which the roll was wrapped. The outer membrane or envelope of all was colored purple.

et cocco rubeat superbus index.
illo vindice nec Probum timeto.

3

[Formosam faciem nigro medicamine celas,
sed non formoso corpore laedis aquas.
ipsam crede deam verbis tibi dicere nostris:
'aut aperi faciem, aut tunicata lava.']

4

Romam vade, liber: si, veneris unde, requiret,
Aemiliae dices de regione viae.
si, quibus in terris, qua simus in urbe, rogabit,
Corneli referas me licet esse Foro.
cur absim, quaeret, breviter tu multa fatere:
'non poterat vanae taedia ferre togae.'
'quando venit?' dicet, tu respondeto: 'poeta
exierat: veniet, cum citharoedus erit.'

clothed in dainty purple, your proud title blushing scarlet. With him to protect you, have no fear of Probus himself.

3

[You hide a beauteous face with black ointment, but you affront the water with a body not beauteous. Believe that the goddess herself tells you through me: "Either reveal your face or bathe in your tunic."][a]

4

Go to Rome, my book. If she asks where you come from, say from the direction of the Aemilian Way. If she enquires what land, what town I am in, you may inform her that I am in Forum Cornelii. Should she want to know the reason for my absence, tell a long story in a brief admission: "He could not endure the weary futilities of the gown." Should she say: "When is he coming back?" do you reply: "He left a poet; he will come back when he is guitar-singer."[b]

[a] The epigram is in Tγ, but not in β. It was pronounced spurious by Schneidewin, largely because of a metrical defect in v. 4.

[b] *Citharoedus*, a singer to his own accompaniment on the lyre. It was a lucrative métier; cf. 5.56.9.

5

Vis commendari sine me cursurus in urbem,
parve liber, multis, an satis unus erit?
unus erit, mihi crede, satis, cui non eris hospes,
Iulius, assiduum nomen in ore meo.
protinus hunc primae quaeres in limine Tectae;
quos tenuit Daphnis, nunc tenet ille lares.
est illi coniunx, quae te manibusque sinuque
excipiet, tu vel pulverulentus eas.
hos tu seu pariter sive hunc illamve priorem
videris, hoc dices: 'Marcus havere iubet.'
et satis est. alios commendet epistula: peccat
qui commendandum se putat esse suis.

6

Lux tibi post Idus numeratur tertia Maias,
Marcelline, tuis bis celebranda sacris.
imputat aetherios ortus haec prima parenti,
libat florentes haec tibi prima genas.
magna licet dederit iucundae munera vitae,
plus numquam patri praestitit ille dies.

5.5 primae quaeres in limine Tectae *Gronovius* : primi . . . tecti β : primaeque in crimine tectae γ 5.9 hunc illamue γ : hanc illumue β

5

Little book, who are about to hasten to the city without me, do you wish to be recommended to many or will one suffice? One will suffice, believe me, one to whom you will be no stranger: Julius,[a] a name forever on my tongue. You will look for him forthwith right at the threshold of the Covered Way.[b] The house which Daphnis once tenanted, he tenants now. He has a wife, who will receive you with hands and bosom, though you arrive covered in dust. Whether you see them both together or him first or her, you will say: "Marcus sends his greetings," and it is enough. Let others be recommended by a letter. Anyone who thinks he needs a recommendation to his own folk is mistaken.

6

The third dawn after the Ides of May is scored up to you, Marcellinus, twice to be celebrated by your observance. This day first claims credit from your father for his birth into the light of heaven, this first takes toll of your flowering cheeks.[c] Though it vouchsafed him the great gift of happy life, that day never gave your father more.

[a] Julius Martialis.

[b] A colonnade closed at both ends, in the north of Rome, not far from the Mausoleum of Augustus.

[c] The first shaving of the beard was considered the first day of manhood, and sacred. The hair was often dedicated to a god; cf. 1.31.

7

Centum miselli iam valete quadrantes,
anteambulonis congiarium lassi,
quos dividebat balneator elixus.
quid cogitatis, o fames amicorum?
regis superbi sportulae recesserunt.
'nihil stropharum est: iam salarium dandum est.'

8

Thaida Quintus amat. 'quam Thaida?' Thaida luscam.
unum oculum Thais non habet, ille duos.

9

Versiculos in me narratur scribere Cinna.
Non scribit, cuius carmina nemo legit.

10

Constituit, Philomuse, pater tibi milia bina
menstrua perque omnis praestitit illa dies,
luxuriam premeret cum crastina semper egestas
et vitiis essent danda diurna tuis.
idem te moriens heredem ex asse reliquit.
exheredavit te, Philomuse, pater.

---

[a] The abolition of the dole was only temporary. It reappears in 4.68.

[b] *Anteambulo*, lit. "one who walks in front."

[c] The dole, normally a hundred farthings (*quadrantes*), might be handed out in the evening (cf. 1.80.1n.) or in the

7

Good-bye to you now, wretched hundred farthings,[a] hand-out for a weary escort,[b] that the boiled bathman used to share.[c] What do you think, famishing friends? The haughty patron's doles have gone. "No tricks. They must now give us a salary."

8

Quintus loves Thais. "Which Thais?" One-eyed Thais. Thais lacks one eye, he lacks two.

9

Cinna is reported to write verses against me. Nobody writes, whose poems nobody reads.

10

Your father, Philomusus, set you a monthly allowance of two thousand and paid it all his days, when tomorrow's penury was ever treading hard on the heels of extravagance and your vices needed their daily ration. At his death he has left you his sole heir. Philomusus, your father has disinherited you.[d]

morning (Juv. 1.128). The bathman divided it because he charged one farthing (cf. 8.42). *Dividebat* is usually understood as "parcelled out," but the bath attendant does not seem the obvious person to do that.

[d] Leaving Philomusus the money to squander was tantamount to leaving him nothing.

11

Si tua nec Thais nec lusca est, Quinte, puella,
cur in te factum distichon esse putas?
sed simile est aliquid: pro Laide Thaida dixi.
dic mihi, quid simile est Thais et Hermione?
tu tamen es Quintus: mutemus nomen amantis:
si non vult Quintus, Thaida Sextus amat.

12

Unguentum, fateor, bonum dedisti
convivis here, sed nihil scidisti.
res salsa est bene olere et esurire.
qui non cenat et unguitur, Fabulle,
hic vere mihi mortuus videtur.

13

Dum non vis pisces, dum non vis carpere pullos
et plus quam patri, Naevia, parcis apro,
accusas rumpisque cocum, tamquam omnia cruda
attulerit. numquam sic ego crudus ero.

11.6 amat γ : amet β

---

[a] 3.8.

[b] In v. 3 M. moots the possibility of his having used a name *similar to* the real one, e.g. Thais for Lais, in order to dismiss it in v. 4. Hermione is supposedly the name of Quintus' girl. Quintus ("number five") and Sextus ("number six") are common forenames.

[c] Corpses were anointed.

11

If your girl is neither Thais nor one-eyed, Quintus, why do you think my couplet[a] was aimed at you? But there is something similar: I put Thais for Lais. Tell me, what is similar in Thais and Hermione? However, you *are* Quintus. Let us change the lover's name. If Quintus would rather not, Sextus loves Thais.[b]

12

You gave a good unguent to your guests yesterday, I admit, but you carved nothing. To be nicely scented and go hungry, that's amuṣing. A man who is anointed without any dinner, Fabullus, is truly dead to my way of thinking.[c]

13

You don't want to carve up the fish or the fowl and you are more tender with the boar than you would be with your father, Naevia. So you blame the cook and cut him up, you say that everything he brought in was indigestible. I shall never get indigestion this way.[d]

[d] Cf. 3.12 and 94. Nowhere else in M. does a woman play host at dinner, so perhaps read *Naevole.* Naevia and Naevolus are both among his favorite pseudonyms. The play on the two meanings of *crudus*, "undercooked" and "dyspeptic," is hardly translatable.

14

Romam petebat esuritor Tuccius
profectus ex Hispania.
occurrit illi sportularum fabula:
a ponte rediit Mulvio.

15

Plus credit nemo tota quam Cordus in urbe.
'cum sit tam pauper, quomodo?' caecus amat.

16

Das gladiatores, sutorum regule, Cerdo,
quodque tibi tribuit subula, sica rapit.
ebrius es: neque enim faceres hoc sobrius umquam,
ut velles corio ludere, Cerdo, tuo.
lusisti corio: sed te, mihi crede, memento
nunc in pellicula, Cerdo, tenere tua.

15.1 tota quam *cod. saec. XII* : q- t- $\beta\gamma$ (*de* E *n. l.*)
16.5 corio R : satis est β

BOOK III

14

Starveling Tuccius left Spain to come to Rome. He was met by the story about the dole. Back he went from the Mulvian Bridge.[a]

15

Nobody in all Rome gives more credit[b] than Cordus. "How so, since he's so poor?" He's blind and in love.

16

Cobbler,[c] princeling of stitchers, you're giving a gladiator show, and what the awl has given you the dagger snatchers away. You're drunk; for sober you would never have wanted to play with your own hide,[d] cobbler. Well, you *have* played with your hide. But now, mark my words, cobbler, keep yourself in your own little skin.[e]

[a] Without even entering Rome. The Mulvian Bridge was just outside the Porta Flaminia, the North Gate of Rome.

[b] Another play on words. *Credit* can mean "gives credit" or "believes," i.e. "takes on trust." Similarly Cicero in *Att.* 1.16.10 (cf. 6.2.3), *Fam.* 7.27.1.

[c] Cerdo, cobbler, is both his name and his trade; cf. 3.59 and 99.

[d] Proverbial for "at your own expense." *Ludere* perhaps glances at *ludi*, (gladiatorial) show.

[e] With reference to shoeleather, but alluding to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin.

17

Circumlata diu mensis scribilita secundis
urebat nimio saeva calore manus;
sed magis ardebat Sabidi gula: protinus ergo
sufflavit buccis terque quaterque suis.
illa quidem tepuit digitosque admittere visa est,
sed nemo potuit tangere: merda fuit.

18

Perfrixisse tuas questa est praefatio fauces.
cum te excusaris, Maxime, quid recitas?

19

Proxima centenis ostenditur ursa columnis,
exornant fictae qua platanona ferae.
huius dum patulos alludens temptat hiatus
pulcher Hylas, teneram mersit in ora manum.
vipera sed caeco scelerata latebat in aere,
vivebatque anima deteriore fera.
non sensit puer esse dolos, nisi dente recepto
dum perit. o facinus, falsa quod ursa fuit!

17.1 scribilita *Goetz, auct. Calderino* (scribl-) : scribit ita *vel sim.* γ : inscripta R β

17

A tart, passed and passed around at dessert, cruelly burnt our hands with its excessive heat. But Sabidius' greed was more fiery still; so forthwith he blew on it with his cheeks three or four times. The tart cooled to be sure, and seemed ready to admit our fingers, but nobody could touch it. It was filth.

18

Your introduction complained that you had a cold in your throat. Since you have excused yourself, Maximus, why recite?

19

A bear is shown close to the Hundred Columns, where sculpted beasts adorn the plane grove. As fair Hylas was playing beside it and testing its gaping jaws, he plunged his tender hand into its mouth. But an accursed viper was lurking in the darkness of the bronze, and the animal[a] lived with a life worse than its own. The boy only realized there was a trap as he died from the bite. Too bad that it was not a real bear!

[a] The bear, not the viper.

20

Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus:
utrumne chartis tradit ille victuris
legenda temporum acta Claudianorum?
an quae Neroni falsus astruit scriptor,
an aemulatur improbi λόγους Phaedri?
lascivus elegis an severus herois?
an in cothurnis horridus Sophocleis?
an otiosus in Schola Poetarum
lepore tinctos Attico sales narrat?
hinc si recessit, porticum terit †templi†
an spatia carpit lentus Argonautarum?
an delicatae sole rursus Europae
inter tepentes post meridie buxos
sedet ambulatve liber acribus curis?
Titine thermis an lavatur Agrippae
an impudici balneo Tigillini?
an rure Tulli fruitur atque Lucani?
an Pollionis dulce currit ad quartum?
an aestuantis iam profectus ad Baias

20.5 λόγους *Heraeus, auct. Thiele* (logos) : locos γ : iocos ς
20.13 meridie γ : -iem β

---

[a] Whether this line refers to Nero's poetry or to his actions as Emperor (in which case the line goes with v. 3) is uncertain, as is the identity of the "mendacious writer."

[b] λόγοι (logoi) = fables (cf. Housman, 983); but *iocos*, a term used of his compositions by Phaedrus himself, may be right. Phaedrus' fables are not lascivious, and there is a faint possibility that M. refers to an unknown work. But

20

Tell me, Muse, what is my friend Canius Rufus doing? Is he putting on paper the acts of Claudian times for posterity to read? Or does he emulate the compositions that a mendacious writer ascribed to Nero[a] or the fables[b] of rascal Phaedrus? Is he wanton in elegy or solemn in epic or grim in Sophoclean buskins? Or idling in the Poets' Club,[c] does he tell jests tinctured with Attic wit? Leaving that, does he tread the colonnade of *,[d] or saunter through the spaces of the Argonauts?[e] Or again, does he sit or stroll in dainty Europa's[f] sunshine among the box trees warm in the afternoon, free of gnawing cares? Is he bathing in Titus' warm waters or Agrippa's or the bath of libertine Tigellinus? Or enjoying the country seat of Tullus and Lucanus,[g] or bowling along to Pollio's delightful place by the fourth milestone? Or has he already left for steaming Baiae

Housman suggests that *improbi*, "which is capable of meaning 'disrespectful,' as in Hor. epist. 1.7.63 and elsewhere, may allude to those hits at the high and mighty which are supposed to have provoked the displeasure of Sejanus."

[c] Whereabouts unknown, unless it was the Schola Octaviae, part of the Porticus Liviae et Octaviae.

[d] Reading uncertain.

[e] The Porticus Argonautarum.

[f] The Porticus Europae.

[g] Brothers; cf. 1.36.

piger Lucrino nauculatur in stagno?
'vis scire quid agat Canius tuus? ridet.'

21

Proscriptum famulus servavit fronte notatus.
non fuit haec domini vita, sed invidia.

22

Dederas, Apici, bis trecenties ventri,
et adhuc supererat centies tibi laxum.
hoc tu gravatus ut famem et sitim ferre
summa venenum potione perduxti.
nihil est, Apici, tibi gulosius factum.

23

Omnia cum retro pueris opsonia tradas,
cur non mensa tibi ponitur a pedibus?

22.2 et γ : sed *vel* set β 22.4 perduxti *Scriverius* : -xit γ : duxisti β

and is he boating lazily in the Lucrine pool?—"You want to know what your friend Canius is doing? He's laughing."[a]

21

A servant with a branded forehead saved a proscribed man.[b] This was not saving his master's life but putting him to shame.[c]

22

Apicius, you had spent twice thirty million on your belly and there still remained to you a cool ten million. To you this was like hunger and thirst. Loath to tolerate it, you swallowed poison, your final potation. You never did anything more like a gourmet, Apicius.

23

You hand all the victuals to the slaves behind you. Why is your table not placed at your feet?[d]

[a] Cf. 1.69.

[b] Namely Antius Restio, in the triumviral proscriptions of 43–42 B.C.: so Macrob. *Sat.* 2.11; Val. Max. 6.8.7.

[c] Putting him in an "invidious" light.

[d] Slaves stood behind their masters at dinner; cf. 2.37.7f.

24

Vite nocens rosa stabat moriturus ad aras
hircus, Bacche, tuis victima grata sacris.
quem Tuscus mactare deo cum vellet aruspex,
dixerat agresti forte rudique viro
ut cito testiculos †et acuta† falce secaret,
taeter ut immundae carnis abiret odor.
ipse super virides aras luctantia pronus
dum resecat cultro colla premitque manu,
ingens iratis apparuit hirnea sacris.
occupat hanc ferro rusticus atque secat,
hoc ratus antiquos sacrorum poscere ritus
talibus et fibris nụmina prisca coli.
sic, modo qui Tuscus fueras, nunc Gallus aruspex,
dum iugulas hircum, factus es ipse caper.

25

Si temperari balneum cupis fervens,
Faustine, quod vix Iulianus intraret,
roga lavetur rhetorem Sabineium.
Neronianas is refrigerat thermas.

24.2 sacris $\beta\gamma$: focis T 24.5 praeacuta *Heinsius* : curvata *Schneidewin*

BOOK III

24

A billy goat guilty of gnawing a vine stood sentenced to die at your altar, Bacchus, a welcome victim at your rites. When the Tuscan soothsayer was about to sacrifice him to the god, he told a rude country fellow, as it chanced, to be quick and sever the goat's testicles with a sharp sickle, so as to get rid of the noisome smell of unclean flesh. While he himself, bent over the green altar, was cutting the throat of the struggling animal with a knife and pressing him down with his hand, an enormous hernea stood revealed to the indignant rites. The bumpkin seizes thereon and cuts it with his steel, in the belief that ancient ritual of sacrifice so required and that with such organs the deities of old are worshipped. So, soothsayer, recently Tuscan but now Gaul,[a] in slaughtering a goat you yourself became a gelding.

25

Faustinus, if you want to cool a bath so hot that Julianus[b] would have trouble getting into it, ask declaimer Sabineius to wash in it. *He* chills the warm baths of Nero.[c]

[a] See 2.45n.
[b] Otherwise unknown.
[c] His declamations were "frigid."

26

Praedia solus habes et solus, Candide, nummos,
aurea solus habes, murrina solus habes,
Massica solus habes et Opimi Caecuba solus,
et cor solus habes, solus et ingenium.
omnia solus habes — hoc me puta nolle negare —,
uxorem sed habes, Candide, cum populo.

27

Numquam me revocas, venias cum saepe vocatus:
ignosco, nullum si modo, Galle, vocas.
invitas alios: vitium est utriusque. 'quod?' inquis.
et mihi cor non est et tibi, Galle, pudor.

28

Auriculam Mario graviter miraris olere.
tu facis hoc: garris, Nestor, in auriculam.

29

Has cum gemina compede dedicat catenas,
Saturne, tibi Zoilus, anulos priores.

26.5 hoc me puta R β : hoc me puto γ : nec me puto *Scriverius* : nec me puta *Madvig* : ne me p- *Gilbert* nolle SB^3 : uelle R $\beta\gamma$

26

Nobody but you has land, Candidus, nobody but you has cash, nobody but you has gold plate, nobody but you has murrine,[a] nobody but you has Massic and Caecuban of Opimius' vintage, nobody but you has intellect, nobody but you has talent. Nobody but you has everything — suppose I don't choose to deny it: but you share your wife, Candidus, with the public.

27

You never invite me back, though you often come to dinner at my invitation. I forgive you, Gallus, if only you invite nobody. But you invite others. Both of us have a fault. "What fault?" say you. I have no sense and you, Gallus, have no sense of decency.

28

You are surprised that Marius' ear smells disagreeably. That is your doing. You chatter, Nestor, in his ear.

29

These chains with their twin fetters Zoilus dedicates to you, Saturn, his rings of earlier days.[b]

[a] A costly, opaque material answering much the same purposes as porcelain, perhaps fluorspar.

[b] Zoilus now wears the ring of a knight; cf. 11.37.3.

30

Sportula nulla datur; gratis conviva recumbis:
dic mihi, quid Romae, Gargiliane, facis?
unde tibi togula est et fuscae pensio cellae?
unde datur quadrans? unde vir es Chiones?
cum ratione licet dicas te vivere summa,
quod vivis, nulla cum ratione facis.

31

Sunt tibi, confiteor, diffusi iugera campi
urbanique tenent praedia multa lares,
et servit dominae numerosus debitor arcae
sustentatque tuas aurea massa dapes.
fastidire tamen noli, Rufine, minores:
plus habuit Didymus, plus Philomelus habet.

32

Non possum vetulam. quereris, Matrinia? possum
et vetulam, sed tu mortua, non vetula es.
possum Hecubam, possum Niobam, Matrinia, sed si
nondum erit illa canis, nondum erit illa lapis.

31.4 aurea] citrea *Heinsius* massa T : mensa β (*deest* γ), *Heinsius* 31.6 didymos T$\beta\gamma$ 32.1 *ita Friedrich* non possum $\beta\gamma$: an p- R : an possim *ed. Ferrariensis (1471)* quereris $\beta\gamma$: quaeris R 32.1 *et* 3 matrinia γ : -ronia R (*v.* 1) : -ria β 32.3 niobam γ : -ben β *fort.* Hecaben (*cf.* 76.4) . . . Nioben

---

[a] Cf. 3.7. [b]For the baths.

[c] Play on *ratione*, "according to rule," i.e. economically,

30

No dole is provided. You recline at dinner gratis.[a] Tell me, Gargilianus, what are you doing in Rome? Where do you get the money for your gown and the rent of your dark little room? How do you pay your farthing?[b] How are you Chione's lover? You may say that you live with the utmost economy, but your living at all makes no sense.[c]

31

You own acres of spreading plain, I grant, and your town dwelling comprises many estates, and a multitude of debtors serve their mistress, your strongbox,[d] and your feasts rest on massy gold. Yet don't disdain lesser folk, Rufinus. Didymus had more, Philomelus[e] has more.

32

I can't do an old woman. You complain, Matrinia? Well, I *can*, even an old woman. But you are not old, you're dead. I can do Hecuba, I can do Niobe, Matrinia, but only if the one is not yet a bitch, the other not yet a stone.[f]

and *nulla cum ratione*, "without any reason" (sense).

[d] Perhaps with reference to the records kept in it; cf. 2.30.4n.

[e] Wealthy Philomelus reappears in 4.5.10, Didymus nowhere, unless it be in 12.43.3.

[f] Hecuba was turned into a bitch, Niobe into stone.

33

Ingenuam malo, sed si tamen illa negetur,
libertina mihi proxima condicio est.
extremo est ancilla loco; sed vincet utramque
si facie, nobis haec erit ingenua.

34

Digna tuo cur sis indignaque nomine, dicam.
frigida es et nigra es: non es et es Chione.

35

Artis Phidiacae toreuma clarum
pisces aspicis: adde aquam, natabunt.

36

Quod novus et nuper factus tibi praestat amicus,
hoc praestare iubes me, Fabiane, tibi:
horridus ut primo semper te mane salutem
per mediumque trahat me tua sella lutum,
lassus ut in thermas decima vel serius hora
te sequar Agrippae, cum laver ipse Titi.
hoc per triginta merui, Fabiane, Decembres,
ut sim tiro tuae semper amicitiae?
hoc merui, Fabiane, toga tritaque meaque,
ut nondum credas me meruisse rudem?

33.3–4 *post* facie *dist. SB*^{3}, *post* utramque *edd.*

---

[a] Derived from χιών (chiôn, snow).

BOOK III

33

I prefer a freeborn girl, but if none is available my second choice is a freedwoman. A slave girl is last in line, but if she is better to look at than either, so far as I am concerned she'll be born free.

34

I'll tell you why your name suits you and why it doesn't suit you. You are cold and you are dusky. You are, and are not, Chione.[a]

35

You see the fish, a famous relief, Phidias' work. Give them water and they'll swim.

36

You tell me, Fabianus, to give you the service that a new friend, just recently acquired, gives you. I must always wait upon you shivering at crack of dawn. Your chair must drag me through the mud. At the tenth hour or later I must wearily follow you to Agrippa's baths, though I myself use Titus's. Have I deserved this, Fabianus, through thirty Decembers—to be forever a raw recruit to your friendship? Have I deserved this, Fabianus, with my threadbare gown[b] that I bought myself—that you don't think I've yet earned my wooden sword?[c]

[b] Toga, representing services as a client; but this one was not a gift.

[c] I.e. discharge; cf. Sp. 31.9.

37

Irasci tantum felices nostis amici.
non belle facitis, sed iuvat hoc facere.

38

Quae te causa trahit vel quae fiducia Romam,
Sexte? quid aut speras aut petis inde? refer.
'causas' inquis 'agam Cicerone disertior ipso
atque erit in triplici par mihi nemo foro.'
egit Atestinus causas et Civis — utrumque
noras —; sed neutri pensio tota fuit.
'si nihil hinc veniet, pangentur carmina hobis:
audieris, dices esse Maronis opus.'
insanis: omnes gelidis quicumque lacernis
sunt ibi, Nasones Vergiliosque vides.
'atria magna colam.' vix tres aut quattuor ista
res aluit, pallet cetera turba fame.
'quid faciam suade: nam certum est vivere Romae.'
si bonus es, casu vivere, Sexte, potes.

37.2 facere β : facite γ 38.3 dis(s)ertior T (discret-), γ : -tius β 38.13 quid faciam? suade *edd.*

BOOK III

37

You well-off friends only know how to take umbrage. It's not a pretty way to behave, but it suits your book.[a]

38

What reason, what prospect brings you to Rome, Sextus? What do you hope or look for from there? Tell me. You reply: "I shall plead cases more eloquently than Cicero himself and nobody in the three Forums shall be my match." Atestinus and Civis pleaded cases—you knew them both—but neither covered his rent. "If nothing comes out of that, I'll write poetry. Hear it, and you'll say it's Maro's work." You're crazy. All these people you see here in frosty cloaks are Nasos and Virgils. "I'll dance attendance on great halls." That line barely supported three or four, the rest of the crew is pale with hunger. "Advise me what to do. For I'm determined to live in Rome." If you're an honest man, Sextus, you can live at random.[b]

[a] It is an excuse for not being liberal in presents: cf. 12.13. *Iuvat* is ambiguous, "it pleases" or "it profits."

[b] I.e. from hand to mouth; on the phrase *casu vivere* see *SB*[1] (and cf. εἰκῇ ζῆν in Soph. *O.T.* 979). Only rogues can make a regular living in Rome.

39

Iliaco similem puerum, Faustine, ministro
lusca Lycoris amat. quam bene lusca videt!

40 (41)

Inserta phialae Mentoris manu ducta
lacerta vivit et timetur argentum.

41 (40)

Mutua quod nobis ter quinquagena dedisti
ex opibus tantis, quas gravis arca premit,
esse tibi magnus, Telesine, videris amicus.
tu magnus, quod das? immo ego, quod recipis.

42

Lomento rugas uteri quod condere temptas,
Polla, tibi ventrem, non mihi labra linis.
simpliciter pateat vitium fortasse pusillum:
quod tegitur, maius creditur esse, malum.

42.4 maius $\beta\gamma$: magnum T

BOOK III

39

One-eyed Lycoris loves a boy like the page from Ilium,[a] Faustinus. How well the one-eyed lady sees!

40 (41)

A lizard, fashioned by Mentor's hand, lives set into the bowl; and we fear the silver.

41 (40)

Because you gave me thrice fifty thousand sesterces as a loan out of the abundant wealth that your weighty coffer holds down, you think yourself a mighty friend, Telesinus. *You* a mighty friend because you give it? I rather, because you get it back.

42

You try to hide your belly's wrinkles with beanmeal, Polla, but you smear your stomach, not my lips.[b] Better that the blemish, perhaps a trifling one, be frankly shown. Trouble concealed is believed to be greater than it is.

[a] Ganymede.

[b] *Os sublinere*, "smear the face," meant to make a fool of, as practiced on someone drunk or asleep.

43

Mentiris iuvenem tinctis, Laetine, capillis,
tam subito corvus, qui modo cycnus eras.
non omnes fallis; scit te Proserpina canum:
personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

44

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter,
quod, quacumque venis, fuga est et ingens
circa te, Ligurine, solitudo,
quid sit, scire cupis? nimis poeta es.
hoc valde vitium periculosum est.
non tigris catulis citata raptis,
non dipsas medio perusta sole,
nec sic scorpios improbus timetur.
nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores?
et stanti legis et legis sedenti,
currenti legis et legis cacanti.
in thermas fugio: sonas ad aurem.
piscinam peto: non licet natare.
ad cenam propero: tenes euntem.
ad cenam venio: fugas edentem.
lassus dormio: suscitas iacentem.
vis, quantum facias mali, videre?
vir iustus, probus, innocens timeris.

44.15 fugas edentem *Ramirez de Prado* : fuga sed- Tγ : fugas sed- β

BOOK III

43

You simulate youth, Laetinus, by dying your hair; so suddenly a raven, who were but now a swan. You don't fool everybody. Proserpina knows your hair is white. She will drag the mask from your head.

44

Do you wish to know why it is, Ligurinus, that nobody is glad to meet you, that, wherever you go, there is flight and a vast solitude around you? You are too much of a poet. This is a very dangerous fault. A tigress roused by the theft of her cubs is not feared so much, nor yet a viper burnt by the midday sun, nor yet a vicious scorpion. For I ask you, who would endure such trials? You read to me as I stand, you read to me as I sit, you read to me as I run, you read to me as I shit. I flee to the baths: you boom in my ear. I head for the pool: I'm not allowed to swim. I hurry to dinner: you stop me in my tracks. I arrive at dinner: you drive me away as I eat.[a] Tired out, I take a nap: you rouse me as I lie. Do you care to see how much damage you do? A just man, upright and innocent, you are feared.

[a] Some editors keep *fugas sedentem* (you put me to flight as I sit), as though it was customary for guests to sit down before dinner, for which there is no evidence. In 8.67 the guest who is told to sit down (v. 6) had arrived too early.

45

Fugerit an Phoebus mensas cenamque Thyestae
ignoro: fugimus nos, Ligurine, tuam.
illa quidem lauta est dapibusque instructa superbis,
sed nihil omnino te recitante placet.
nolo mihi ponas rhombos mullumve bilibrem
nec volo boletos, ostrea nolo: tace.

46

Exigis a nobis operam sine fine togatam:
non eo, libertum sed tibi mitto meum.
'non est' inquis 'idem.' multo plus esse probabo:
vix ego lecticam ṣubsequar, ille feret.
in turbam incideris, cunctos umbone repellet:
invalidum est nobis ingenuumque latus.
quidlibet in causa narraveris, ipse tacebo:
at tibi tergeminum mugiet ille sophos.
lis erit, ingenti faciet convicia voce:
esse pudor vetuit fortia verba mihi.
'ergo nihil nobis' inquis 'praestabis amicus?'
quidquid libertus, Candide, non poterit.

47

Capena grandi porta qua pluit gutta
Phygiumque Matris Almo qua lavat ferrum,

---

[a] The Sun; see index under Atreus.
[b] From its aqueduct, a branch of the Aqua Marcia.
[c] The priests of Cybele annually washed the statue of

45

Whether Phoebus[a] fled Thyestes' dinner table or not, I don't know; but we flee yours, Ligurinus. Elegant indeed it is, furnished with lordly repasts, but nothing in the world gives pleasure when you are reciting. I don't want you to serve me turbot or a two-pounder mullet, nor do I want mushrooms, oysters I don't want: shut up.

46

You demand client service from me, no end to it. I don't go, but I send you my freedman. "It's not the same," you say. I shall show you that it's far more. I shall barely keep up with your litter, he'll bear it. If you get into a crowd, he'll shove them all back with his elbows; my sides are weak and gentlemanly. You tell some tale pleading a case, and I shall keep quiet; but he will roar "bravo" three times over. You have a lawsuit, he will shout abuse in a voice of thunder; good manners have forbidden me strong language. "So," you say, "is there nothing you will do for me as a friend?" All that a freedman cannot do, Candidus.

47

Where Porta Capena rains big drops,[b] where Almo washes the Phrygian Mother's steel,[c] where the hal-

the goddess, and the sacred implements, in the Almo: Ov. *Fast.* 4.339.

Horatiorum qua viret sacer campus
et qua pusilli fervet Herculis fanum,
Faustine, plena Bassus ibat in raeda,
omnis beati copias trahens ruris.
illic videres frutice nobili caules
et utrumque porrum sessilesque lactucas
pigroque ventri non inutiles betas;
illic coronam pinguibus gravem turdis
leporemque laesum Gallici canis dente
nondumque victa lacteum faba porcum.
nec feriatus ibat ante carrucam,
sed tuta faeno cursor ova portabat.
urbem petebat Bassus? immo rus ibat.

48

Pauperis extruxit cellam, sed vendidit Olus
praedia: nunc cellam pauperis Olus habet.

---

[a] They were buried there.
[b] Cut (*sectivum*) and headed (*capitatum*); cf. 10.48.9n.

lowed field of the Horatii[a] is green and the shrine of the petty Hercules is thronged, Faustinus, along came Bassus in a full four-wheeler, bringing with him all the produce of a prosperous farm. There you might see fine, leafy cabbages, both kinds of leek,[b] squat lettuces, beets not without use to a sluggish digestion; there you might see a hoop heavy with fat thrushes, a hare wounded by the teeth of a Gallic hound,[c] and a sucking pig that had yet to munch a bean. The runner in front of the carriage was not taking a holiday either; he carried eggs safe in their hay. Was Bassus heading for Rome? On the contrary, he was going into the country.[d]

48

Olus built a "poor man's cubbyhole" but sold his land. Olus now owns a "poor man's cubbyhole."[e]

[c] Plutarch (*Quaest. conv.* 2.9) mentions a notion that the flesh of sheep bitten by wolves became more tender.

[d] And so had to carry his supplies with him, for his country villa produced nothing: cf. 3.58.49.

[e] A small, barely furnished room in a rich man's house. Seneca (*Epist.* 18.7) calls it a "device which luxurious millionaires use to beguile the tedium of their lives" (Gummere's translation); similarly 100.6. "Olus" had not "become poor in earnest"; he still owned the house. The point is in the double sense of *habere*, "have" and "own (especially of land)." The land Olus used to own is now represented by the "poor man's cubbyhole" which was built out of the proceeds of the sale; cf. 10.31.6, 12.16.3, and *SB*[1].

49

Veientana mihi misces, tibi Massica ponis:
olfacere haec malo pocula quam bibere.

50

Haec tibi, non alia, est ad cenam causa vocandi,
versiculos recites ut, Ligurine, tuos.
deposui soleas, affertur protinus ingens
inter lactucas oxygarumque liber:
alter perlegitur, dum fercula prima morantur:
tertius est, nec adhuc mensa secunda venit:
et quartum recitas et quintum denique librum.
putidus est, totiens si mihi ponis aprum.
quod si non scombris scelerata poemata donas,
cenabis solus iam, Ligurine, domi.

51

Cum faciem laudo, cum miror crura manusque,
dicere, Galla, soles 'nuda placebo magis',
et semper vitas communia balnea nobis.
numquid, Galla, times ne tibi non placeam?

49.1 tibi *A. Ker* : ubi T$\beta\gamma$ ponis *scripsi* : potas T$\beta\gamma$

---

[a] A compressed way of saying: "I had rather smell the Massic (not being allowed to drink it) than drink the Veientan."

49

You mix Veientan for me and serve Massic for yourself. I had rather smell these cups than drink.[a]

50

This and no other is the reason why you invite me to dinner, Ligurinus: to recite your verses. I take my slippers off: immediately a bulky volume is brought in among the lettuces and the sharp sauce.[b] Another is read through while the first course hangs fire. There's a third, and the dessert is not yet come. And you recite a fourth and finally a fifth roll. If you serve me boar this often, it stinks. But if you don't consign your damnable poems to the mackerel, Ligurinus, in future you will dine at home by yourself.

51

When I praise your face and admire your legs and hands, Galla, you are apt to say: "You'll like me better naked." And yet you always avoid taking a bath with me. Can it be, Galla, that you are afraid you may not like *me*?[c]

[b] *Oxygarum*, lit. sharp garum (see 6.93n), fish sauce with vinegar.

[c] Hinting that she has some unsightliness of her own to conceal; cf. 3.72.

52

Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducentis:
abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.
collatum est deciens. rogo, non potes ipse videri
incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum?

53

Et vultu poteram tuo carere
et collo manibusque cruribusque
et mammis natibusque clunibusque,
et, ne singula persequi laborem,
tota te poteram, Chloe, carere.

54

Cum dare non possim quod poscis, Galla, rogantem
multo simplicius, Galla, negare potes.

55

Quod quacumque venis Cosmum migrare putamus
et fluere excusso cinnama fusa vitro,
nolo peregrinis placeas tibi, Gellia, nugis.
scis, puto, posse meum sic bene olere canem.

56

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennae,
cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam.

---

[a] Cf. Juv. 3.220.

52

You had bought a house, Tongilianus, for two hundred thousand. An accident, all too common in Rome, took it away. A million was subscribed. I ask you, Tongilianus; couldn't it look as though you set fire to your own house?[a]

53

I could do without your face and neck and hands and legs and breasts and buttocks and hips and (not to be at the trouble of going through particulars) I could do without you, Chloe, in your entirety.

54

Galla, since I can't give you the price you demand when I ask, it would be much more straightforward, Galla, to say no.

55

Wherever you go, we think that Cosmus is moving shop and that cinnamon oil is streaming from a shaken phial. But don't let exotic trash make you complacent, Gellia. You know, I suppose, that my dog can smell good in the same way.

56

I'd rather have a cistern at Ravenna than a vineyard, since I could sell water at a much better price.

57

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi copo Ravennae:
cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

58

Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini
non otiosis ordinata myrtetis
viduaque platano tonsilique buxeto
ingrata lati spatia detinet campi,
sed rure vero barbaroque laetatur.
hic farta premitur angulo Ceres omni
et multa fragrat testa senibus autumnis;
hic post Novembres imminente iam bruma
seras putator horridus refert uvas.
truces in alta valle mugiunt tauri
vitulusque inermi fronte prurit in pugnam.
vagatur omnis turba sordidae chortis,
argutus anser gemmeique pavones
nomenque debet quae rubentibus pinnis
et picta perdix Numidicaeque guttatae
et impiorum phasiana Colchorum;
Rhodias superbi feminas premunt galli;
sonantque turres plausibus columbarum,
gemit hinc palumbus, inde cereus turtur.
avidi secuntur vilicae sinum porci
matremque plenam mollis agnus expectat.
cingunt serenum lactei focum vernae
et larga festos lucet ad lares silva.

BOOK III

57

A crafty innkeeper cheated me the other day at Ravenna. I asked for wine and water, he sold me wine neat.

58

Our friend Faustinus' Baian villa, Bassus, does not hold down unprofitable expanses of broad acreage laid out in idle myrtle plantations, unwed[a] planes, and clipped boxwood, but rejoices in the true, rough countryside. Corn is tightly crammed in every corner and many a wine jar is fragrant with ancient vintages. Here, when Novembers are past and winter soon to come, the rugged pruner brings home the tardy grapes. Fierce bulls bellow in the deep valley and the calf with his harmless brow itches for combat. All the crew of the dirty poultry yard wander around, the cackling goose and the spangled peacocks, the bird that owes its name to its ruddy plumage,[b] the painted partridge, the speckled guinea fowl, and the pheasant of the wicked Colchians.[c] Proud cockerels press their Rhodian wives and the cotes are loud with the flappings of doves. Here moans the wood pigeon, there the waxen-hued turtle. The greedy pigs follow the apron of the bailiff's wife and the soft lamb waits for his well-filled dam. The infant children of the farm

[a] Without vines.

[b] Phoenicopteros ("crimson-feathered"), or flamingo.

[c] An allusion to Medea's sorceries.

non segnis albo pallet otio copo,
nec perdit oleum lubricus palaestrita,
sed tendit avidis rete subdolum turdis
tremulave captum linea trahit piscem
aut impeditam cassibus refert dammam.
exercet hilares facilis hortus urbanos,
et paedagogo non iubente lascivi
parere gaudent vilico capillati,
et delicatus opere fruitur eunuchus.
nec venit inanis rusticus salutator:
fert ille ceris cana cum suis mella
metamque lactis Sassinate de silva;
somniculosos ille porrigit glires,
hic vagientem matris hispidae fetum,
alius coactos non amare capones.
et dona matrum vimine offerunt texto
grandes proborum virgines colonorum.
facto vocatur laetus opere vicinus;
nec avara servat crastinas dapes mensa,
vescuntur omnes ebrioque non novit
satur minister invidere convivae.
at tu sub urbe possides famem mundam
et turre ab alta prospicis meras laurus,
furem Priapo non timente securus;
et vinitorem farre pascis urbano
pictamque portas otiosus ad villam

58.39 vimine offerunt *Scriverius* : -neo ferunt $\beta\gamma$

ring a bright hearth and on holidays wood in plenty flames before its gods. There's no lazy taverner, whey-faced from pallid ease, nor does the slippery wrestling-coach waste oil, no, he spreads a sly net for greedy thrushes or draws in a captured fish with quivering line or brings home a doe caught in the toils.[a] The bounteous kitchen garden gives the cheerful town slaves exercise; the frolicsome long-haired youths, with no supervisor[b] to give them orders, are happy to obey the bailiff, and the pampered eunuch works with a will. Nor does the country caller come empty-handed. He brings pale honey with its comb and a cone of milk from the woods of Sassina; one proffers drowsy dormice, another the bleating offspring of a hairy dam, a third capons, forced to be loveless. Strapping daughters of honest tenant farmers present their mothers' gifts in wicker baskets. When work is done, a happy neighbor is asked over. Nor does a greedy table keep back victuals for tomorrow; there is food for all, and the sated servant never envies the tipsy diner. But *you* have a property near Rome, all elegance and starvation. From a high tower you look out over nothing but laurel bushes, and your mind is at ease, for your Priapus fears no thief. You feed your vineyard workers with town flour and in time of leisure transport vegetables, eggs, chickens, apples, cheese,

[a] The slaves mentioned are employed in town for profit or luxury; in the country they have healthy exercise.

[b] Paedagogus, a slave in charge of children.

holus, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum.
rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longe?

59

Sutor Cerdo dedit tibi, culta Bononia, munus,
fullo dedit Mutinae: nunc ubi copo dabit?

60

cum vocer ad cenam non iam venalis ut ante,
cur mihi non eadem quae tibi cena datur?
ostrea tu sumis stagno saturata Lucrino,
sugitur inciso mitulus ore mihi:
sunt tibi boleti, fungos ego sumo suillos:
res tibi cum rhombo est, at mihi cum sparulo.
aureus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet,
ponitur in cavea mortua pica mihi.
cur sine te ceno cum tecum, Pontice, cenem?
sportula quod non est, prosit: edamus idem.

61

Esse nihil dicis quidquid petis, improbe Cinna:
si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

60.5 suillos γ : pusi- Tβ

must to your painted villa.[a] Should this be called a place in the country or a townhouse out of town?

59

Cerdo the cobbler gave a show for you, elegant Bononia, a fuller gave one for Mutina; where now will the innkeeper give one?

60

Since I am no longer invited to dinner at a price as formerly,[b] why don't I get the same dinner as you? You take oysters fattened in the Lucrine pool, I cut my mouth sucking a mussel. You have mushrooms, I take pig fungi. You set to with turbot, I with bream. A golden turtle dove fills you up with its outsize rump, I am served with a magpie that died in its cage. Why do I dine without you, Ponticus, when I'm dining with you? Let the disappearance of the dole count for something; let's eat the same meal.

61

Unconscionable Cinna, whatever you ask for, you say it's nothing. Cinna, if you ask for nothing, nothing, Cinna, do I refuse you.

[a] Cf. 3.47.

[b] The money dole having been abolished; cf. 3.7.

62

Centenis quod emis pueros et saepe ducenis,
quod sub rege Numa condita vina bibis,
quod constat decies tibi non spatiosa supellex,
libra quod argenti milia quinque rapit,
aurea quod fundi pretio carruca paratur,
quod pluris mula est quam domus empta tibi:
haec animo credis magno te, Quinte, parare?
falleris: haec animus, Quinte, pusillus emit.

63

Cotile, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.
audio: sed quid sit dic mihi bellus homo.
'Bellus homo est, flexos qui digerit ordine crines,
balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet;
cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat,
qui movet in varios bracchia vulsa modos;
inter femineas tota qui luce cathedras
desidet atque aliqua semper in aure sonat,
qui legit hinc illinc missas scribitque tabellas;
pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti;
qui scit quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit,
Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.'
quid narras? hoc est, hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus?
res pertricosa est, Cotile, bellus homo.

---

[a] Quintus' extravagance does not proceed from a fine disregard for money but from a petty desire to flaunt his wealth.

62

You buy boys at a hundred thousand each, often two hundred, you drink wine laid down under King Numa, a modest spread of furniture costs you a million, a pound weight of silver snatches five thousand, a gilded coach is purchased for the price of a farm, your mule was bought for more than a house. Do you imagine that such acquisitions show a lofty mind, Quintus? You're wrong. They are the purchases of a petty mind, Quintus.[a]

63

Cotilus, you're a pretty fellow; many say so, Cotilus. I hear them; but tell me, what *is* a pretty fellow? "A pretty fellow curls his hair and arranges it carefully, always smells of balsam or cinnamon, hums tunes from the Nile and from Gades, moves his plucked arms in time with changing measures, lounges all day among ladies' chairs and is ever a-murmuring into some ear, reads billets sent from this quarter and that, and writes them, shrinks from the cloak on a neighbor's elbow,[b] knows who's in love with whom, scurries from dinner party to dinner party, has Hirpinus'[c] ancient pedigree by heart." What are you saying? Is this, is *this* a pretty fellow, Cotilus? A pretty fellow, Cotilus, is a very trashy article.

[b] For fear it should soil or disarrange his dress.

[c] A racehorse: Juv. 8.62.

64

Sirenas hilarem navigantium poenam
blandasque mortes gaudiumque crudele,
quas nemo quondam deserebat auditas,
fallax Ulixes dicitur reliquisse.
non miror: illud, Cassiane, mirarer,
si fabulantem Canium reliquisset.

65

Quod spirat tenera malum mordente puella,
quod de Corycio quae venit aura croco;
vinea quod primis floret cum cana racemis,
gramina quod redolent, quae modo carpsit ovis;
quod myrtus, quod messor Arabs, quod sucina trita,
pallidus Eoo ture quod ignis olet;
gleba quod aestivo leviter cum spargitur imbre,
quod madidas nardo passa corona comas:
hoc tua, saeve puer Diadumene, basia fragrant.
quid si tota dares illa sine invidia?

66

Par scelus admisit Phariis Antonius armis:
abscidit vultus ensis uterque sacros.
illud, laurigeros ageres cum laeta triumphos,
hoc tibi, Roma, caput, cum loquereris, erat.

---

[a] Or simply "talking."

[b] Mark Antony's murder of Cicero was as bad as Pothinus' murder of Pompey; cf. 5.69.

64

The Sirens, lightsome bane of mariners, their beguiling death and cruel delight, whom once heard no man deserted—wily Ulysses is said to have left them. I am not surprised. I *should* be surprised, Cassianus, if he had left Canius in the middle of a story.[a]

65

The scent of an apple as a young girl bites it, the fragrance that comes from Corycian saffron, the smell of a silvery vineyard flowering with the first clusters or grass that a sheep has freshly cropped, the odor of myrtle, of an Arabian harvester, of rubbed amber, of fire pallid with eastern incense, of turf lightly sprinkled with summer rain, of a garland that has rested on tresses wet with nard: such, Diadumenus, is the perfume of your kisses, cruel boy. What if you were to give them in their fulness, unstintingly?

66

Antony committed a crime equal to the weapon of Pharos.[b] Either sword cut off a sacred head.[c] The one, Rome, was yours when you joyfully celebrated laureled triumphs, the other when you spoke. Yet

[c] Pompey and Cicero were both decapitated. *Caput* also = "leading person."

Antoni tamen est peior quam causa Pothini:
hic facinus domino praestitit, ille sibi.

67

Cessatis, pueri, nihilque nostis,
Vatreno Rasinaque pigriores,
quorum per vada tarda navigantes
lentos tinguitis ad celeuma remos.
iam prono Phaethonte sudat Aethon
exarsitque dies et hora lassos
interiungit equos meridiana.
at vos tam placidas vagi per undas
tuta luditis otium carina.
non nautas puto vos, sed Argonautas.

68

Huc est usque tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus.
cui sint scripta rogas interiora? mihi.
gymnasium, thermae, stadium est hac parte: recede.
exuimur: nudos parce videre viros.
hinc iam deposito post vina rosasque pudore,
quid dicat nescit saucia Terpsichore,

67.2 Vatreno *Scriverius, ut Plin. N.H. 3.119, 120* : uaterno $\beta\gamma$ rasinaque β : res iniqu(a)e γ ("*num pro* Resinaque?" *Izaac*) 67.9 ducitis *Heinsius* 68.4 uiros Tβ : mares γ

---

[a] Lit. "you know nothing." The usual interpretation, "you know nothing about rowing," does not fit the context; cf. *SB*[3].

Antony's case is worse than Pothinus's: he did the deed for his master, Antony for himself.

67

You dawdle, fellows, dead to the world,[a] lazier than Vatrenus or Rasina,[b] moving through whose slow shallows you dip sluggish oars in time with the boatswain's call. Phaethon[c] is already on the downward slope and Aethon sweats. The day is ablaze and the hour of noon unharnesses tired horses. But wandering through these placid waters, you idle away your leisure on a safe keel. I take you, not for boatmen, but for Argonauts.[d]

68

Thus far, matron, my little book has been written for you. For whom are the latter parts written, you ask? For me. The gymnasium, the warm baths, the running track are in this portion. Retire; we are undressing. Forbear to look upon naked males. Henceforth tipsy Terpsichore, laying modesty aside after the wine and roses, knows not what she is

[b] Tributaries of the Po. The names are not certain.

[c] Here the Sun, as in Virg. *Aen.* 5.105, Homer's Ἠέλιος φαέθων.

[d] As though from ἀργός (argos), "slow," and ναῦται (nautai), "sailors." The pun is best left untranslated (cf. Ker's "not tars but tarriers").

schemate nec dubio, sed aperte nominat illam
quam recipit sexto mense superba Venus,
custodem medio statuit quam vilicus horto,
opposita spectat quam proba virgo manu.
si bene te novi, longum iam lassa libellum
ponebas, totum nunc studiosa leges.

69

Omnia quod scribis castis epigrammata verbis
inque tuis nulla est mentula carminibus,
admiror, laudo; nihil est te sanctius uno:
at mea luxuria pagina nulla vacat.
haec igitur nequam iuvenes facilesque puellae,
haec senior, sed quem torquet amica, legat.
at tua, Cosconi, venerandaque sanctaque verba
a pueris debent virginibusque legi.

70

Moechus es Aufidiae, qui vir, Scaevine, fuisti;
rivalis fuerat qui tuus, ille vir est.
cur aliena placet tibi, quae tua non placet, uxor?
numquid securus non potes arrigere?

71

Mentula cum doleat puero, tibi, Naevole, culus,
non sum divinus, sed scio quid facias.

---

[a] June or August (Sextilis)? This ceremony seems to be otherwise unattested.

saying, naming openly and with no ambiguous turn of phrase that object which Venus proudly welcomes in the sixth month,[a] which the bailiff sets for guard in the middle of the garden, which a good girl eyes behind her hand. If I know you well, you were already weary of the lengthy volume and putting it aside; but now you will read with interest to the end.

69

You write all your epigrams in chaste language, there is no cock in your poems. I admire, I commend. You are the purest of the pure. Whereas no page of mine lacks lubricity. These then let naughty youths read and easy girls, an old fellow too, but one with a mistress to plague him. But *your* language, Cosconius, so respectable and pure, should be read by boys and maidens.

70

You are Aufidia's lover, Scaevinus, who used to be her husband. Your rival that was, he is her husband now. Why does a woman attract you as somebody else's wife who doesn't attract you as your own? Can't you rise if there's nothing to be afraid of?

71

The boy's cock hurts him, Naevolus, your ring hurts you. I am no diviner, but I know what you are up to.

72

Vis futui nec vis mecum, Saufeia, lavari.
nescio quod magnum suspicor esse nefas.
aut tibi pannosae dependent pectore mammae,
aut sulcos uteri prodere nuda times,
aut infinito lacerum patet inguen hiatu,
aut aliquid cunni prominet ore tui.
sed nihil est horum, credo, pulcherrima nuda es.
si verum est, vitium peius habes: fatua es.

73

Dormis cum pueris mutuniatis,
et non stat tibi, Phoebe, quod stat illis.
quid vis me, rogo, Phoebe, suspicari?
mollem credere te virum volebam,
sed rumor negat esse te cinaedum.

74

Psilothro faciem levas et dropace calvam.
numquid tonsorem, Gargiliane, times?
quid facient ungues? nam certe non potes illos
resina Veneto nec resecare luto.
desine, si pudor est, miseram traducere calvam:
hoc fieri cunno, Gargiliane, solet.

73.2 phoebe β : galle γ

72

You want to be fucked, Saufeia, and you don't want to take a bath with me. I suspect there's something here very bad indeed. Either your breasts hang from your bosom like rags, or you're afraid of betraying your belly's furrows in the nude, or your split groin yawns with a bottomless cavern, or something protrudes from the mouth of your cunt. Oh, but there's nothing like that, I'm sure, you are most beautiful in the nude. If that's true,[a] Saufeia, you have a worse blemish: you're a ninny.

73

You sleep with well-endowed boys, Phoebus, and what stands for them doesn't stand for you. Phoebus, I ask you, what do you wish me to suspect? I wanted to believe you an effeminate, but rumor says you are no queen.

74

You smooth your face with psilothron and your bald pate with dropax.[b] Are you afraid of the barber, Gargilianus? How about your nails? You certainly can't trim *them* with resin or Venice clay. For shame, stop making a show of your wretched pate. This is what is usually done with a cunt, Gargilianus.

[a] Not "if there really is anything."
[b] Depilatories.

75

Stare, Luperce, tibi iam pridem mentula desît,
luctaris demens tu tamen arrigere.
sed nihil erucae faciunt bulbique salaces
improba nec prosunt iam satureia tibi.
coepisti puras opibus corrumpere buccas:
sic quoque non vivit sollicitata Venus.
mirari satis hoc quisquam vel credere possit,
quod non stat, magno stare, Luperce, tibi?

76

Arrigis ad vetulas, fastidis, Basse, puellas,
nec formosa tibi sed moritura placet.
hic, rogo, non furor est, non haec est mentula demens?
cum possis Hecaben, non potes Andromachen.

77

Nec mullus nec te delectat, Baetice, turdus,
nec lepus est umquam nec tibi gratus aper;
nec te liba iuvant nec sectae quadra placentae,
nec Libye mittit nec tibi Phasis aves:
capparin et putri cepas allece natantis
et pulpam dubio de petasone voras,
teque iuvant gerres et pelle melandrya cana,
resinata bibis vina, Falerna fugis.

---

[a] Not elsewhere known as an aphrodisiac. Confusion with *satyrion* (see *OLD*) is suspected.

75

Your cock gave up standing long ago, Lupercus, and yet, crazy that you are, you struggle to rise. But rocket and lascivious onions have no effect, nor does shameless savory[a] help you any more. You have started corrupting pure mouths with your money; even so the badgered part doesn't come alive. Could anyone wonder enough at this or believe it? What doesn't stand, Lupercus, stands you in for a bundle.[b]

76

You rise at old women, Bassus, you despise girls; not beauty but approaching death attracts you. I ask, is this not madness, is this not a crazy cock? You can do Hecuba, but you can't do Andromache.

77

Mullet does not please you, Baeticus, neither does thrush. You never care for hare, nor boar either. Cookies are not to your liking nor squares of cut cake, neither do Libya and Phasis send their birds[c] for you. You devour capers and onions afloat in putrid fish sauce and flesh from a dubious ham. Sprats are to your liking and white-skinned hearts-of-oak;[d] you drink resinated wine, but shun Faler-

[b] *Stat* = "stands," *magno stare* = "cost a lot."

[c] Guinea fowl and pheasants.

[d] The inferior parts of tunny salted, and called "heart of oak" from its appearance: Pliny *N.H.* 9.18.

nescio quod stomachi vitium secretius esse
suspicor: ut quid enim, Baetice, σαπροφαγεῖς?

78

Minxisti currente semel, Pauline, carina.
meiere vis iterum? iam Palinurus eris.

79

Rem peragit nullam Sertorius, inchoat omnes.
hunc ego, cum futuit, non puto perficere.

80

De nullo loqueris, nulli maledicis, Apici:
rumor ait linguae te tamen esse malae.

81

Quid cum femineo tibi, Baetice galle, barathro?
haec debet medios lambere lingua viros.
abscisa est quare Samia tibi mentula testa,
si tibi tam gratus, Baetice, cunnus erat?
castrandum caput est: nam sis licet inguine gallus,
sacra tamen Cybeles decipis: ore vir es.

77.10 σαπροφαγεῖς *Friedländer* : saprophagis $\beta\gamma$
80.1 loqueris T : quereris $\beta\gamma$

nian. I suspect you have some private stomach trouble. For why else, Baeticus, do you eat rot?

78

You pissed once, Paulinus, as the ship ran on. Do you want to piss again? That will make you a Palinurus.[a]

79

Sertorius finishes nothing, starts everything. When he fornicates, I don't suppose he completes.

80

You talk of nobody, Apicius, speak ill of nobody; yet rumor says you have an evil tongue.

81

What concern have you, eunuch[b] Baeticus, with the feminine abyss? This tongue of yours should be licking male middles. Why was your cock cut off with a Samian shard if you were so fond of a cunt, Baeticus? Your head should be castrated. You may be a eunuch loinwise, but you cheat Cybele's rites. With your mouth you're a man.

[a] Palinurus was the helmsman of Aeneas. The word παλίνουρος (palinouros) may also be translated "one who makes water again." For a similar pun on Argonauts, cf. 3.67.

[b] See 2.45n.

82

Conviva quisquis Zoili potest esse,
Summemmianas cenet inter uxores
curtaque Ledae sobrius bibat testa;
hoc esse levius puriusque contendo.
iacet occupato galbinatus in lecto
cubitisque trudit hinc et inde convivas
effultus ostro Sericisque pulvillis.
stat exoletus suggeritque ructanti
pinnas rubentes cuspidesque lentisci,
et aestuanti tenue ventilat frigus
supina prasino concubina flabello,
fugatque muscas myrtea puer virga.
percurrit agili corpus arte tractatrix
manumque doctam spargit omnibus membris;
digiti crepantis signa novit eunuchus
et delicatae sciscitator urinae
domini bibentis ebrium regit penem.
at ipse retro flexus ad pedum turbam
inter catellas anserum exta lambentis
partitur apri glandulas palaestritis
et concubino turturum natis donat;
Ligurumque nobis saxa cum ministrentur
vel cocta fumis musta Massilitanis,
Opimianum morionibus nectar

82.7 puluillis γ : puluinis β

BOOK III

82

Whoever can stand dinner with Zoilus, let him dine among Summemmius' wives[a] and drink sober from Leda's[b] broken jar. That would be easier and cleaner, I'll be bound. Clothed in green[c] he lies filling up the couch and thrusts his guests on either hand with his elbows, propped up on purples and silk cushions. A youth stands by, supplying red feathers and slips of mastic[d] as he belches, while a concubine, lying on her back, makes a gentle breeze with a green fan to relieve his heat, and a boy keeps off the flies with a sprig of myrtle. A masseuse runs over his frame nimbly and skilfully, scattering an expert hand over all his limbs. The eunuch knows the signal of his snapping finger and probes the coy urine, guiding a tipsy penis as his master drinks. But himself, bending back toward the crowd at his feet, in the midst of lapdogs who are gnawing goose livers, divides a boar's sweetbreads among his wrestling-coaches and bestows turtle rumps on his fancy-boy. While *we* are served with the produce of Liguria's rocks or must cooked in Massiliot smoke,[e] he pledges his naturals in Opimian nectar with

[a] Cf. 1.34.6n.
[b] A prostitute.
[c] Cf. 1.96.9n.
[d] Toothpicks; cf. 14.22.
[e] Cf. 10.36.

crystallinisque murrinisque propinat,
et Cosmianis ipse fuscus ampullis
non erubescit murice aureo nobis
dividere moechae pauperis capillare.
septunce multo deinde perditus stertit:
nos accubamus et silentium rhonchis
praestare iussi nutibus propinamus.
hos malchionis patimur improbi fastus,
nec vindicari, Rufe, possumus: fellat.

83

Ut faciam breviora mones epigrammata, Corde.
'fac mihi quod Chione': non potui brevius.

84

Quid narrat tua moecha? non puellam
dixi, Gongylion. quid ergo? linguam.

82.26 fuscus γ : -cis β : fusus ς 82.33 uindicari β : -re γ

crystal and murrine cups. Himself dusky with Cosmus' phials, he does not blush to distribute a needy drab's hair oil among us out of a gold shell. Then he snores, sunk by many a half pint. We lie by, with orders not to interrupt the snorts, and pledge each other with nods. This insolence of an outrageous cad[a] we suffer and cannot retaliate,[b] Rufus: he sucks, males.

83

You tell me to write shorter epigrams, Cordus. "Do for me what Chione does."[c] That's as short as I could make it.

84

"What does your wife's female lover[d] have to tell?" I was not referring to a girl, Gongylion. What then? Your tongue.

[a] According to Greek glossaries, *malchio* = a nasty fellow. The name is found in inscriptions.

[b] *Irrumando.*

[c] Cf. 3.87 and 97.

[d] Cf. *tui Deiphobi* in the next epigram and SB^3 (add Sen. *Contr.* 1.4.1 *adulteros meos*). The feminine is due to *linguam*, Gongylion's own tongue. According to the usual translation ("your drab" et sim.), the *fellatrix* is a woman "of easy virtue" with whom Gongylion is involved.

85

Quis tibi persuasit naris abscidere moecho?
non hac peccatum est parte, marite, tibi.
stulte, quid egisti? nihil hic tua perdidit uxor,
cum sit salva tui mentula Deiphobi.

86

Ne legeres partem lascivi, casta, libelli,
praedixi et monui: tu tamen, ecce, legis.
sed si Panniculum spectas et, casta, Latinum, —
non sunt haec mimis improbiora — lege.

87

Narrat te rumor, Chione, numquam esse fututam
atque nihil cunno purius esse tuo.
tecta tamen non hac, qua debes, parte lavaris:
si pudor est, transfer subligar in faciem.

88

Sunt gemini fratres, diversa sed inguina lingunt.
dicite, dissimiles sunt magis an similes?

85.3 tua $\beta\gamma$: tibi T

85

Who persuaded you to cut off the adulterer's nose? No offence against you has been committed by this part, my good husband. Idiot, what have you done? Your wife has lost nothing here, since your Deiphobus'[a] cock is safe and sound.

86

I told you beforehand, warned you,[b] virtuous lady, not to read part of my frolicsome little book; nonetheless, look, you are reading it. But if you watch Panniculus, virtuous lady, and Latinus— these things are no more outrageous than the mimes—read away.

87

Rumor has it, Chione, that you have never been fucked and that nothing is purer than your cunt. And yet you cover the wrong part when you take a bath. For shame, move your panties to your face.

88

They are twin brothers, but they lick different organs.[c] Say, are they more like or unlike?

[a] Son of Priam, who took over Helen after the death of his brother Paris. When the Greeks captured Troy, he was mutilated and killed by Menelaus; cf. Virg. *Aen.* 6.494ff.

[b] In 3.68.

[c] Alter marium, alter feminarum.

89

Utere lactucis et mollibus utere malvis:
nam faciem durum, Phoebe, cacantis habes.

90

Vult, non vult dare Galla mihi, nec dicere possum,
quod vult et non vult, quid sibi Galla velit.

91

Cum peteret patriae missicius arva Ravennae,
semiviro Cybeles cum grege iunxit iter.
huic comes haerebat domini fugitivus Achillas,
insignis forma nequitiaque puer.
hoc steriles sensere viri: qua parte cubaret
quaerunt. sed tacitos sensit et ille dolos:
mentitur, credunt. somni post vina petuntur:
continuo ferrum noxia turba rapit
exciduntque senem spondae qui parte iacebat;
namque puer pluteo vindice tutus erat.

89

Try lettuces and try soft mallows, for you have the face, Phoebus, of a man shitting hard.[a]

90

Galla wants and doesn't want to oblige me, nor can I say, since she wants and doesn't want, what Galla means.[b]

91

A discharged soldier, on his way to the fields of his native Ravenna, fell in with Cybele's emasculate gang. He had a travelling companion, a lad called Achillas, who had run away from his master, remarkable for his good looks and his naughty ways. The sterile gentry noticed. They asked on which side he slept. But he for his part saw through their wiles. He lied and they believed him. After wine they head for sleep. Forthwith the wicked crew snatch a knife and castrate the old fellow, who was lying on the outer side,[c] while the boy was safe against the

[a] The same cast of countenance was ascribed to the Emperor Vespasian: Suet. *Vesp.* 20.

[b] Play on the normal meaning of *quid sibi velit*, "what she means," and the literal, "what she wants for herself."

[c] *Spondae parte* = "on the part (of the bed) that was the *sponda*," the outer part.

suppositam quondam fama est pro virgine cervam,
at nunc pro cervo mentula supposita est.

92

Ut patiar moechum rogat uxor, Galle, sed unum.
huic ego non oculos eruo, Galle, duos?

93

Cum tibi trecenti consules, Vetustilla,
et tres capilli quattuorque sint dentes,
pectus cicadae, crus colorque formicae;
rugosiorem cum geras stola frontem
et araneorum cassibus pares mammas;
cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habeat corcodilus angusta,
meliusque ranae garriant Ravennates,
et Atrianus dulcius culix cantet,
videasque quantum noctuae vident mane,
et illud oleas quod viri capellarum,
et anatis habeas orthopygium macrae,
senemque Cynicum vincat osseus cunnus;
cum te lucerna balneator extincta
admittat inter bustuarias moechas;
cum bruma mensem sit tibi per Augustum
regelare nec te pestilentia possit:

bedframe. The story goes that a deer was once substituted for a girl;[a] but now a cock has been substituted for a stag.[b]

92

My wife asks me, Gallus, to tolerate a lover, just one. Shall I not gouge out both his eyes?[c]

93

You have three hundred consuls,[d] Vetustilla, and three hairs and four teeth, with the bosom of a grasshopper and the leg and complexion of an ant. You bear a forehead more wrinkled than a stole and breasts like spiders' webs. Compared with your jaws a Nile crocodile has a narrow mouth, the frogs of Ravenna chatter more agreeably, and the gnat of Atria sings sweeter. You see as well as owls in the morning, you smell like the husbands of the nanny goats, you have the rump of a lean duck and your bony cunt would defeat an aged Cynic. The bathman lets you in among the tomb-haunting whores only after putting out his lantern. For you winter goes on all through August and cannot defrost you

[a] Iphigenia, when her father Agamemnon was about to sacrifice her.

[b] A runaway slave was called "a stag" because of its speed. Cf. Festus 460 (Lindsay).

[c] I.e. testicles? But *oculi* does not seem to be so used elsewhere.

[d] I.e. a great number of years.

audes ducentas nupturire post mortes
virumque demens cineribus tuis quaeris.
prurire quid si Sattiae velit saxum?
quis coniugem te, quis vocabit uxorem,
Philomelus aviam quam vocaverat nuper?
quod si cadaver exiges tuum scalpi,
sternatur †acori† de triclinio lectus,
thalassionem qui tuum decet solus,
ustorque taedas praeferat novae nuptae:
intrare in istum sola fax potest cunnum.

94

Esse negas coctum leporem poscisque flagella.
mavis, Rufe, cocum scindere quam leporem.

95

Numquam dicis have sed reddis, Naevole, semper,
quod prior et corvus dicere saepe solet.
cur hoc expectas a me, rogo, Naevole, dicas:
nam, puto, nec melior, Naevole, nec prior es.
praemia laudato tribuit mihi Caesar uterque
natorumque dedit iura paterna trium.

93.18 nupturire *Iunius* : -tuire Tγ : -tumire β
93.20 Sattiae *Housman* : satiae β : satiare *vel sim.* γ
95.3 expectas Tγ : -tes β

even with a pestilence. And after burying two hundred husbands you have the impudence to want to marry and the folly to look for a man to partner your ashes. What if Sattia's[a] tombstone should choose to itch? Who will call you spouse or wife, whom Philomelus had lately called grandmother? But if you demand that your carcase be scratched, let a couch be spread from Acorus'[b] dining room (no other bed suits your bridal) and let the cremator bear torches before the newly wed. Only a firebrand can enter that cunt of yours.

94

You say the hare is undercooked and call for a whip, Rufus; you would rather cut up your cook than your hare.

95

You never say good day, Naevolus, you always return it, though even a crow often says it first. Please tell me, Naevolus, why you expect this of me. As I suppose, you are neither a better man than I nor my superior, Naevolus. Both Caesars have praised and rewarded me, and given me the status

[a] A Roman lady who died in Claudius' reign aged ninety-nine and proud of it; cf. Pliny *N.H.* 7.158; Sen. *Epist.* 77.20.

[b] The name, if it is a name, is a mystery. Perhaps read *Orci* (Roeper) = Pluto's.

ore legor multo notumque per oppida nomen
non expectato dat mihi fama rogo.
est et in hoc aliquid: vidit me Roma tribunum
et sedeo qua te suscitat Oceanus.
quot mihi Caesareo facti sunt munere cives
nec famulos totidem suspicor esse tibi.
sed pedicaris, sed pulchre, Naevole, ceves.
iam iam tu prior es, Naevole; vincis: have.

96

Lingis, non futuis meam puellam
et garris quasi moechus et fututor.
si te prendero, Gargili, tacebis.

97

Ne legat hunc Chione, mando tibi, Rufe, libellum.
carmine laesa meo est: laedere et illa potest.

98

Sit culus tibi quam macer, requiris?
pedicare potes, Sabelle, culo.

of father of three children.[a] I have many readers and fame, without waiting for me to die, gives me a name well-known up and down the towns. This too counts for something: Rome has seen me tribune, and I sit where Oceanus[b] turns you out. I have made more citizens by Caesar's bounty, I suspect, than you have slaves. But you are sodomized, Naevolus, and agitate your bottom to admiration. Ah, *now* you're my superior, Naevolus, you win: good day!

96

You don't fuck my girl, you lick her, and you talk like a lover and fucker. If I catch you, Gargilius, you'll shut up.[c]

97

I charge you, Rufus, don't let Chione read this book. She has been hurt by my verse,[d] and she too can hurt.[e]

98

You ask how lean is your arse, Sabellus? You can sodomize with your arse.

[a] See 2.91.6n.
[b] Attendant in the theater: cf. 5.23.4; 6.9.2.
[c] I.e. your tongue will be otherwise employed.
[d] Cf. 3.83 and 87.
[e] As by kissing or using the same bath.

99

Irasci nostro non debes, Cerdo, libello.
ars tua, non vita est carmine laesa meo.
innocuos permitte sales. cur ludere nobis
non liceat, licuit si iugulare tibi?

100

Cursorem sexta tibi, Rufe, remisimus hora,
carmina quem madidum nostra tulisse reor:
imbribus immodicis caelum nam forte ruebat.
non aliter mitti debuit ille liber.

99

You ought not to be angry, Cerdo, with my little book. Your craft has been wounded by my verse,[a] not your reputation. Permit harmless jests. Why should I not be allowed to joke, if you were allowed to slaughter?

100

I sent your runner back to you at midday, Rufus, and I imagine he was wet through when he brought my verses, for the sky happened to be pouring with torrential rain. That book deserved to be sent in no other way.[b]

[a] In 3.16.

[b] The contents were fit only to be washed out; cf. 1.5.2; 4.10.5; 5.53.4; 9.58.7f; 14.196.2.

LIBER IV

1

Caesaris alma dies et luce sacratior illa
conscia Dictaeum qua tulit Ida Iovem,
longa, precor, Pylioque veni numerosior aevo,
semper et hoc vultu vel meliore nite.
hic colat Albano Tritonida multus in auro
perque manus tantas plurima quercus eat;
hic colat ingenti redeuntia saecula lustro
et quae Romuleus sacra Tarentos habet.
magna quidem, superi, petimus sed debita terris:
pro tanto quae sunt improba vota deo?

---

[a] Domitian was born on 24 October 51.

[b] Nestor's.

[c] Domitian founded a quinquennial contest in poetry, riding, and athletics held on the Capitol in honor of

BOOK IV

1

Come, Caesar's life-giving day,[a] more hallowed than that dawn on which Ida did privily bear the weight of Dictaean Jove, last you long, I pray, and come in greater number than the Pylian[b] span; ever shine with your countenance of today or one fairer still. Often may he honor the Tritonian in Alban gold, and may full many an oak wreath pass through those mighty hands.[c] May he honor the cycles as they return in their vast periods[d] and the rites that Romulean Tarentos observes. 'Tis much, you High Ones, that we ask, but 'tis earth's due. For so great a god what prayers are extravagant?

Jupiter, at which he wore a wreath of golden oak leaves with figures of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva (Suet. *Dom.* 4.4). He also founded an annual poetical contest in honor of Minerva, held at his Alban villa, with wreaths of golden olive leaves for the winners. The Emperor's wreath will have been different (cf. 9.23.6), but also of gold.

[d] Every hundred or hundred and ten years, nominally. The ceremonies took place at a locality in the Campus Martius called Tarentum or Tarentos; see J. G. Frazer, *The Fasti of Ovid*, II, 191–198. Domitian celebrated a cycle in 87.

2

Spectabat modo solus inter omnes
nigris munus Horatius lacernis,
cum plebs et minor ordo maximusque
sancto cum duce candidus sederet.
toto nix cecidit repente caelo:
albis spectat Horatius lacernis.

3

Aspice quam densum tacitarum vellus aquarum
defluat in vultus Caesaris inque sinus.
indulget tamen ille Iovi, nec vertice moto
concretas pigro frigore ridet aquas,
sidus Hyperborei solitus lassare Bootae
et madidis Helicen dissimulare comis.
quis siccis lascivit aquis et ab aethere ludit?
suspicor has pueri Caesaris esse nives.

4

Quod sicca redolet palus lacuna,
crudarum nebulae quod Albularum,
piscinae vetus aura quod marinae,
quod pressa piger hircus in capella,
lassi vardaicus quod evocati,

4.1 sicca . . . lacuna *scripsi* : sica . . . -nae T : siccae . . . -nae $\beta\gamma$

2

Horatius was watching the show just now in a black cloak, the only one in the entire assembly, while the common folk and the lesser order and the greatest[a] sat dressed in white together with our revered Leader. Suddenly snow fell from the whole sky. Horatius watches in a white cloak.

3

See how dense a fleece of silent waters flows down on Caesar's countenance and bosom. Yet he humors Jove, and without moving his head laughs at the moisture congealed by paralyzing frost. For he is wont with dripping locks to weary the stars of Hyperborean Bootes and ignore Helice. Who sports with dry waters and plays games from heaven? I suspect these snows come from Caesar's child.[b]

4

The odor given off by a marsh from its dry bed,[c] or the vapors of raw Albulae, or the stale reek of a salt-water fishpond, or a sluggish billy goat on top of his nanny, or the boot of a weary veteran, or a fleece

[a] Knights and senators.

[b] Who died in infancy and is assumed to have been deified.

[c] Or, with the vulgate *siccae ... lacernae*, "by the rushes of a dry hole."

quod bis murice vellus inquinatum,
quod ieiunia sabbatariarum,
maestorum quod anhelitus reorum,
quod spurcae moriens lucerna Ledae,
quod ceromata faece de Sabina,
quod vulpis fuga, viperae cubile,
mallem quam quod oles olere, Bassa.

5

Vir bonus et pauper linguaque et pectore verus,
quid tibi vis, urbem qui, Fabiane, petis?
qui nec leno potes nec comissator haberi,
nec pavidos tristi voce citare reos,
nec potes uxorem cari corrumpere amici,
nec potes algentes arrigere ad vetulas,
vendere nec vanos circa Palatia fumos,
plaudere nec Cano, plaudere nec Glaphyro;
unde miser vives? 'homo certus, fidus amicus —'
hoc nihil est: numquam sic Philomelus eris.

5.7 circa T : circum $\beta\gamma$

twice stained with purple dye,[a] or the Sabbath fastings of Jewish women, or the sighs of unhappy men on trial, or the sputtering lamp of dirty Leda, or wrestlers' mud from Sabine dregs, or a fox in flight,[b] or a viper's lair—I would sooner smell of any of these than of your smell, Bassa.

5

An honest man and a poor one, true-tongued and true-hearted, you are heading for Rome: what are you thinking of, Fabianus? You can't figure as a pimp or a reveller,[c] nor summon trembling defendants in a voice of doom, nor can you seduce a dear friend's wife, nor can you rise for chilly old hags, nor sell empty smoke[d] around the Palace, nor clap for Canus, nor clap for Glaphyrus.[e] What will you live on, poor soul? "A man of his word, a loyal friend"—there's nothing to that. You'll never be a Philomelus[f] that way.

[a] The purple dye extracted from a shellfish (*murex*) gave garments a disagreeable smell; cf. 1.49.32; 9.62.

[b] Foxes in flight were believed to emit a stench to check their pursuers.

[c] Apparently a professional partygoer or parasite, whose social talents enabled him to dine at other people's expense.

[d] Proverbial, of making empty promises.

[e] Musical artists.

[f] Cf. 3.31.6.

6

Credi virgine castior pudica
et frontis tenerae cupis videri,
cum sis improbior, Malisiane,
quam qui compositos metro Tibulli
in Stellae recitat domo libellos.

7

Cur, here quod dederas, hodie, puer Hylle, negasti,
durus tam subito, qui modo mitis eras?
sed iam causaris barbamque annosque pilosque.
o nox, quam longa es, quae facis una senem!
quid nos derides? herę qui puer, Hylle, fuisti,
dic nobis, hodie qua ratione vir es?

8

Prima salutantes atque altera conterit hora,
exercet raucos tertia causidicos,
in quintam varios extendit Roma labores,
sexta quies lassis, septima finis erit,
sufficit in nonam nitidis octava palaestris,
imperat extructos frangere nona toros:
hora libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum,
temperat ambrosias cum tua cura dapes

---

[a] Stella was an elegiac poet (Stat. *Silv.* 1.2.7); to try to rival him in his own house would be the acme of impudence.

6

You want to be thought more chaste than a modest maiden, a shrinking violet, Malisianus, when you are more impudent than one who in Stella's house recites books composed in Tibullus' meter.[a]

7

Why did you refuse today what you granted yesterday, Hyllus boy, so suddenly cruel who were lately kind? But now you plead beard and years and hair. What a long night, one night, to make an old man! Why do you mock me? Yesterday you were a boy, Hyllus. Tell me, how do you come to be a man today?

8

The first hour[b] and the second tires out callers, the third busies hoarse barristers, Rome stretches her various tasks until the fifth,[c] the sixth will be rest for the weary, the seventh the end thereof.[d] The eighth to the ninth suffices for the oily wrestling bouts. The ninth commands us to crush the piled-up couches.[e] The tenth, Euphemus, is the hour of my little books, when your care governs the ambrosial

[b] After daybreak.
[c] I.e. the end of it.
[d] Siesta time, the hours before and after noon.
[e] The ninth (i.e. the end of it) was dinner time.

et bonus aetherio laxatur nectare Caesar
ingentique tenet pocula parca manu.
tunc admitte iocos: gressu timet ire licenti
ad matutinum nostra Thalia Iovem.

9

Sotae filia clinici, Labulla,
deserto sequeris Clytum marito
et donas et amas: ἔχεις ἀσώτως.

10

Dum novus est nec adhuc rasa mihi fronte libellus,
pagina dum tangi non bene sicca timet,
i puer et caro perfer leve munus amico,
qui meruit nugas primus habere meas.
curre, sed instructus: comitetur Punica librum
spongea: muneribus convenit illa meis.
non possunt nostros multae, Faustine, liturae
emendare iocos: una litura potest.

11

Dum nimium vano tumefactus nomine gaudes
et Saturninum te, miser, esse pudet,

feast and kindly Caesar relaxes with celestial nectar, holding temperate cups in his mighty hand. Then let in the jests. My Thalia is afraid to approach with presumptious step a matutinal Jove.

9

Daughter of Doctor Sotas, Labulla, you leave your husband to pursue Clytus, you give him presents and love. You are not like Sotas.[a]

10

While my little book is new, the edges not yet trimmed and the page, still damp, afraid to be touched, go, my lad, and take a small present to a dear friend, who deserves to be the first to have my trifles. Run, but go equipped. Let a Punic sponge accompany the book, it suits my gift. Many erasures cannot mend my jests, Faustinus, but one erasure can.

11

Puffed up and delighting overmuch in an empty name,[b] and ashamed, wretch, to be Saturninus, you

[a] A pun; the Greek would ordinarily mean "you act dissolutely."

[b] Antonius, the same as the triumvir's. His full name was L. Antonius Saturninus, whereas the triumvir had no cognomen.

impia Parrhasia movisti bella sub ursa,
qualia qui Phariae coniugis arma tulit.
exciderat ne adeo fatum tibi nominis huius,
obruit Actiaci quod gravis ira freti?
an tibi promisit Rhenus quod non dedit illi
Nilus, et Arctois plus licuisset aquis?
ille etiam nostris Antonius occidit armis,
qui tibi collatus, perfide, Caesar erat.

12

Nulli, Thai, negas; sed si te non pudet istud,
hoc saltem pudeat, Thai, negare nihil.

13

Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit Peregrina Pudenti:
macte esto taedis, o Hymenaee, tuis.
tam bene rara suo miscentur cinnama nardo,
Massica Theseis tam bene vina favis;
nec melius teneris iunguntur vitibus ulmi,
nec plus lotos aquas, litora myrtus amat.
candida, perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa iugo:
diligat illa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
tum quoque, cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

11.8 et] ut *tempt.* SB^1

---

[a] Cleopatra. Antony and Cleopatra were defeated by Caesar Octavian (later Augustus) at the battle of Actium, 31 B.C.

stirred up impious war beneath the Parrhasian bear like him who bore the arms of a Pharian consort.[a] Had you so completely forgotten the fate of this name, which the fearsome wrath of the Actian strait overwhelmed? Or did Rhine promise you what Nile did not give him, and was it likely that Arctic waters would be granted greater license? Even that other Antony fell to our arms, who compared to you, traitor, was a Caesar.

12

You refuse nobody, Thais; but if you are not ashamed of that, then at least be ashamed of this, Thais: you refuse nothing.[b]

13

Rufus, Claudia Peregrina marries my Pudens. A blessing, Hymen, on your torches! Even so happily is cinnamon mingled with its nard, even so happily Massic wines with Theseus' honeycombs. No more apt is the joining of elms with tender vines, nor does the lotus more love the waters or the myrtle the shore. Fair Harmony, dwell always in their bed and let Venus ever favor so well-matched a pair. Let her love him when one day he is old; but for her part, let her not seem old to her husband, even when old she is.

[b] Cf. 12.71,79.

14

Sili, Castalidum decus sororum,
qui periuria barbari furoris
ingenti premis ore perfidosque
astus Hannibalis levisque Poenos
magnis cedere cogis Africanis:
paulum seposita severitate,
dum blanda vagus alea December
incertis sonat hinc et hinc fritillis
et ludit tropa nequiore talo,
nostris otia commoda Camenis.
nec torva lege fronte, sed remissa
lacivis madidos iocis libellos.
sic forsan tener ausus est Catullus
magno mittere Passerem Maroni.

15

Mille tibi nummos hesterna luce roganti
in sex aut septem, Maeciliane, dies
'non habeo' dixi: sed tu causatus amici
adventum lancem paucaque vasa rogas.
stultus es? an stultum me credis, amice? negavi
mille tibi nummos, milia quinque dabo?

14.7 uagus γ : u- piger β 14.9 tropa *Brodaeus* : popa β : rota γ 15.2 Maeciliane *scripsi* : mecil- E : mececil- (caecil- *in lemm.*) : cecil- α : c(a)ecil- β : Caecil- *vulg.* (*cf.* 1.73.2)

14

Silius, ornament of the Castalian sisterhood, who crush with mighty mouth the perjuries of barbarian rage and Hannibal's perfidious wiles, forcing the light Carthaginians to yield to the great Africani:[a] lay aside your gravity for the nonce, and while December goes hither and thither with his seductive hazard and on all hands the doubtful dice boxes clatter and tropa[b] plays with yet naughtier knucklebones, lend your leisure to my Muses. Be your brow not grim but relaxed as you read my little books, all steeped in wanton jests. Thus, it may be, did tender Catullus venture to send his Sparrow to great Maro.[c]

15

When you asked me yesterday for the loan of a thousand sesterces for six or seven days, Maecilianus, I said "Don't have it." But now on the pretext of a friend's visit you ask me for a dish and a few utensils. Are you an idiot? Or do you take me for an idiot, my friend? I refused you a thousand sesterces; am I about to give you five thousand?

[a] In his epic on the Second Punic War. In fact, this includes only the elder Scipio Africanus, not the younger.

[b] *Tropa* was the game of pitching knucklebones into a hole, or the mouth of a jar (Pers. 3.50).

[c] Cf. 1.7.5n. Actually, Virgil was a child when Catullus wrote his poems.

16

Privignum non esse tuae te, Galle, novercae
rumor erat, coniunx dum fuit illa patris.
non tamen hoc poterat vivo genitore probari.
iam nusquam pater est, Galle, noverca domi est.
magnus ab infernis revocetur Tullius umbris
et te defendat Regulus ipse licet,
non potes absolvi: nam quae non desinit esse
post patrem, numquam, Galle, noverca fuit.

17

Facere in Lyciscam, Paule, me iubes versus,
quibus illa lectis rubeat et sit irata.
o Paule, malus es: irrumare vis solus.

18

Qua vicina pluit Vipsanis porta columnis
et madet assiduo lubricus imbre lapis,
in iugulum pueri, qui roscida tecta subibat,
decidit hiberno praegravis unda gelu:
cumque peregisset miseri crudelia fata,
tabuit in calido vulnere mucro tener.
quid non saeva sibi voluit Fortuna licere?
aut ubi non mors est, si iugulatis aquae?

---

[a] *Irrumare* takes the place of the expected *futuere*. It is not implied that the poet practiced the former (SB^3).

16

Rumor had it that you were not your stepmother's stepson while she was your father's wife, Gallus. But this could not be proved in your parent's lifetime. Now your father is nowhere, Gallus, and your stepmother lives in your house. Though great Tullius be called back from the shades below and Regulus himself defend you, you cannot be acquitted. For a woman who does not cease to be a stepmother after the father's death never was one.

17

You tell me to make up verses against Lycisca, Paulus, such that when she reads them she'll blush and wax angry. Paulus, you're a villain. You want to—give her suck[a] all by yourself.

18

Where the gate[b] drips down next the Vipsanian columns and the stone is wet and slippery with the constant fall, water heavy with winter ice descended on a boy's throat as he was passing below the dewy arch. Having wrought the cruel death of the hapless child, the tender blade melted in the warm wound. What license has savage Fortune not willed herself? Or where is death not present, if waters cut throats?

[b] Some archway in the region of the Campus Agrippae, over which passed an aqueduct, perhaps the Aqua Virgo; cf. 3.47.

19

Hanc tibi Sequanicae pinguem textricis alumnam,
quae Lacedaemonium barbara nomen habet,
sordida, sed gelido non aspernanda Decembri
dona, peregrinam mittimus endromida:
seu lentum ceroma teris, tepidumve trigona
sive harpasta manu pulverulenta rapis,
plumea seu laxi partiris pondera follis,
sive levem curcu vincere quaeris Athan,
ne madidos intret penetrabile frigus in artus
neve gravis subita te premat Iris aqua.
ridebis ventos hoc munere tectus et imbris
nec sic in Tyria sindone tutus eris.

20

Dicit se vetulam, cum sit Caerellia pupa:
pupam se dicit Gellia, cum sit anus.
ferre nec hanc possis, possis, Colline, nec illam:
altera ridicula est, altera putidula.

19.12 sindone T : sid- $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] *Ceroma*, a muddy substance containing oil, coating the floor of a wrestling ring. The athletes rubbed their bodies with it.

19

This thick nursling of a Sequanian weaving-woman, that though barbarian bears the name of Lacedaemon, an uncouth present, yet not to be despised in chill December, this I send you—a wrap from foreign parts. Whether you rub on the sticky wrestler's mud,[a] or catch the warm trigon or the dusty harpastum, or toss the feathery weight of the flabby follis to and fro,[b] or seek to run faster than nimble Athas, it will stop the piercing cold from entering your damp limbs or pregnant Iris[c] coming down on you with a sudden shower. Sheltered by this gift, you will laugh at winds and rains; nor will you be so safe in Tyrian muslin.

20

Caerellia says she's an old lady, though she's just a doll. Gellia says she's a doll, though she's an old woman. One can't abide either of the two, Collinus: one is absurd, the other nauseating.

[b] Whether you wrestle or play at ball. Three balls are mentioned. The *trigon* was a small handball bandied by players standing in a triangle; the *harpastum* a similar ball scrambled for by two sets of players: it was a dusty game. The *follis* was a large ball filled with air and struck with the hand. See generally 14.45–48.

[c] The goddess of the rainbow, which was believed to absorb moisture and return it as rain.

21

Nullos esse deos, inane caelum
affirmat Segius: probatque, quod se
factum, dum negat haec, videt beatum.

22

Primos passa toros et adhuc placanda marito
merserat in nitidos se Cleopatra lacus,
dum fugit amplexus. sed prodidit unda latentem;
lucebat, totis cum tegeretur aquis:
condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,
sic prohibet tenuis gemma latere rosas.
insilui mersusque vadis luctantia carpsi
basia: perspicuae plus vetuistis aquae.

23

Dum tu lenta nimis diuque quaeris
quis primus tibi quisve sit secundus
Graium quos epigramma comparavit,
palmam Callimachus, Thalia, de se
facundo dedit ipse Bruttiano.
qui si Cecropio satur lepore
Romanae sale luserit Minervae,
illi me facias precor secundum.

23.3 Graium (*ed. Rom.*) quos *Koestlin* : gratumque $\beta\gamma$

21

Segius declares that there are no gods, that the sky is empty; and proves it, for in the course of these denials he sees himself become a rich man.

22

Cleopatra, new to the marriage bed and not yet reconciled to her husband,[a] had plunged into a gleaming pool, fleeing embraces. But the water betrayed her hiding place; covered by all of it, she still shone. So lilies enclosed in clear glass are counted, so thin crystal does not let roses hide. In I leapt and plunged in the pond snatched reluctant kisses. The pellucid waters forbade more.

23

As you, Thalia, investigate too leisurely and too long which of the Greeks[b] whom epigram has set in competition you should put in first place and which in second, Callimachus himself conceded the palm to eloquent Bruttianus. If, replete with Attic wit, he toys with the salt of Roman Minerva,[c] I beg you make me second to him.

[a] Presumably the poet (cf. v. 7) for the purpose of this epigram.

[b] *Graium* is genitive plural, of the noun, not the adjective.

[c] I.e. comes to write Latin epigrams. "Salt" = wit.

24

Omnes quas habuit, Fabiane, Lycoris amicas
extulit: uxori fiat amica meae.

25

Aemula Baianis Altini litora villis
et Phaethontei conscia silva rogi,
quaeque Antenoreo Dryadum pulcherrima Fauno
nupsit ad Euganeos Sola puella lacus,
et tu Ledaeo felix Aquileia Timavo,
hic ubi septenas Cyllarus hausit aquas:
vos eritis nostrae requies portusque senectae,
si iuris fuerint otia nostra sui.

26

Quod te mane domi toto non vidimus anno,
vis dicam quantum, Postume, perdiderim?
tricenos, puto, bis vel denos ter, puto, nummos.
ignosces: togulam, Postume, pluris emo.

26.3 vel denos SB^3 : uicenos Tβ : denos γ

---

[a] The scene is laid in Venetia.

[b] A river with seven (nine according to Virg. *Aen.* 1.245)

24

Lycoris has buried every friend she had, Fabianus. Let her make friends with my wife.

25

Altinum's beaches[a] that vie with the villas of Baiae, and the woodland that knew Phaethon's pyre, and Sola the maiden, fairest of Dryads, who married Antenorian Faunus by the Euganean lakes, and you, Aquileia, happy in Ledean Timavus, where Cyllarus drank sevenfold waters:[b] you shall be the repose and haven of my old age, if my retirement shall be at its own disposal.

26

I have not seen you at home in the morning for a whole year. Shall I tell you, Postumus, how much I have lost? Twice thirty sesterces perhaps, thrice ten perhaps.[c] You will forgive me, Postumus: I pay more for my gown.[d]

mouths. M. follows a tradition which made it the stream down which the Argo reached the Adriatic (cf. Pliny *N.H.* 3.128). Castor and Pollux, sons of Leda, were Argonauts, and the legend may have given Castor's horse Cyllarus some special role. Cf. 8.28.7.

[c] The dole had been resumed. M. perhaps implies that the dinner which would have gone with it was no loss; cf. 6.88.

[d] Symbol of client service; cf. 9.100.6.

27

Saepe meos laudare soles, Auguste, libellos.
invidus ecce negat: num minus ergo soles?
quid quod honorato non sola voce dedisti
non alius poterat quae dare dona mihi?
ecce iterum nigros corrodit lividus ungues.
da, Caesar, tanto tu magis, ut doleat.

28

Donasti tenero, Chloe, Luperco
Hispanas Tyriasque coccinasque,
et lotam tepidọ togam Galaeso,
Indos sardonychas, Scythas zmaragdos,
et centum dominos novae monetae:
et quidquid petit usque et usque donas.
vae glabraria, vae tibi misella!
nudam te statuet tuus Lupercus.

27

Often, Augustus, you are wont to praise my little books. But here comes Jealousy and denies it. Is it any the less true for that? And besides, you did not honor me in words only, but gave me gifts[a] that no one else could give. Envy is gnawing his black nails again. Caesar, give all the more, to make him smart.

28

Chloe, you gave young Lupercus Spanish cloaks and Tyrian and scarlet, and a gown washed in warm Galaesus, Indian sardonyxes, Scythian emeralds, and a hundred sovereigns in newly minted coin; and whatever he asks for, you go on and on giving. Alas for you, prey to a smooth skin,[b] unhappy girl! Your Lupercus[c] will stand you up naked.[d]

[a] Including the Right of Three Children.

[b] Not "a shorn sheep" (*OLD*).

[c] Thought to refer to the Luperci (priests of Pan), who ran about naked (almost) at the festival of the Lupercalia. But the allusion is scarcely apt and Lupercus is one of M.'s favorite names.

[d] Perhaps with the implication "will make a prostitute of you" (for prostitutes "standing" see *OLD sto* 1c). *Nudam* may = (a) nude, (b) penniless (cf. 1.76.11).

29

Obstat, care Pudens, nostris sua turba libellis
lectoremque frequens lassat et implet opus.
rara iuvant: primis sic maior gratia pomis,
hibernae pretium sic meruere rosae;
sic spoliatricem commendat fastus amicam,
ianua nec iuvenem semper aperta tenet.
saepius in libro numeratur Persius uno
quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.
tu quoque de nostris releges quemcumque libellis,
esse puta solum: sic tibi pluris erit.

30

Baiano procul a lacu, monemus,
piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
sacris piscibus hae natantur undae,
qui norunt dominum manumque lambunt
illam qua nihil est in orbe maius.
quid quod nomen habent et ad magistri
vocem quisque sui venit citatus?
hoc quondam Libys impius profundo,
dum praedam calamo tremente ducit,
raptis luminibus repente caecus
captum non potuit videre piscem,

---

[a] "Wins credit" (Ker) is no doubt the sense, but how does *numeratur* ("is counted") come to mean that? I have suggested (*SB*^{3}) that it is a term used in games, equivalent to "scores," "is notched up": the hypothesis fits 3.6.1, 4.40.2 and 14.17.1.

29

Their number, dear Pudens, works against my little books and their frequent appearance wearies and cloys the reader. Rarities are relished. So the first apples find more favor, so winter roses earn their price. So a rapacious mistress is commended by her haughty ways, and the ever open door does not hold the young man. Persius scores[a] more often in a single book than trifling Marsus[b] in his entire Amazoniad. You too, whichever book of mine you reread, think of it as the only one; so you will value it the more.

30

Fisherman, I warn you, flee far from Baiae's lake, lest guilty you leave it. Sacred fish swim in these waters, who know their master and lick his hand, the hand than which the world knows nothing greater. Add that they have names and each comes summoned at his master's voice. In this deep pool an impious Libyan was once drawing up his booty with quivering line, when his eyes were snatched away; suddenly blind, he could not see the captured

[b] With *levis* this must be the epigrammatist. Nothing is known of the epic on the Amazons, and it seems strange that M. should have selected him as a typical long-winded epicist.

et nunc sacrilegos perosus hamos
Baianos sedet ad lacus rogator.
at tu, dum potes, innocens recede
iactis simplicibus cibis in undas,
et pisces venerare delicatos.

31

Quod cupis in nostris dicique legique libellis
et nonnullus honos creditur iste tibi,
ne valeam si non res est gratissima nobis
et volo te chartis inseruisse meis.
sed tu nomen habes averso fonte sororum
impositum, mater quod tibi dura dedit;
quod nec Melpomene, quod nec Polyhymnia possit
nec pia cum Phoebo dicere Calliope.
ergo aliquod gratum Musis tibi nomen adopta:
non belle semper dicitur 'Hippodame.'

32

Et latet et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,
ut videatur apis nectare clusa suo.
dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

31.10 belle semper SB^3 : s- b- T$\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Was the girl born a slave? Cf. 11.91.1n. Or did mothers decide for girl children?

[b] Presumably toward her brother Phoebus.

[c] "She who tames horses," apparently substituted for a

fish; and now, cursing his sacrilegious hooks, he sits a beggar beside Baiae's lake. But you, leave innocent while you may, when you have thrown honest food into the water, and revere the dainty fish.

31

Your wishing to be mentioned and read in my little books and accounting that as something of an honor, may I never thrive if it does not give me the greatest pleasure, and I want to put you in my pages. But you have a name laid on you when the Sisters' fountain was averse; cruel was the mother[a] who gave it you. Melpomene could not utter it, nor Polyhymnia, nor dutiful[b] Calliope with Phoebus' help. So adopt a name agreeable to the Muses. it is not pretty to be forever saying "Hippodame."[c]

32

Shut in Phaethon's drop,[d] a bee both hides and shines, so that she seems imprisoned in her own nectar. She has a worthy reward for all her sufferings.[e] One might believe that she herself willed so to die.

name which would not go into M.'s meters. Heraeus suggested a sexual innuendo, comparing 7.57.2.

[d] I.e. a drop of amber. Cf. 4.59 and 6.15.

[e] Not "toils." *Labor*, like πόνος, can mean "pain."

33

Plena laboratis habeas cum scrinia libris,
emittis quare, Sosibiane, nihil?
'edent heredes' inquis 'mea carmina.' quando?
tempus erat iam te, Sosibiane, legi.

34

Sordida cum tibi sit, verum tamen, Attale, dicit,
quisquis te niveam dicit habere togam.

35

Frontibus adversis molles concurrere dammas
vidimus et fati sorte iacere pari.
spectavere canes praedam, stupuitque superbus
venator cultro nil superesse suo.
unde leves animi tanto caluere furore?
sic pugnant tauri, sic cecidere viri.

36

Cana est barba tibi, nigra est coma: tinguere barbam
non potes — haec causa est — et potes, Ole, comam.

33

You have bookcases full of laborious scripts, so why don't you produce anything, Sosibianus? "My heirs," you say, "will publish my poems." When? It is already high time you were read,[a] Sosibianus.

34

Soiled though it be, Attalus, whoever says you have a snowy[b] gown speaks truth.

35

We saw soft deer clash head on and lie dead in equal destiny. The dogs gazed at their quarry, and the haughty hunter stood amazed that nothing remained for his knife to do. How came light spirits by such fiery rage? So fight bulls, so fall brave men.[c]

36

Your beard is white, your hair is black. You can't dye your beard,[d] Olus (this is the reason), and you can dye your hair.

[a] I.e. dead.

[b] In the sense "snow-white" this would be a compliment. But M. means "chilly," i.e. "threadbare." Cf. 9.49.8.

[c] Cf. 4.74.

[d] Presumably because of a skin disease.

37

"Coranus owes a hundred thousand, Mancinus two hundred thousand, Titius three hundred thousand, Albinus twice that much, Sabellus a million, Serranus another million. My apartment houses and estates bring in a clear three million and my sheep farm at Parma six hundred thousand." This you tell me, Afer, all day long and I know these figures better than my name. You must pay something down if I am to endure it. Put my daily nausea to rights with cash. I can't listen to all this gratis, Afer.

38

Galla, say no. Love palls, unless its joys are torture. But Galla, don't say no for too long.

39

You have collected every sort of silverware. No one can match your store of Myron's antique artifacts or Praxiteles' and Scopas' work or the gravings of Phidias' chisel or Mentor's labors. Neither do you lack authentic Gratiana or dishes inlaid with Galician gold or embossed pieces from ancestral

argentum tamen inter omne miror
quare non habeas, Charine, purum.

40

Atria Pisonum stabant cum stemmate toto
et docti Senecae ter numeranda domus,
praetulimus tantis solum te, Postume, regnis:
pauper eras et eques, sed mihi consul eras.
tecum ter denas numeravi, Postume, brumas:
communis nobis lectus et unus erat.
iam donare potes, iam perdere, plenus honorum,
largus opum: expecto, Postume, quid facias.
nil facis, et serum est alium mihi quaerere regem.
hoc, Fortuna, placet? 'Postumus imposuit.'

41

Quid recitaturus circumdas vellera collo?
conveniunt nostris auribus ista magis.

boards. But amid all this silver I wonder why you have nothing pure, Charinus.[a]

40

When the hall of the Pisos stood with all their pedigree[b] and the trebly distinguished[c] house of learned Seneca, I preferred you, Postumus, and only you to such mighty patronage. You were poor and a knight, but to me you were a consul. With you, Postumus, I counted thirty winters. We shared one couch. Now you can afford to give, to squander; you are full of honors, abundant in riches. I wait to see what you will do, Postumus. You do nothing, and it is late in the day for me to look for another patron. Fortune, does this please you? "Postumus has cheated."[d]

41

Why do you put a muffler round your neck when you are about to recite? It would go better with our ears.

[a] *Purus*, of silver = "plain," here with an obvious double meaning.

[b] I.e. before C. Calpurnius Piso's conspiracy against Nero and death in 65.

[c] "Thrice to be notched up"; see on 4.29.7. The three "scores" were the elder Seneca ("Rhetor"), his son the philosopher and tutor of Nero, and the younger Seneca's nephew Lucan; cf. 1.61.7.

[d] This is Fortune's reply. P. has deceived her.

42

Si quis forte mihi possit praestare roganti,
audi, quem puerum, Flacce, rogare velim.
Niliacis primum puer hic nascatur in oris:
nequitias tellus scit dare nulla magis.
sit nive candidior: namque in Mareotide fusca
pulchrior est quanto rarior iste color.
lumina sideribus certent mollesque flagellent
colla comae: tortas non amo, Flacce, comas.
frons brevis atque modus leviter sit naribus uncis,
Paestanis rubeant aemula labra rosis.
saepe et nolentem cogat nolitque volentem,
liberior domino saepe sit ille suo;
nec timeat pueros, excludat saepe puellas:
vir reliquis, uni sit puer ille mihi.
'iam scio, nec fallis: nam me quoque iudice verum est.
talis erat' dices 'noster Amazonicus.'

43

Non dixi, Coracine, te cinaedum:
non sum tam temerarius nec audax
nec mendacia qui loquar libenter.
si dixi, Coracine, te cinaedum,
iratam mihi Pontiae lagonam,
iratum calicem mihi Metili:

42.13 nec SB^1 : et T$\beta\gamma$: at R

42

If perchance somebody could give me what I ask, hear, Flaccus, what sort of boy I should like to ask for. First, let this boy be born in the land of Nile; no country knows better how to give naughty ways. Let him be whiter than snow; for in dusky Mareotis that complexion gains beauty in proportion to its rarity. Let his eyes rival stars and soft tresses float upon his neck; curly hair, Flaccus, is not to my liking. Let his forehead be low and his nostrils not too large and slightly aquiline, let his red lips vie with the roses of Paestum. Let him often force me when I am not in the mood and refuse me when I am, let him often make freer than his master. Let him have no fear of the boys and often shut out the girls;[a] let him be a man to all besides, a boy to me only. "I know now, you don't fool me; it's true and I too so judge. Such," you will say, "was my Amazonicus."

43

Coracinus, I never said you are a queen. I am not so rash and audacious, nor given to telling lies. If I said you are a queen, may I incur the wrath of Pontia's flask, the wrath of Metilius' wine cup.[b] I

[a] Another way of saying: "Let the girls often seek his favors (considering him a man) and be rejected."

[b] Pontia (cf. 2.34) and Metilius were poisoners.

iuro per Syrios tibi tumores,
iuro per Berecyntios furores.
quid dixi tamen? hoc leve et pusillum,
quod notum est, quod et ipse non negabis:
dixi te, Coracine, cunnilingum.

44

Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesbius umbris,
presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus:
haec iuga quam Nysae colles plus Bacchus amavit,
hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
haec Veneris sedes, Lacedaemone gratior illi,
hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
cunta iacent flammis et tristi mersa favilla:
nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

45

Haec tibi pro nato plena dat laetus acerra,
Phoebe, Palatinus munera Parthenius,
ut, qui prima novo signat quinquennia lustro,
impleat innumeras Burrus Olympiadas.

43.7–8 *post* 1 *transp. A. Ker* (*melius, puto, post* 3)

---

[a] Cybele and Isis were supposed to afflict wrongdoers with swellings; cf. Pers. 5.187 *incussere deos inflantes corpora.* "Syrian" points to the "Syrian Goddess" (Atargetis) of Suet. *Nero* 56, who was identified with Cybele; cf. *OLD* Syrius c.

[b] I.e. "if I lie, may I become a eunuch like Cybele's priests."

swear to you by Syrian tumors,[a] I swear by Berecyntian frenzies.[b] But what *did* I say? Something unimportant, a mere bagatelle, a well-known fact that you yourself will not deny: I said you are a cunt-licker, Coracinus.

44

This is Vesuvius,[c] but lately green with shade of vines. Here the noble grape loaded the vats to overflowing. These slopes were more dear to Bacchus than Nysa's hills, on this mountain not long ago Satyrs held their dances. This was Venus' dwelling, more pleasing to her than Lacedaemon, this spot the name of Hercules made famous.[d] All lies sunk in flames and drear ashes. The High Ones themselves would rather this had not been in their power.

45

These gifts, Phoebus, Palatine Parthenius gives you happily from a full censer for his son's sake, that Burrus, who marks his first five years with a new luster, may complete numberless Olympiads.[e]

[c] Mount Vesuvius, which erupted A.D. 79, and destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.

[d] Venus was patron deity of Pompeii, Hercules of Herculaneum. The temple of Aphrodite at Sparta was famous.

[e] A *lustrum* was five years and so in M. is an Olympiad, which properly was four.

fac rata vota patris: sic te tua diligat arbor
gaudeat et certa virginitate soror,
perpetuo sic flore mices, sic denique non sint
tam longae Bromio quam tibi, Phoebe, comae.

46

Saturnalia divitem Sabellum
fecerunt: merito tumet Sabellus,
nec quemquam putat esse praedicatque
inter causidicos beatiorem.
hos fastus animosque dat Sabello
farris semodius fabaeque fresae,
et turis piperisque tres selibrae,
et Lucanica ventre cum Falisco,
et nigri Syra defruti lagona,
et ficus Libyca gelata testa
cum bulbis cocleisque caseoque.
Piceno quoque venit a cliente
parcae cistula non capax olivae,
et crasso figuli polita caelo
septenaria synthesis Sagunti,
Hispanae luteum rotae toreuma,
et lato variata mappa clavo.
Saturnalia fructuosiora
annis non habuit decem Sabellus.

---

[a] The laurel, originally the Nymph Daphne, pursued by Apollo and metamorphosed.

Make the father's prayer come true; so may your tree[a] love you, and your sister[b] rejoice in assured virginity. So may you shine in perpetual bloom, so in fine may Bromius'[c] locks not be so long as yours, Phoebus.

46

The Saturnalia have made Sabellus a rich man. Well may Sabellus be puffed up and think and declare that no barrister among them is more fortunate.[d] This arrogance and pride is infused into Sabellus by half a peck of flour and ground bean, three half-pounds of frankincense and pepper, Lucanian sausages with a Faliscan paunch, a Syrian flask of black grape syrup and jellied figs in a Libyan jar, along with onions, snails, and cheese. Also from a client in Picenum came a little box too small to hold a few olives, a seven-piece set of crockery glazed at Saguntum with a potter's rude chisel, the muddy shaping of a Spanish wheel,[e] and a napkin set off with a broad stripe. These ten years past Sabellus has not had a more productive Saturnalia.[f]

[b] Diana.

[c] Bacchus.

[d] Barristers received presents from their clients at the Saturnalia: cf. 12.72.

[e] Cf. 14.108. Here and in 14.102 *toreuma* ("work in relief") seems to be used loosely of earthenware cups.

[f] His usual harvest was even less impressive.

47

Encaustus Phaethon tabula tibi pictus in hac est.
quid tibi vis, δίπυρον qui Phaethonta facis?

48

Percidi gaudes, percisus, Papyle, ploras.
cur, quae vis fieri, Papyle, facta doles?
paenitet obscenae pruriginis? an magis illud
fles, quod percidi, Papyle, desieris?

49

Nescit, crede mihi, quid sint epigrammata, Flacce,
qui tantum lusus illa iocosque vocat.
ille magis ludit qui scribit prandia saevi
Tereos aut cenam, crude Thyesta, tuam,
aut puero liquidas aptantem Daedalon alas,
pascentem Siculas aut Polyphemon ovis.
a nostris procul est omnis vesica libellis,
Musa nec insano syrmate nostra tumet.
'illa tamen laudant omnes, mirantur, adorant.'
confiteor: laudant illa, sed ista legunt.

47.2 δίπυρον *scripsi* : dipyrum *βγ*

47

On this tablet you have Phaethon painted in encaustic. What do you mean by making Phaethon double-fired?[a]

48

You love to be sodomized, Papylus, but afterwards you weep. You want the doing, Papylus, so why are you sorry for the deed? Do you regret the lewd itch? Or is it rather that you cry, Papylus, because the sodomizing is over?

49

Anybody who calls them just frivolities and jests, Flaccus, doesn't know what epigrams are, believe me. More frivolous is the poet who writes about the meal of savage Tereus or your dinner, dyspectic Thyestes, or Daedalus fitting his boy with liquid[b] wings, or Polyphemus feeding Sicilian sheep. All bombast is far from my little books, neither does my Muse swell with tragedy's fantastic robe. "And yet all the world praises such things and admires and marvels." I admit it: that they praise, but this they read.

[a] δίπυρος was the name of a kind of bread.
[b] Of wax, later to be melted by the sun.

50

Quid me, Thai, senem subinde dicis?
nemo est, Thai, senex ad irrumandum.

51

Cum tibi non essent sex milia, Caeciliane,
ingenti late vectus es hexaphoro:
postquam bis decies tribuit dea caeca sinumque
ruperunt nummi, factus es, ecce, pedes.
quid tibi pro meritis et tantis laudibus optem?
di reddant sellam, Caeciliane, tibi.

52

Gestari iunctis nisi desinis, Hedyle, capris,
qui modo ficus erat, iam caprificus erit.

51.5 tantis et *Marx, metri causa* SB^3) . . . erit SB^1 : eras . . . eris $\beta\gamma$ 52.2 erat (L; *cf.*

BOOK IV

50

Why do you keep calling me an old man, Thais? Nobody is an old man, Thais, when it comes to giving suck.

51

When you didn't have six thousand to your name, Caecilianus, you were carried abroad in a huge litter and six. But after the blind goddess[a] gave you a couple of million and the coins burst your purse, lo and behold, you have become a pedestrian. What should I wish you for merits and achievements such as yours? May the gods give you back your chair, Caecilianus.

52

Unless you stop riding behind a pair of goats (*capri*), Hedylus, what used to be a fig will soon be a goat fig (*caprificus*).[b]

[a] Fortune.

[b] A wild fig tree. The pun is untranslatable, but see 1.65.

53

Hunc, quem saepe vides intra penetralia nostrae
Pallados et templi limina, Cosme, novi
cum baculo peraque senem, cui cana putrisque
stat coma et in pectus sordida barba cadit,
cerea quem nudi tegit uxor abolla grabati,
cui dat latratos obvia turba cibos,
esse putas Cynicum deceptus imagine ficta:
non est hic Cynicus, Cosme: quid ergo? canis.

54

O cui Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus
et meritas prima cingere fronde comas,
si sapis, utaris totis, Colline, diebus
extremumque tibi semper adesse putes.
lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas
contigit: observant quem statuere diem.
divitior Crispo, Thrasea constantior ipso
lautior et nitido sis Meliore licet:
nil adicit penso Lachesis fusosque sororum
explicat et semper de tribus una secat.

54.10 secat *Scriverius* : negat γ : neget β

---

[a] The temple of Minerva, lately founded by Domitian in honor of the Flavian family; cf. 9.1.8.

[b] The Templum Divi Augusti on the Palatine; cf. 12.2.7. It was begun by Livia and dedicated by Caligula.

53

You often see him, Cosmus, in the recess of our Pallas[a] and by the threshold of the New Temple,[b] an old man with staff and wallet. His bristling hair is white and powdery, his unkempt beard falls on his chest, a threadbare cloak, spouse to his bare pallet, covers him, and the crowd that comes his way gives him the food he barks for. Deceived by fake appearance you take him for a Cynic. He is no Cynic, Cosmus. What then? A dog.[c]

54

Collinus, whose privilege it was to touch the Tarpeian oak leaves and crown deserving locks with choicest foliage,[d] if you are wise, you will make the most of all your days and reckon that your last is ever at hand. To no man's prayers has it fallen to move the three wool-spinning maids;[e] they observe their appointed day. Though you be richer than Crispus,[f] more steadast than Thrasea himself, more elegant than spruce Melior, Lachesis adds nothing to the tale; she unwinds the sisters' spindles and ever one of the three — cuts.

[c] "Cynic" derives from *κύων* (kyôn), "dog," and Cynics were sometimes called "dogs." This one lived down to the name.

[d] At the Capitoline contest; cf. 4.1.6n.

[e] The Fates.

[f] Vibius Crispus; see index.

55

Luci, gloria temporum tuorum,
qui Caium veterem Tagumque nostrum
Arpis cedere non sinis disertis:
Argivas generatus inter urbes
Thebas carmine cantet aut Mycenas,
aut claram Rhodon aut libidinosae
Ledaeas Lacedaemnos palaestras:
nos Celtis genitos et ex Hiberis
nostrae nomina duriora terrae
grato non pudeat referre versu:
saevo Bilbilin optimam metallo,
quae vincit Chalybasque Noricosque,
et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
quam fluctu tenui sed inquieto
armorum Salo temperator ambit,
Tutelamque chorosque Rixamarum,
et convivia festa Carduarum,
et textis Peterin rosis rubentem,
atque antiqua patrum theatra Rigas,
et certos iaculo levi Silaos,
Turgontique lacus Turasiaeque,
et parvae vada pura Tvetonissae,
et sanctum Buradonis ilicetum,
per quod vel piger ambulat viator,
et quae fortibus excolit iuvencis

55.2 caium ς : ga- $\beta\gamma$ 55.20 silaos *vel* syl- γ : suaeuos *vel* suaebos β 55.21 turasiae β : perus- γ

55

Lucius,[a] glory of your times, who do not allow old Caius and our Tagus to yield to eloquent Arpi,[b] let one born among Argive cities sing in numbers of Thebes or Mycenae or bright Rhodes[c] or the Ledean wrestling schools of lustful Lacedaemon:[d] let us, born from Celts and Iberians, be not ashamed to recall in grateful verse the harsher names of our country: Bilbilis, best of all for cruel metal,[e] outdoing the Chalybes and the Noricans, and Platea ringing with her iron, whom Salo, temperer of weapons, encircles with his small but turbulent stream; and Tutela, and the choruses of Rixamae, and the festal banquets of Carduae, and Peteris blushing with twined roses, and Rigae, our fathers' ancient theater, and the Silai, sure marksmen with the light javelin, and the lakes of Turgontum and Turasia, and the limpid shallows of little Tvetonissa, and the hallowed ilex grove of Burado, through which even a lazy traveller goes on foot,[f] and the fields of

[a] Licinianus of 1.49, q.v.

[b] Here as in 10.20.17 and Plut. *Cic.* 8 Arpi in Apulia is confounded with Cicero's birthplace Arpinum. In M. the form may be "hypocoristic," like *Curios* for *Curiatios* in Prop. 3.3.7.

[c] City of the sun god; cf. Hor. *Od.* 17.1.

[d] Where girls wrestled in the nude; cf. Eurip. *Andr.* 595ff and Prop. 3.14.

[e] Iron.

[f] Animals were not allowed in sacred groves; see SB^4.

curvae Manlius arva Vativescae.
haec tam rustica, delicate lector,
rides nomina? rideas licebit,
haec tam rustica malo quam Butuntos.

56

Munera quod senibus viduisque ingentia mittis,
vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem?
sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas:
sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus,
callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.
quid sit largiri, quid sit donare docebo,
si nescis: dona, Gargiliane, mihi.

57

Dum nos blanda tenent lascivi stagna Lucrini
et quae pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
tu colis Argei regnum, Faustine, coloni,
quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
horrida sed fervent Nemeaei pectora monstri,
nec satis est Baias igne calere suo.
ergo sacri fontes et litora grata valete,
Nympharum pariter Nereidumque domus.

57.3 Argei *Heinsius* : argio T : argiui *vel* argoi *vel* argui $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Cf. 1.49.1n.
[b] Cf. 2.48.7.
[c] Tibur, founded by Catillus the Argive.

sloping Vativesca that Manlius tills with his stout steers. Do you smile, fastidious reader, at such provincial names?[a] Smile as you may, I prefer these provincial names to Butunti.[b]

56

Because you send huge presents to old men and widows, Gargilianus, do you wish me to call you generous? You are the meanest and the dirtiest of mankind, who have the gall to give your snares the name of gifts. Thus the deceitful hook blandishes greedy fish, thus the cunning morsel traps stupid beasts. If you don't know the difference between false and true generosity, I'll be your teacher: give to me, Gargilianus.

57

While the alluring pool of wanton Lucrine and grottos warmed by volcanic springs detain me, you, Faustinus, frequent the realm of the Argive settler,[c] whither the twentieth milestone brings you from the city. But the shaggy breast of the Nemean monster[d] glows, and 'tis not enough that Baiae is hot with her own fire.[e] Therefore, sacred springs and beloved shores, home of Nymphs and Nereids[f]

[d] The constellation Leo, containing the brilliant star Regulus.

[e] Allusion to the hot springs; cf. v. 2; Pliny *N.H.* 31.4–5; Prop. 3.18.2; *Anth. Lat.* 264–266 (Bailey = Riese 270–272).

[f] Freshwater Nymphs (Naiads) and sea Nymphs.

Herculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

58

In tenebris luges amissum, Galla, maritum:
non plorare pudet te, puto, Galla virum.

59

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera repit,
fluxit in obstantem sucina gutta feram:
quae dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,
vipera si tumulo nobiliore iacet.

60

Ardea solstitio Castranaque rura petantur
quique Cleonaeo sidere fervet ager,
cum Tiburtinas damnet Curiatius auras
inter laudatas ad Styga missus aquas.

58.2 non $\beta\gamma$: iam T : nam ς 59.2 gutta T : gemma $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Patron deity of Tibur.

[b] Or "weep in public," with Heinsius' attractive conjecture *palam* for *virum*. Galla cannot muster any tears and does not want the world to know.

alike, fare you well. Beat the hills of Hercules[a] in winter's cold, but now yield to Tibur's chills.

58

You mourn your lost husband in the shadows, Galla. Methinks you are ashamed not to weep for your man.[b]

59

While a viper crawled among the weeping branches of the Heliads[c] a drop of amber flowed onto the creature in its path. As it marveled to find itself stuck fast in the viscous liquid, it stiffened, bound of a sudden by congealed ice.[d] Be not proud, Cleopatra, of your royal sepulcher, if a viper[e] lies in a nobler tomb.

60

At the solstice let us make for Ardea and the Castran countryside and whatever fields are scorched by Cleonae's constellation,[f] since Curiatius damns the breezes of Tibur, despatched to Styx amid her

[c] See index.

[d] A stretch of language.

[e] Like the asp that killed her. M.'s "viper" will have been smaller.

[f] Leo.

nullo fata loco possis excludere: cum mors venerit, in medio Tibure Sardinia est.

61

Donasse amicum tibi ducenta, Mancine,
nuper superbo laetus ore iactasti.
quartus dies est, in Schola Poetarum
dum fabulamur, milibus decem dixti
emptas lacernas munus esse Pompullae,
sardonycha verum lineisque ter cinctum
duasque similes fluctibus maris gemmas
dedisse Bassam Caeliamque iurasti.
here de theatro, Pollione cantante,
cum subito abires, dum fugis, loquebaris,
hereditatis tibi trecenta venisse,
et mane centum, et post meridie centum.
quid tibi sodales fecimus mali tantum?
miserere iam crudelis et sile tandem.
aut, si tacere lingua non potest ista,
aliquando narra quod velimus audire.

---

[a] Proverbially unhealthy.

[b] Cf. 3.20.8n.

[c] Sardonyx is the Sardian onyx (so called from Sardis, the capital of Lydia), agate of a deep red color, which, when

lauded waters. In no place can you shut out fate; when death comes, in the midst of Tibur is Sardinia.[a]

61

Mancinus, you recently boasted proudly and joyfully that a friend had given you two hundred thousand. Three days ago, while we were chatting in the Poets' Club,[b] you said that a cloak costing ten thousand was a present from Pompulla and swore that Bassa and Caelia had given you a genuine sardonyx[c] girdled with three lines and two gems like sea waves.[d] Yesterday, when you abruptly left the theater while Pollio[e] was singing,[f] you were telling us as you fled that you had come into a legacy of three hundred thousand, and another hundred thousand this morning and another this afternoon. What great harm have we your friends done you? Take pity on us, cruel fellow, and at long last shut up. Or if that tongue of yours can't be still, finally tell us something we would like to hear.

cut transversely, has the main body of the stone surrounded by concentric rings of a different color. Such stones were much valued for signet rings (Ker).

[d] Aquamarines.

[e] Celebrated singer (*citharoedus*) mentioned also by Juvenal (6.387; 7.176).

[f] A call of nature may be assumed.

62

Tibur in Herculeum migravit nigra Lycoris,
omnia dum fieri candida credit ibi.

63

Dum petit a Baulis mater Caerellia Baias,
occidit insani crimine mersa freti.
gloria quanta perit vobis! haec monstra Neroni
nec iussae quondam praestiteratis, aquae.

64

Iuli iugera pauca Martialis
hortis Hesperidum beatiora
longo Ianiculi iugo recumbunt.
alti collibus eminent recessus
et planus modico tumore vertex
caelo perfruitur sereniore
et curvas nebula tegente valles
solus luce nitet peculiari;
puris leniter admoventur astris
celsae culmina delicata villae.
hinc septem dominos videre montis
et totam licet aestimare Romam,
Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
et quodcumque iacet sub urbe frigus,
Fidenas veteres brevesque Rubras,

64.4 alti SB^1 : lati $\beta\gamma$ eminent β : imm- γ
64.14 iacet γ : facit β

62

Swarthy Lycoris moved to Herculean Tibur, in the belief that everything there turns white.[a]

63

As Caerellia, a mother, was sailing from Bauli to Baiae, she met her death, drowned by the crime of a frenzied sea. Waters, what glory you have lost! Once, though ordered, you had refused Nero[b] this monstrous thing.

64

The few acres of Julius Martialis, more blessed than the gardens of the Hesperides, lie on Janiculum's long ridge. A high retreat[c] rises from the hills; the flat summit, a moderate swelling, enjoys serener sky, shining with a light all its own while mist covers the winding valleys. Rising gently to the clear stars are the dainty rooftops of a lofty villa. On one side you may see the seven imperial mounts and appraise all Rome; likewise the hills of Alba and Tusculum and whatever cool spot lies near the city, ancient Fidenae and little Rubrae and the fruitful

[a] Cf. 7.13.

[b] Who had attempted to drown his mother Agrippina in a boat with a collapsible bottom in the same waters.

[c] The villa.

et quod †virgineo cruore† gaudet
Annae pomiferum nemus Perennae.
illinc Flaminiae Salariaeque
gestator patet essedo tacente,
ne blando rota sit molesta somno,
quem nec rumpere nauticum celeuma
nec clamor valet helciariorum,
cum sit tam prope Mulvius sacrumque
lapsae per Tiberim volent carinae.
hoc rus, seu potius domus vocanda est,
commendat dominus: tuam putabis,
tam non invida tamque liberalis,
tam comi patet hospitalitate.
credas Alcinoi pios Penates
aut facti modo divitis Molorchi.
vos nunc omnia parva qui putatis,
centeno gelidum ligone Tibur
vel Praeneste domate pendulamque
uni dedite Setiam colono,
dum me iudice praeferantur istis
Iuli iugera pauca Martialis.

65

Oculo Philaenis semper altero plorat.
quo fiat istud quaeritis modo? lusca est.

grove of Anna Perenna that rejoices in the blood of virgins(?).[a] On the other side the traveller on the Flaminian and Salarian Way is in view; but his carriage makes no sound, lest the wheel disturb soothing slumbers that neither boatswain's call nor bargee's shout can interrupt, even though Mulvius be so near and keels glide rapidly down sacred Tiber. This country place, or perhaps it should rather be styled a city mansion, is commended by its owner. You will think it your own, so open and ungrudging is its welcome, so liberal and courteous; you would think it the hospitable household of Alcinous, or of Molorchus, newly become rich. You folk nowadays for whom nothing is big enough, go, till cool Tibur or Praeneste with a hundred hoes and consign perching Setia to a single tenant, so long as my judgment prefers to all that the few acres of Julius Martialis.

65

Philaenis always weeps[b] from one eye. Do you ask how that is? She has but one.

[a] Anna Perenna was a native Latin deity, at whose festival on the Ides of March women sang lascivious songs. But the reference to virgins' blood (i.e. deflowering?) is unexplained, and the text has been suspected.

[b] Or "has a perpetual flux," perhaps a deliberate ambiguity.

66

Egisti vitam semper, Line, municipalem,
qua nihil omnino vilius esse potest.
Idibus et raris togula est excussa Kalendis
duxit et aestates synthesis una decem.
saltus aprum, campus leporem tibi misit inemptum,
silva gravis turdos exagitata dedit.
raptus flumineo venit de gurgite piscis,
vina ruber fudit non peregrina cadus.
nec tener Argolica missus de gente minister,
sed stetit inculti rustica turba foci.
vilica vel duri compressa est nupta coloni,
incaluit quotiens saucia vena mero.
nec nocuit tectis ignis nec Sirius agris,
nec mersa est pelago nec fuit ulla ratis.
supposita est blando numquam tibi tessera talo,
alea sed parcae sola fuere nuces.
dic ubi sit decies, mater quod avara reliquit.
nusquam est: fecisti rem, Line, difficilem.

67

Praetorem pauper centum sestertia Gaurus
orabat cana notus amicitia,

66.7 raptus $\beta\gamma$: ca- T 66.14 fuit γ : fluit β

66

Linus, you have always led a provincial life, than which nothing in the world can be more economical. Your gown has been occasionally shaken out on the Ides and Kalends and your one and only dinner suit has gone through ten summers. The glen has sent you boar unbought, the fields hare, the beaten forest has given plump thrushes. Catches of fish came from the river's stream, a red jar poured local wine. No youthful page sent from Argive race[a] stood by, but the rustic throng of a rough hearth. Whenever your organ grew warm, pricked by wine, you bedded your bailiff's wife or a rugged tenant farmer's. Fire harmed not your house, nor Sirius your lands, no ship sank in the sea—you possessed none. The dice never replaced the seductive knucklebone, frugal nuts were your only hazard.[b] Tell me where is the million that your niggardly mother left behind. "It's gone." Linus, you have done a difficult thing.

67

Pauper Gaurus begged a praetor, who knew him as a friend of ancient standing, for a hundred thousand sesterces, telling him that only this amount was

[a] I.e. Greek, bought in the slave mart.

[b] The dice was usually played for higher stakes than the bones (14.15), but Linus used neither. He played with and for nuts.

dicebatque suis haec tantum deesse trecentis,
ut posset domino plaudere iustus eques.
praetor ait 'scis me Scorpo Thalloque daturum,
atque utinam centum milia sola darem.'
ah pudet ingratae, pudet ah male divitis arcae.
quod non vis equiti, vis dare, praetor, equo?

68

Invitas centum quadrantibus et bene cenas.
ut cenem invitor, Sexte, an ut invideam?

69

Tu Setina quidem semper vel Massica ponis,
Papyle, sed rumor tam bona vina negat:
diceris hac factus caelebs quater esse lagona.
nec puto nec credo, Papyle, nec sitio.

70

Nihil Ammiano praeter aridam restem
moriens reliquit ultimis pater ceris.
fieri putaret posse quis, Marulline,
ut Ammianus mortuum patrem nollet?

67.8 uis (*pr.*) β : das γ 69.1 ponis $\beta\gamma$: potas T

---

[a] To make up a knight's qualification; cf. 5.38.

[b] Lit. "horseman." Charioteers like Scorpus and Thallus were honored by statues representing them driving their teams, but it is hard to see how the praetor's money could be said to go to a horse. The same goes for

wanting to his three hundred thousand to enable him to applaud our Lord as a qualified knight.[a] Says the praetor: "You know that I am to make Scorpus and Thallus a gift, and I wish it was only a hundred thousand." Shame on the thankless coffer, shame on its unprofitable riches! What you won't give a knight,[b] will you give a horse, praetor?

68

You invite me for a hundred farthings and have a good dinner, Sextus. Am I invited to dine, Sextus, or to envy?[c]

69

You always serve Setine or Massic, Papylus, but rumor refuses us such excellent wines.[d] This flask is said to have made you a widower four times over. I don't think so or believe so, Papylus, but — I'm not thirsty.

70

Ammianus' father on his deathbed left him nothing in his last will but a dry rope. Who would have thought, Marcellinus, that Ammianus could be sorry his father died?

5.25.9. Cf., however, 8.44.6 *equos*, of equestrian statues, and 11.21.1n.

[c] Being entertained with fare inferior to your own.

[d] Stops us from drinking them.

71

Quaero diu totam, Safroni Rufe, per urbem,
si qua puella neget: nulla puella negat.
tamquam fas non sit, tamquam sit turpe negare,
tamquam non liceat, nulla puella negat.
casta igitur nulla est? castae sunt mille. quid ergo
casta facit? non dat, non tamen illa negat.

72

Exigis ut donem nostros tibi, Quinte, libellos.
non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.
'aes dabo pro nugis et emam tua carmina sanus?
non' inquis 'faciam tam fatue.' nec ego.

73

Cum gravis extremas Vestinus duceret horas
et iam per Stygias esset iturus aquas,
ultima volventis oravit pensa sorores
ut traherent parva stamina pulla mora,
iam sibi defunctus caris dum vivit amicis.
moverunt tetricas tam pia vota deas.
tunc largas partitus opes a luce recessit
seque mori post hoc credidit ille senem.

71.5 cast(a)e sunt β : s- c- Tγ

BOOK IV

71

For a long time, Safronius Rufus, I have been looking all over town for a girl who says no. No girl says no. It's as though to say no were a sin or a disgrace or just not allowed: no girl says no. Is none of them virtuous then? There are a thousand virtuous girls. So how does the virtuous girl behave? She doesn't do it, but she doesn't say no.[a]

72

You require me, Quintus, to give you my little books. I don't have them, but Tryphon the bookseller does. "Am I to give cash for rubbish," you say, "and *buy* your verses in my right mind? I'll be no such fool." No more will I.

73

When Vestinus was ill, spending his final hours, on the point of passing through the waters of Styx, he begged the Sisters as they unwound the last threads to delay a little in drawing the black strands while, already dead to himself, he lived for his dear friends. So unselfish a prayer moved the grim goddesses. Then, having divided his ample wealth, he left the light, believing that this done he was dying an old man.

[a] The subject is continued in 4.81.

74

Aspicis imbelles temptent quam fortia dammae
proelia? tam timidis quanta sit ira feris?
in mortem parvis concurrere frontibus ardent.
vis, Caesar, dammis parcere? mitte canes.

75

O felix animo, felix, Nigrina, marito
atque inter Latias gloria prima nurus:
te patrios miscere iuvat cum coniuge census,
gaudentem socio participique viro.
arserit Euhadne flammis iniecta mariti,
nec minor Alcestin fama sub astra ferat:
tu melius: certo meruisti pignore vitae
ut tibi non esset morte probandus amor.

76

Milia misisti mihi sex bis sena petenti:
ut bis sena feram, bis duodena petam.

77

Numquam divitias deos rogavi
contentus modicis meoque laetus:
paupertas, veniam dabis, recede.
causa est quae subiti novique voti?
pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

74.3 ardent T : aud- $\beta\gamma$

74

Do you see what valiant battles the unwarlike deer essay, how mighty the rage of these timid beasts? They burn to clash, brow to little brow, and die. Do you wish to spare the deer, Caesar? Slip the hounds.

75

Nigrina, happy in your soul, happy in your husband, prime glory among Latin brides, it pleases you to mingle your father's wealth with your spouse, rejoicing in your man as partner and partaker. Let Evadne burn, cast on her husband's flames, let no lesser fame carry Alcestis to the stars: you surpass them. By a sure pledge in your lifetime you have deserved that your love needs no proving by your death.

76

You sent me six thousand when I asked for twelve. To get twelve, I shall ask for twenty-four.

77

I never asked the gods for riches, content with moderate means and happy in my portion. Poverty, forgive me: go away. What is the reason for this sudden new prayer? I want to see Zoilus hanging.[a]

[a] Committing suicide out of envy; cf. 1.115.6; 8.61.2.

78

Condita cum tibi sit iam sexagensima messis
et facies multo splendeat alba pilo,
discurris tota vagus urbe, nec ulla cathedra est
cui non mane feras irrequietus 'have';
et sine te nulli fas est prodire tribuno,
nec caret officio consul uterque tuo;
et sacro decies repetis Palatia clivo
Sigerosque meros Partheniosque sonas.
haec faciant sane iuvenes: deformius, Afer,
omnino nihil est ardalione sene.

79

Hospes eras nostri semper, Matho, Tiburtini.
hoc emis. imposui: rus tibi vendo tuum.

80

Declamas in febre, Maron: hanc esse phrenesin
si nescis, non es sanus, amice Maron.
declamas aeger, declamas hemitritaeos:
si sudare aliter non potes, est ratio.
'magna tamen res est.' erras; cum viscera febris
exurit, res est magna tacere, Maron.

---

[a] Suffering from a particularly bad type of recurrent fever.

[b] A man must be out of his mind to declaim while running a fever. But then again, if he can't raise a sweat any

78

Although you have stored your sixtieth harvest and your face shines white with many a hair, you run vagabond all over Rome and there is no chair to which in your unceasing progress you do not bring a matutinal "good day." No tribune can lawfully go forth without you and neither consul lacks your attendance. Ten times a day you visit the Palace on the sacred slope and your talk is all of Sigeruses and Partheniuses. Young men may act so to be sure; but Afer, there is no uglier sight in the world than an aging busybody.

79

You were always staying at my Tiburtine villa as a guest, Matho. Now you are buying it. I have cheated you. I am selling you your own farm.

80

You declaim in a fever, Maron. If you don't know that this is lunacy, you're not sane, friend Maron. A sick man, a semi-tertian,[a] you declaim. If you can't raise a sweat any other way, it makes sense. "Ah, but it's a great achievement." You err. When fever is burning up your insides, it's a great achievement to hold your tongue, Maron.[b]

other way, it makes sense. But to boast of it, as something to be proud of, is foolish.

81

Epigramma nostrum cum Fabulla legisset
negare nullam quo queror puellarum,
semel rogata bisque terque neglexit
preces amantis. iam, Fabulla, promitte:
negare iussi, pernegare non iussi.

82

Hos quoque commenda Venuleio, Rufe, libellos,
imputet et nobis otia parva roga,
immemor et paulum curarum operumque suorum
non tetrica nugas exigat aure meas.
sed nec post primum legat haec summumve trientem,
sed sua cum medius proelia Bacchus amat.
si nimis est legisse duos, tibi charta plicetur
altera: divisum sic breve fiet opus.

83

Securo nihil est te, Naevole, peius; eodem
sollicito nihil est, Naevole, te melius.
securus nullum resalutas, despicis omnes,
nec quisquam liber nec tibi natus homo est.
sollicitus donas, dominum regemque salutas,
invitas. esto, Naevole, sollicitus.

---

[a] 4.71.

[b] The third and fourth books.

[c] Lit. "no man is born for you," a common expression; cf. 8.64.18.

BOOK IV

81

When Fabulla read my epigram[a] in which I complain that no girl says no, asked once and twice and a third time, she ignored her lover's pleading. Now, Fabulla, give him your promise. I told you to say no, not to go on saying no.

82

These little books[b] also, Rufus, commend to Venuleius, and ask him to debit me with a few idle hours; unmindful for a little while of his cares and employments, let him criticize my trifles with no unkindly ear. Only let him not read them after the first cup or the last, but when Bacchus in mid career loves his contests. If two is too much to read, you may fold up one of the rolls. Divided, the work will thus become short.

83

When your mind's at ease, you're the worst fellow in the world, Naevolus; when you're worried, you're the best. When your mind's at ease, you return nobody's "good day," you scorn us all, no one's a free man to you, nobody exists.[c] Worried, you make presents, greet as "lord" and "patron," ask to dinner. Be worried, Naevolus.

84

Non est in populo nec urbe tota
a se Thaida qui probet fututam,
cum multi cupiant rogentque multi.
tam casta est, rogo, Thais? immo fellat.

85

Nos bibimus vitro, tu murra, Pontice. quare?
prodat perspicuus ne duo vina calix.

86

Si vis auribus Atticis probari,
exhortor moneoque te, libelle,
ut docto placeas Apollinari.
nil exactius eruditiusque est,
sed nec candidius benigniusque.
si te pectore, si tenebit ore,
nec rhonchos metues maligniorum,
nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.
si damnaverit, ad salariorum
curras scrinia protinus licebit,
inversa pueris arande charta.

BOOK IV

84

There's nobody in the community, not in all Rome, who can prove that Thais has been fucked by himself, though many desire and beg. Is Thais so virtuous? I ask. No, she sucks.

85

We drink from glass, you from murrine, Ponticus. For why? A transparent cup would reveal two wines.

86

If you wish to be approved by Attic ears, little book, I urge and admonish you to please learned Apollinaris. None more meticulous and erudite, but none more benevolent and kind. If he holds you in his heart and on his lips, you will not fear the sneers of the ill-disposed nor supply mackerel with "tiresome tunics."[a] If he damns you, you may as well run straight to the bookcases of the saltfishmongers, fit for schoolboys to plough your backside.[b]

[a] M. compares the paper of his book to the *tunica molesta*, smeared with pitch, in which criminals were sometimes burned, as in the case of Nero's treatment of the Christians: cf. 10.25.5; and Juv. 1.155.

[b] You may as well be used for wrapping saltfish or by schoolboys, who will scribble on the back of the roll. "Bookcases" refers ironically to the receptacles in which fishmongers kept their wrappers; or perhaps simply "cases."

87

Infantem secum semper tua Bassa, Fabulle,
collocat et lusus deliciasque vocat,
et, quo mireris magis, infantaria non est.
ergo quid in causa est? pedere Bassa solet.

88

Nulla remisisti parvo pro munere dona,
et iam Saturni quinque fuere dies.
ergo nec argenti sex scripula Septiciani
missa nec a querulo mappa cliente fuit,
Antipolitani nec quae de sanguine thynni
testa rubet, nec quae cottana parva gerit,
nec rugosarum vimen breve Picenarum,
dicere te posses ut meminisse mei?
decipies alios verbis vultuque benigno,
nam mihi iam notus dissimulator eris.

88.5 antipolitani γ : -ano β

87

Your Bassa, Fabullus, always puts a baby by her side and calls it darling and pet; and, for your greater wonderment, she is no baby lover. So what is her reason? Bassa has a habit of farting.

88

You have sent me no gifts in return for my little present, and already Saturn's five days are past and gone. So didn't you have six scruples of Septician silver[a] or a napkin sent you[b] by a grumbling[c] client or a jar ruddy from Antipolitan tunny's blood,[d] or one containing small Syrian figs, or a little basket of shrivelled Picene olives, so that you could say you remember me? Others you will cheat with words and kindly looks, for to me you will henceforth be a known dissembler.

[a] Considered inferior: cf. 8.71.6.

[b] The anonymous addressee might at least have passed on to M. presents sent to himself.

[c] And so ungenerous? But the epithet may be generic. Cf. 1.49.33.

[d] I.e. the inferior pickle called *muria*, as compared with the pickle compounded of mackerel; cf. 13.103. Antipolis (Antibes) in Gallia Narbonensis was a center of the tunny fishery.

89

Ohe, iam satis est, ohe, libelle,
iam pervenimus usque ad umbilicos.
tu procedere adhuc et ire quaeris,
nec summa potes in schida teneri,
sic tamquam tibi res peracta non sit,
quae prima quoque pagina peracta est.
iam lector queriturque deficitque,
iam librarius hoc et ipse dicit
'ohe, iam satis est, ohe, libelle.'

89

Whoa, there's enough, whoa now, little book! We have got to the bosses.[a] But you want to go on further and keep going, there's no holding you at the final sheet, as though you had not finished the business which was finished even on page one.[b] Already the reader grows querulous and weary, already the very copyist says "Whoa, there's enough, whoa now, little book!"

[a] The singular in the sense of roller-stick would seem more appropriate; cf. 2.6.11n, Hor. *Epod.* 14.8. But cf. 11.107.1.

[b] I.e. the book might as well never have been written.

LIBER V

1

Hoc tibi, Palladiae seu collibus uteris Albae,
Caesar, et hinc Triviam prospicis, inde Thetin,
seu tua veridicae discunt responsa sorores,
plana suburbani qua cubat unda freti,
seu placet Aeneae nutrix seu filia Solis
sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis,
mittimus, o rerum felix tutela salusque,
sospite quo gratum credimus esse Iovem.
tu tantum accipias: ego te legisse putabo
et tumidus Galla credulitate fruar.

1.1 hoc $\beta\gamma$: haec T

BOOK V

1

This I send you, Caesar, whether you tarry on Alba's hills, viewing Trivia[a] on the one hand and Thetis on the other, or whether the truth-telling sisters[b] learn your responses, where on the town's edge sleeps the level surface of the sea, or whether Aeneas' nurse[c] please you, or the daughter of the Sun,[d] or gleaming[e] Anxur with her health-giving waters, o blest protector and savior of the world, whose safety assures us of Jove's gratitude.[f] Only accept it. I shall believe you have read it and proudly enjoy a Gallic credulity.[g]

[a] The temple of Diana at Aricia. Friedländer remarks that in Domitian's villa it could only be seen from a high tower.

[b] The two Fortunes worshipped at Antium, whose oracle Domitian would inspire if he were on the spot.

[c] I.e. Caieta (see index).

[d] I.e. Circeii, called after Circe.

[e] Horace writes of Anxur (Tarracina) as "perched on her far-gleaming rocks" (*Sat.* 1.5.26).

[f] For Domitian's rebuilding of his temple on the Capitoline; cf. 9.3.7.

[g] For the credulity of the Gauls cf. Caes. *B.G.* 4.5.

2

Matronae puerique virginesque,
vobis pagina nostra dedicatur.
tu, quem nequitiae procaciores
delectant nimium salesque nudi,
lascivos lege quattuor libellos:
quintus cum domino liber iocatur;
quem Germanicus ore non rubenti
coram Cecropia legat puella.

3

Accola iam nostrae Degis, Germanice, ripae,
a famulis Histri qui tibi venit aquis,
laetus et attonitus viso modo praeside mundi
affatus comites dicitur esse suos:
'sors mea quam fratris melior, cui tam prope fas est
cernere tam longe quem colit ille deum.'

4

Fetere multo Myrtale solet vino,
sed fallat ut nos, folia devorat lauri
merumque cauta fronde, non aqua miscet.
hanc tu rubentem prominentibus venis
quotiens venire, Paule, videris contra,
dicas licebit 'Myrtale bibit laurum.'

---

[a] Pallas, claimed by Domitian as his patroness.

[b] Brother of Decebalus, king of Dacia, sent to treat for peace.

2

Matrons and boys and maidens, to you my page is dedicated. You, sir, who are overmuch delighted by bolder naughtinesses and jests unveiled, read my four wanton little books. The fifth jokes with our Lord, for Germanicus to read without a blush in the presence of the Ceoropian maid.[a]

3

Degis,[b] a dweller, Germanicus, on the bank that is now ours, who came to you from Hister's subject waters, when lately he saw the world's ruler, is said to have addressed his companions in joyful amazement: "My luck is better than my brother's. I am permitted to see so close at hand the god whom he worships from so far."

4

Myrtale is apt to smell of much wine, but to fool us she devours laurel leaves[c] and mixes her liquor with the canny foliage, not with water. Whenever, Paulus, you see her coming your way flushed, with her veins standing out, you may say: "Myrtale has drunk laurel."[d]

[c] To counteract the smell.

[d] *Chewing* laurel leaves was supposed to induce prophetic or poetic inspiration, the laurel being sacred to Apollo.

5

Sexte, Palatinae cultor facunde Minervae,
ingenio frueris qui propiore dei —
nam tibi nascentes domini cognoscere curas
et secreta ducis pectora nosse licet —,
sit locus et nostris aliqua tibi parte libellis,
qua Pedo, qua Marsus quaque Catullus erit.
ad Capitolini caelestia carmina belli
grande cothurnati pone Maronis opus.

6

Si non est grave nec nimis molestum,
Musae, Parthenium rogate vestrum:
sic te serior et beata quondam
salvo Caesare finiat senectus
et sis invidia favente felix,
sic Burrus cito sentiat parentem:
admittas timidam brevemque chartam
intra limina sanctioris aulae.
nosti tempora tu Iovis sereni,
cum fulget placido suoque vultu,
quo nil supplicibus solet negare.
non est quod metuas preces iniquas:

---

[a] S. was probably curator of the Palatine library.

[b] Cf. note to 5.8.1.

[c] Evidently a youthful composition of Domitian on the siege of the Capitol by Vitellius' soldiery in 69; cf. Suet. *Dom.* 2.2.

5

Sextus, eloquent votary of Palatine Minerva,[a] you who enjoy the god's[b] genius at closer quarters (for you are privileged to learn our lord's nascent cares, know the Leader's secret thoughts), find a place somewhere for my little books, in the neighborhood of Pedo and Marsus and Catullus. Beside the celestial lay of the Capitoline war[c] place the great work of buskined Maro.[d]

6

If it is not too much trouble and burden, Muses, please request your friend Parthenius[e] as follows: "So may a late and happy old age one day end you while Caesar lives, so may you be fortunate and Envy wish you well, so may Burrus[f] soon appreciate his father—admit this timid, slender volume within the threshold of the more sacred palace.[g] You know the times when Jove[h] is serene, when he shines with his own gentle countenance wherewith he is wont to deny nothing to suppliants. You need have no fear of exorbitant petitions. The page,

[d] The *Aeneid.*
[e] See index. He was a poet himself; cf. 11.1.6.
[f] Cf. 4.45.
[g] The inner apartments.
[h] The Emperor.

numquam grandia nec molesta poscit
quae cedro decorata purpuraque
nigris pagina crevit umbilicis.
nec porrexeris ista, sed teneto
sic tamquam nihil offeras agasque.
si novi dominum novem sororum,
ultro purpureum petet libellum.

7

Qualiter Assyrios renovant incendia nidos,
una decem quotiens saecula vixit avis,
taliter exuta est veterem nova Roma senectam
et sumpsit vultus praesidis ipsa sui.
iam precor oblitus notae, Vulcane, querelae
parce: sumus Martis turba, sed et Veneris.
parce, pater: sic Lemniacis lasciva catenis
ignoscat coniunx et patienter amet.

adorned with cedar oil and purple, that has grown between its black bosses never asks large, troublesome favors. And do not present the book, hold it as though you were offering nothing, doing nothing. If I know the Lord of the Nine Sisters, he will ask for the little purple volume of his own accord.

7

Even as fire renews Assyrian nests, when the one and only bird[a] has lived ten cycles, so now has a new Rome thrown off her ancient length of days and taken on the countenance of her ruler.[b] Now, I pray, forgetful of your well-known grievance, Vulcan,[c] spare us. We are Mars' people, but Venus's too.[d] Spare us, father: so may your wanton consort forgive the chains of Lemnos[e] and love in moderation.[f]

[a] The phoenix, which perishes only to rise from its ashes.

[b] Apparently with reference to the rebuilding by the Emperor of parts of Rome destroyed by fire.

[c] Fire god and Venus' husband; he is asked not to bear the Romans a grudge.

[d] The Romans were supposed to descend from Mars, Venus' paramour; Venus was the mother of Aeneas.

[e] The chains with which Vulcan (Hephaestus) bound Mars and Venus (Ares and Aphrodite) as told in the *Odyssey* (8.266–366) are called Lemnian because of his connection with the island.

[f] I.e. love Mars; see SB^3, adding for *patienter* Nemes. *Ecl.* 4.57 *discatque diu patienter amare.*

8

Edictum domini deique nostri,
quo subsellia certiora fiunt
et puros eques ordines recepit,
dum laudat modo Phasis in theatro,
Phasis purpureis ruber lacernis,
et iactat tumido superbus ore:
'tandem commodius licet sedere,
nunc est reddita dignitas equestris;
turba non premimur, nec inquinamur' —
haec et talia dum refert supinus,
illas purpureas et arrogantes
iussit surgere Leitus lacernas.

9

Languebam: sed tu comitatus protinus ad me
venisti centum, Symmache, discipulis.
centum me tetigere manus Aquilone gelatae:
non habui febrem, Symmache, nunc habeo.

10

'Esse quid hoc dicam vivis quod fama negatur
et sua quod rarus tempora lector amat?'

---

[a] Domitian had adopted this style in official correspondence (Suet. *Dom.* 13.2).

8

As Phasis in the theater the other day (Phasis ruddy in resplendent cloak) was praising the edict of our Lord and God,[a] whereby the benches are more strictly assigned and the knights have regained their rows undefiled,[b] and proudly puffing made this vaunt: "At last we can sit more comfortably, knightly dignity is now restored, we are no longer pressed and soiled by the crowd"—while, lolling back, he delivered himself in these and similar terms, Leitus[c] ordered that resplendent and, arrogant cloak to get up.

9

I was out of sorts; but at once you visited me, Symmachus, accompanied by a hundred pupils. A hundred hands chilled by the north wind touched me. I did not have a fever, Symmachus. Now I do.

10

"What am I to make of the fact that fame is denied to the living and few readers love their own times?"[d]

[b] The Roscian Law of 67 B.C. assigned fourteen rows in the theater to the knights. Domitian had brought it back into operation.

[c] The attendant. Phasis was not a knight and could not claim a seat.

[d] Regulus is supposed to ask the question.

hi sunt invidiae nimirum, Regule, mores,
praeferat antiquos semper ut illa novis.
sic veterem ingrati Pompei quaerimus umbram,
sic laudant Catuli vilia templa senes.
Ennius est lectus salvo tibi, Roma, Marone,
et sua riserunt saecula Maeoniden,
rara coronato plausere theatra Menandro,
norat Nasonem sola Corinna suum.
vos tamen o nostri ne festinate libelli:
si post fata venit gloria, non propero.

11

Sardonychas, zmaragdos, adamantas, iaspidas uno
versat in articulo Stella, Severe, meus.
multas in digitis, plures in carmine gemmas
invenies: inde est haec, puto, culta manus.

11.2 uersat β : portat Tγ

---

[a] I.e. portico.

[b] Of Jupiter, on the Capitol, consumed by fire 84 B.C. and restored 62 B.C. by Q. Lutatius Catulus.

[c] Cf. Horace's complaint in *Epist.* 2.1.50.

[d] Homer's wanderings and poverty were part of his legend, and Dio Chrysostom (47.5) has a tale of his begging "as if a madman."

This, Regulus, I take to be envy's way: she always prefers the old to the new. Just so we ingrates hanker after Pompey's ancient shade,[a] just so old men praise Catulus' humble temple.[b] You read Ennius, Rome, while Maro lived,[c] even Maeonides was scoffed at by his contemporaries;[d] seldom did the theaters applaud a crowned Menander,[e] only Corinna knew of her Naso.[f] But you, my little books, don't be too eager. If glory comes after death, I am in no hurry.

11

My friend Stella, Severus, turns sardonyxes, emeralds, diamonds, jaspers on a single finger joint. You will find many gems on his fingers, more in his poetry; hence, methinks, is his hand adorned.[g]

[e] Only eight of his 105 comedies gained the prize (Gell. 17.4.6).

[f] Quite contrary to Ovid's own statements in *Am.* 2.17.27, 3.11.19, 3.12.7; *Trist.* 4.10.121–8. He does say that *Corinna's* identity was known only to himself (*Am.* 2.17.19; *A.A.* 3.538). I suspect that M.'s memory played him false.

[g] Obscure. Perhaps a reference to some jewels described by Stella in his poetry. Others understand of poetic "gems" (which "on the stretched forefinger of all time / sparkle forever"), but that makes the conceit even more farfetched.

12

Quod nutantia fronte perticata
gestat pondera Masclion superbus,
aut grandis Ninus omnibus lacertis
septem quod pueros levat vel octo,
res non difficilis mihi videtur,
uno cum digito vel hoc vel illo
portet Stella meus decem puellas.

13

Sum, fateor, semperque fui, Callistrate, pauper,
sed non obscurus nec male notus eques,
sed toto legor orbe frequens et dicitur 'hic est',
quodque cinis paucis hoc mihi vita dedit.
at tua centenis incumbunt tecta columnis,
et libertinas arca flagellat opes,
magnaque Niliacae servit tibi gleba Syenes,
tondet et innumeros Gallica Parma greges.
hoc ego tuque sumus: sed quod sum, non potes esse:
tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest.

14

Sedere primo solitus in gradu semper
tunc cum liceret occupare Nanneius

---

[a] Explained (but doubtfully) of a ring with ten stones, to symbolize the nine Muses, together with Minerva, or Stella's mistress Violentilla.

[b] I.e. makes it increase (cf. 2.30.4). The box would con-

12

Masclion proudly carries a nodding weight on his pole-topped brow, big Ninus lifts seven or eight boys with all his strength. No difficult feats, I'd say, seeing that my Stella bears ten girls[a] on a single finger, this one or that.

13

I am a poor man, Callistratus, I admit it, and always was, but I am a knight, neither obscure nor of ill repute. Furthermore, I am much read all the world over and people say "It's he"; what the grave has given to few, life has given to me. But your roof rests on a hundred columns, and your strongbox whips up freedman's wealth,[b] and broad acres of Nile's Syene are at your service, and Gallic Parma shears your countless flocks. Such am I and such are you. But what I am, you cannot be; what you are, any man in the street can be.

14

Nanneius, who always used to sit in the first row in the days when squatting was allowed,[c] was roused

tain records of loans, besides coin and other valuables (*SB*^{3}). The enormous wealth of some freedmen became a byword.

[c] When the Roscian Law was not enforced; cf. 5.8.

bis excitatus terque transtulit castra,
et inter ipsas paene tertius sellas
post Gaiumque Luciumque consedit.
illinc cucullo prospicit caput tectus
oculoque ludos spectat indecens uno.
et hinc miser deiectus in viam transit,
subsellioque semifultus extremo
et male receptus altero genu iactat
equiti sedere Leitoque se stare.

15

Quintus nostrorum liber est, Auguste, iocorum
et queritur laesus carmine nemo meo,
gaudet honorato sed multus nomine lector,
cui victura meo munere fama datur.
'quid tamen haec prosunt quamvis venerantia multos?'
non prosint sane, me tamen ista iuvant.

16

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malo
scribere, tu causa es, lector amice, mihi,
qui legis et tota cantas mea carmina Roma:
sed nescis quanti stet mihi talis amor.

and moved camp twice and thrice. Finally he sat down behind Gaius and Lucius,[a] right between the seats, almost making a third. From that position he peered out with a hood over his head and watched the show with one eye in no seemly style. Dislodged from there too, the wretch moves to the gangway and, half-supported by the end of a bench, where he is ill received, he pretends to the knights with one knee that he is sitting and to Leitus with the other that he is standing.

15

This is the fifth volume of my jests, Augustus, and no one complains because my verse has hurt him. But many a reader on whom enduring fame is conferred by my gift rejoices in the honor done to his name. "But where is the profit in these productions,[b] even though they pay compliments to many?" Suppose there is none; I like doing them all the same.

16

If I prefer to write what gives pleasure, though I could be a serious poet, you, friendly reader, are my reason, you that read and recite my verses all over Rome. But you don't know how much such affection

[a] "Sir Tom and Sir Harry" (Stephenson).

[b] I.e. for you. The persons complimented might do nothing in return.

nam si falciferi defendere templa Tonantis
sollicitisque velim vendere verba reis,
plurimus Hispanas mittet mihi nauta metretas
et fiet vario sordidus aere sinus.
at nunc conviva est comissatorque libellus
et tantum gratis pagina nostra placet.
sed non et veteres contenti laude fuerunt,
cum minimum vati munus Alexis erat.
'belle' inquis 'dixti: iuvat et laudabimus usque.'
dissimulas? facies me, puto, causidicum.

17

Dum proavos atavosque refers et nomina magna,
dum tibi noster ėques sordida condicio est,
dum te posse negas nisi lato, Gellia, clavo
nubere, nupsisti, Gellia, cistibero.

18

Quod tibi Decembri mense, quo volant mappae
gracilesque ligulae cereique chartaeque

16.13 iuuat et T : satis est β : satis γ 17.4 cistibero γ : -tifero Tβ

---

[a] Saturn, ruler of the gods before Jupiter ousted him; see Housman, 984. The temple of Saturn in the Forum housed the state treasure, so M. means "if I chose to appear as counsel for the Treasury."

[b] See 4.5.3n.

costs me. For if I should choose to defend the temple of the sickle-bearing Thunderer[a] and sell words to worried defendants, many a sailor will send me Spanish casks and my pocket will be soiled by a variety of coins. But as it is, my little book is a dinner guest or reveller,[b] and my page pleases only when free of charge. But the men of old were not content with praise, in the days when an Alexis was a trifling present for a poet. "Prettily said," you say. "We like it and will continue to praise." You pretend not to understand? Methinks you'll make a barrister of me yet.

17

Gellia, while you were telling us about your great-grandfathers and *their* grandfathers and the great names, and calling knights like me a degrading match, and saying you couldn't marry anything but a broad stripe,[c] you married, Gellia, a police captain.[d]

18

Perhaps I seem stingy or ungracious in that in the month of December, when napkins fly around and

[c] I.e. a senator, whose gown (toga) had a broad purple stripe.

[d] A *Cistiber* ("this side Tiber") seems to have been a minor police functionary. The alternative reading *cistifer* ("box bearer") has been thought to refer to the priest who carried the sacred objects in a religious procession.

et acuta senibus testa cum Damascenis,
praeter libellos vernulas nihil misi,
fortasse avarus videor aut inhumanus.
odi dolosas munerum et malas artes:
imitantur hamos dona: namque quis nescit
avidum vorata decipi scarum musca?
quotiens amico diviti nihil donat,
o Quintiane, liberalis est pauper.

19

Si qua fides veris, praeferri, maxime Caesar,
temporibus possunt saecula nulla tuis.
quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?
quando Palatini plus meruere dei?
pulchrior et maior quo sub duce Martia Roma?
sub quo libertas principe tanta fuit?
est tamen hoc vitium sed non leve, sit licet unum,
quod colit ingratas pauper amicitias.
quis largitur opes veteri fidoque sodali,
aut quem prosequitur non alienus eques?
Saturnaliciae ligulam misisse selibrae
†flammaris†ve togae scripula tota decem
luxuria est, tumidique vocant haec munera reges:
qui crepet aureolos forsitan unus erit.

18.5 uidear *codd. plures*

---

[a] Cf. 5.59.4 for the same idea.

[b] Either the gods who protected the Emperor or the deified emperors themselves (Augustus, Claudius, Vespasian, Titus).

slender spoons and wax tapers and sheets of paper and conical jars of aged damsons, I have sent you nothing except home-bred little books. I hate the wily, wicked tricks of presents. Gifts are like hooks; for who does not know that the greedy wrasse is taken in by the fly he has devoured? Whenever he gives nothing to a rich friend, Quintianus, a poor man is generous.[a]

19

If truth be believed, great Caesar, no epochs can be thought superior to your times. When could men watch triumphs better deserved? When did the gods of the Palatine[b] merit more? Under what Leader was Mars' Rome more beautiful and great? Under what prince did liberty so flourish? But there is a flaw, and no slight one, though it be the only one: the friendships that the poor man cultivates are thankless. Who lavishes riches on an old and faithful comrade, who is escorted by a knight of his own making? To send a spoon out of half-a-pound of Saturnalian silver[c] or even ten scruples in all to a poor client(?)[d] is extravagance, and our proud patrons call such items gifts. Perhaps there will be

[c] Out of a set weighing half a pound presented to the donor at the Saturnalia (cf. 4.88; 7.53); so Housman, 717f.

[d] Housman's conjecture *damnatisque* means literally "to persons condemned to the gown (toga)," i.e. to clients.

quatenus hi non sunt, esto tu, Caesar, amicus:
nulla ducis virtus dulcior esse potest.
iam dudum tacito rides, Germanice, naso
utile quod nobis do tibi consilium.

20

Si tecum mihi, care Martialis,
securis liceat frui diebus,
si disponere tempus otiosum
et verae pariter vacare vitae,
nec nos atria nec domos potentum
nec litis tetricas forumque triste
nossemus nec imagines superbas;
sed gestatio, fabulae, libelli,
campus, porticus, umbra, Virgo, thermae,
haec essent loca semper, hi labores.
nunc vivit necuter sibi, bonosque
soles effugere atque abire sentit,
qui nobis pereunt et imputantur.
quisquam, vivere cum sciat, moratur?

just one who chinks gold pieces. Since these are no friends, be you, Caesar, a friend; no virtue in a leader can be sweeter.

All this while, Germanicus, you have been smiling in silent mockery because I give you advice to my own advantage.

20

Could but you and I, dear Martialis, enjoy carefree days and dispose our time in idleness, and both alike have leisure for true living, we should know nothing of the halls and mansions of the mighty, nor sour lawsuits and the gloomy Forum, nor haughty deathmasks: but riding,[a] chatting, books, the Field, the colonnade,[b] the shade, the Virgin,[c] the baths—these should be our daily haunts, these our labors. As things are, neither of us lives for himself. We feel our good days slip away and leave us; they are wasted, and put to our account. Does any man, knowing the way to live, defer it?

[a] *Gestatio* also covers conveyance in a carriage or litter.
[b] There were several; cf. 11.1.9–12.
[c] Aqueduct.

21

Quintum pro Decimo, pro Crasso, Regule, Macrum
ante salutabat rhetor Apollodotus.
nunc utrumque suo resalutat nomine. quantum
cura laborque potest! scripsit et edidicit.

22

Mane domi nisi te volui meruique videre,
sint mihi, Paule, tuae longius Esquiliae.
sed Tiburtinae sum proximus accola pilae,
qua videt anticum rustica Flora Iovem:
alta Suburani vincenda est semita clivi
et numquam sicco sordida saxa gradu,
vixque datur longas mulorum rumpere mandras
quaeque trahi multo marmora fune vides.
illud adhuc gravius, quod te post mille labores,
Paule, negat lasso ianitor esse domi.
exitus hic operis vani togulaeque madentis:
vix tanti Paulum mane videre fuit.
semper inhumanos colet officiosus amicos?
rex, nisi dormieris, non potes esse meus.

21.2 Apollodotus *Heinsius* : -dorus T$\beta\gamma$ 22.13 colet *scripsi* : habet $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Praenomens ("Fifth" and "Tenth").
[b] "Fat" and "Lean."
[c] As he did his declamations.

21

Formerly, Regulus, the rhetor Apollodotus used to greet Decimus as Quintus[a] and Crassus as Macer.[b] Now he returns their greetings by their proper names. Behold the power of diligence and effort! He wrote them down and learned them by heart.[c]

22

If I did not wish and deserve to see you at home this morning, Paulus, may your Esquiline abode be further from me than it is. But I am close neighbor to the Tiburtine column,[d] where rustic Flora gazes at ancient Jove.[e] I must surmount the uphill path from Subura with its dirty stones and steps never dry, and I am scarcely able to break through the long trains of mules and the marble blocks you see hauled by many a rope. What is worse still, Paulus, worn out after a thousand labors, I am told by your janitor that you are not at home. Such is the outcome of my vain effort and my poor soaked gown: it would hardly have been worth it to *see* Paulus of a morning. Shall the faithful client ever be cultivating unconscionable friends? Unless you stay abed, you can be no patron of mine.

[d] Otherwise unknown.

[e] The temple of Flora and the Capitolium Vetus, a temple dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; both stood on the Quirinal where M. lived.

23

Herbarum fueras indutus, Basse, colores,
iura theatralis dum siluere loci.
quae postquam placidi censoris cura renasci
iussit et Oceanum certior audit eques,
non nisi vel cocco madida vel murice tincta
veste nites et te sic dare verba putas.
quadringentorum nullae sunt, Basse, lacernae,
aut meus ante omnis Cordus haberet equum.

24

Hermes Martia saeculi voluptas,
Hermes omnibus eruditus armis,
Hermes et gladiator et magister,
Hermes turbo sui tremorque ludi,
Hermes, quem timet Helius, sed unum,
Hermes, cui cadit Advolans, sed uni,
Hermes vincere nec ferire doctus,
Hermes suppositicius sibi ipse,
Hermes divitiae locariorum,
Hermes cura laborque ludiarum,
Hermes belligera superbus hasta,

24.4 turbo *Heinsius* : -ba $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] Cf. 1.96.9n. Bassus now substituted Tyrian purple or scarlet for green in order to pass for a man of wealth and so retain his place among the knights.

[b] Cf. 8, 14, 25, and 38 of this Book. Oceanus was one of the attendants of the theater.

23

Your clothes were the color of grass, Bassus, so long as the seating rules in the theater lay dormant. But since the care of our kindly censor ordered their revival and a less dubious corps of knights obeys Oceanus, you shine in garments steeped in scarlet or dyed in purple,[a] nothing else, and thus you think to cheat him.[b] No cloak, Bassus, is worth four hundred thousand, otherwise my friend Cordus[c] would be first to have his horse.

24

Hermes, favorite fighter of the age; Hermes, skilled in all weaponry; Hermes, gladiator and trainer both; Hermes, tempest and tremor[d] of his school; Hermes, who (but none other) makes Helius afraid; Hermes, before whom (but none other) Advolans falls; Hermes, taught to win without wounding;[e] Hermes, himself his own substitute;[f] Hermes, gold mine of seat-mongers; Hermes, darling and distress of gladiators' women;[g] Hermes, proud with battling spear;

[c] Cf. 2.57.

[d] I.e. earthquake.

[e] He disarmed his opponents.

[f] Never vanquished, and so never replaced by another gladiator.

[g] They adored him or feared he would kill their men.

Hermes aequoreo minax tridente,
Hermes casside languida timendus,
Hermes gloria Martis universi,
Hermes omnia solus et ter unus.

25

'Quadringenta tibi non sunt, Chaerestrate: surge,
Leitus ecce venit: sta, fuge, curre, late.'
ecquis, io, revocat discedentemque reducit?
ecquis, io, largas pandit amicus opes?
quem chartis famaeque damus populisque loquendum?
quis Stygios non vult totus adire lacus?
hoc, rogo, non melius quam rubro pulpita nimbo
spargere et effuso permaduisse croco?
quam non sensuro dare quadringenta caballo,
aureus ut Scorpi nasus ubique micet?
o frustra locuples, o dissimulator amici,
haec legis et laudas? quae tibi fama perit!

Hermes, menacing with marine trident;[a] Hermes, formidable in drooping[b] helmet; Hermes, glory of Mars universal; Hermes, all things in one and thrice unique.

25

"You don't have four hundred thousand, Chaerestratus. Get up. Look, Leitus is coming. On your feet, man, fly, run, hide!" Hallo there, is anybody recalling him, bringing him back as he leaves? Hallo there, any friend exposing his ample funds? Whom do we give to literature and fame, for nations to talk of? Who does not wish all of him to go to the Stygian lakes?[c] Is this not better, I ask, than to sprinkle the stage with a red shower and be soaked in streams of saffron?[d] Or to give four hundred thousand to a nag that won't know it,[e] for Scorpus' golden nose to sparkle at every turn? Rich to no purpose, dissembler of friendship, do you read this and praise? What glory you are losing!

[a] As a *retiarius* armed with net and trident; cf. 2.epist. n.

[b] The meaning of the epithet *languida* is doubtful; some have thought it corrupt.

[c] I.e. wants to be remembered on earth.

[d] I.e. to give shows or contribute to their cost.

[e] Cf. 4.67.8n.

26

Quod alpha dixi, Corde, paenulatorum
te nuper, aliqua cum iocarer in charta,
si forte bilem movit hic tibi versus,
dicas licebit beta me togatorum.

27

Ingenium studiumque tibi moresque genusque
sunt equitis, fateor: cetera plebis habes.

* * * * * * *

bis septena tibi non sint subsellia tanti,
ut sedeas viso pallidus Oceano.

28

Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,
efficiere nullis, Aule, moribus possis:
pietate fratres Curvios licet vincas,
quiete Nervas, comitate Rusones,
probitate Macros, aequitate Mauricos,
oratione Regulos, iocis Paulos:
robiginosis cuncta dentibus rodit.
hominem malignum forsan esse tu credas:
ego esse miserum credo, cui placet nemo.

27 *post* 2 *lac. stat. Schneidewin*
28.3 Curvios *Friedländer* : curios T$\beta\gamma$

---

[a] In 2.57.

[b] Such as money. This may have been explained in a

26

The other day, Cordus, I called you number one in cloaks,[a] as I was jesting on some piece of paper. If this verse stirred your bile, you are welcome to call me number two in gowns.

27

Brains, application, character, family—these you have as befits a knight, I grant. Your other attributes are of the common people.[b] * * * Don't let the fourteen rows mean so much to you that you turn pale in your seat when you see Oceanus.[c]

28

Aulus, no behavior of yours could make Mamercus[d] talk and feel properly. You may outdo the brothers Curvius in affection, Nerva in calm, Ruso in affability, Macer in honesty, Mauricus in fairness, Regulus in eloquence, Paulus in humor: he gnaws at everything with his scabrous tooth. Perhaps you think him a malicious creature. *I* think a man whom nobody pleases is to be pitied.

missing couplet. Or *habe* (SB^1) might be read in v. 2: "For the rest, have what commoners have," i.e. don't take privileges to which you are not entitled.

[c] I.e. that you sit in them without possessing the knight's property qualification.

[d] Brother of Aulus (cf. v. 3)? But both are doubtless imaginary names.

29

Si quando leporem mittis mihi, Gellia, dicis
'formosus septem, Marce, diebus eris.'
si non derides, si verum, lux mea, narras,
edisti numquam, Gellia, tu leporem.

30

Varro, Sophocleo non infitiande cothurno
nec minus in Calabra suspiciende lyra,
differ opus nec te facundi scaena Catulli
detineat cultis aut elegia comis;
sed lege fumoso non aspernanda Decembri
carmina, mittuntur quae tibi mense suo:
commodius nisi forte tibi potiusque videtur
Saturnalicias perdere, Varro, nuces.

31

Aspice quam placidis insultet turba iuvencis
et sua quam facilis pondera taurus amet.
cornibus hic pendet summis, vagus ille per armos
currit et in toto ventilat arma bove.

---

[a] It was a vulgar superstition that eating a hare made the eater beautiful for that time or longer: Pliny *N.H.* 28.260.

[b] I.e. when you write lyric poetry like Horace, who came from Venusia and doubted whether he should be called a Lucanian or an Apulian (*Sat.* 2.1.34). He is referred to as

BOOK V

29

If ever you send me a hare, Gellia, you say: "Marcus, you will be handsome for a week."[a] If you are not making fun of me, if what you say is true, my joy, you, Gellia, never ate a hare.

30

Varro, whom Sophocles' buskin would not disown, nor less admirable in Calabrian lyric,[b] put off your work, nor let eloquent Catullus'[c] stage detain you or elegy with her neat tresses; but read verses not to be scorned in smoky[d] December, sent to you in their own month—unless perhaps you find it more convenient and agreeable, Varro, to lose Saturnalian nuts.

31

See how gentle are the steers as the group jump about their backs and how indulgently the bull loves his burden. One hangs from horn tips, another runs over shoulders and brandishes his weapons all over

Calabrian (cf. 8.28.3–4; see index under Calaber) by a license not uncommon in Latin poetry, whereby the real thing is replaced by something else in the same category (cf. 5.71.4n).

[c] Author of mimes; not the famous poet.

[d] When many fires are burning (borrowed from Ov. *Tr.* 2.491).

at feritas immota riget: non esset harena
tutior et poterant fallere plana magis.
nec trepidat gestus nisi de discrimine palmae;
securus puer est sollicitumque pecus.

32

Quadrantem Crispus tabulis, Faustine, supremis
non dedit uxori. 'cui dedit ergo?' sibi.

33

Carpere causidicus fertur mea carmina: qui sit
nescio. si sciero, vae tibi, causidice!

34

Hanc tibi, Fronto pater, genetrix Flaccilla, puellam
oscula commendo deliciasque meas,
parvula ne nigras horrescat Erotion umbras
oraque Tartarei prodigiosa canis.

31.7 trepidat SB^1 : -ant T$\beta\gamma$ nisi de *scripsi* : sed de Tβ : et ne γ

---

[a] In the competition. The singulars "bull" (v. 2), "rider" (v. 7), "boy," and "beast" (v. 8) stand for "each bull," etc. "The boy is at ease" refers to the boys' feeling of physical security; the bulls, on the other hand, are anxious about the safety of their riders.

the animal. But the wild creature stands stiff and motionless. The sand would not be safer, level ground could be more treacherous. Neither is the rider nervous save as to who will win the prize.[a] The boy is at ease, the beast is anxious.

32

Crispus did not give a farthing to his wife in his last testament, Faustinus. "To whom did he give[b] then?" To himself.[c]

33

A barrister is said to criticize my poems. Who he is, I don't know. If I get to know, woe betide you, barrister!

34

To you, father Fronto and mother Flaccilla,[d] I commend this girl, my pet and darling. Little Erotion must not be frightened by the dark shades and the monstrous mouths of Tartarus' hound. She was due

[b] His estate.

[c] I.e., he dissipated it in his lifetime.

[d] Clearly M.'s parents. Book V was published in 89. Had this poem been composed in 89 or not long previously M's parents must have been alive and in Rome. That seems improbable. Was Erotion a memory from Martial's young days in Bilbilis? "Paetus" of 5.37 is obviously a figment and Erotion could be one.

impletura fuit sextae modo frigora brumae,
vixisset totidem ni minus illa dies.
inter iam veteres ludat lasciva patronos
et nomen blaeso garriat ore meum.
mollia non rigidus caespes tegat ossa, nec illi,
terra, gravis fueris: non fuit illa tibi.

35

Dum sibi redire de Patrensibus fundis
ducena clamat coccinatus Euclides
Corinthioque plura de suburbano
longumque pulchra stemma repetit a Leda
et suscitanti Leito reluctatur,
equiti superbo, nobili, locupleti
cecidit repente magna de sinu clavis.
numquam, Fabulle, nequior fuit clavis.

36

Laudatus nostro quidam, Faustine, libello
dissimulat, quasi nil debeat: imposuit.

34.7 inter iam *Heinsius* i- tam $\alpha\beta$: interim γ

to complete the chills of a sixth midwinter, no more, if she had not lived that many days too few. Let her now play and frolic with her old patrons and lispingly chatter my name. Not hard be the turf that covers her soft bones, be not heavy upon her, earth; she was not heavy upon you.

35

As Euclides in his scarlet coat loudly announces that he draws two hundred thousand from his farms at Patrae and more from his place near Corinth, as he traces his long pedigree from fair Leda, and struggles with Leitus when Leitus makes him rise: suddenly out of the pocket of this proud, illustrious, affluent knight there fell a large key. A naughtier key, Fabullus, never was.[a]

36

A certain party to whom I paid a compliment in my little book, Faustinus, plays innocent, as though he owes me nothing. He has cheated me.[b]

[a] As showing that E. was only a doorkeeper, or in some other menial position.

[b] As though the compliment had been part of a bargain between the two of them.

37

Puella senibus voce dulcior cycnis,
agna Galaesi mollior Phalantini,
concha Lucrini delicatior stagni,
cui nec lapillos praeferas Erythraeos
nec modo politum pecudis Indicae dentem
nivesque primas liliumque non tactum;
quae crine vicit Baetici gregis vellus
Rhenique nodos aureamque nitelam;
fragravit ore quod rosarium Paesti,
quod Atticarum prima mella cerarum,
quod sucinorum rapta de manu gleba;
cui comparatus indecens erat pavo,
inamabilis sciurus et frequens phoenix:
adhuc recenti tepet Erotion busto,
quam pessimorum lex amara fatorum
sexta peregit hieme, nec tamen tota,
nostros amores gaudiumque lususque.
et esse tristem me meus vetat Paetus,
pectusque pulsans pariter et comam vellens:
'deflere non te vernulae pudet mortem?
ego coniugem' inquit 'extuli et tamen vivo,
notam, superbam, nobilem, locupletem.'
quid esse nostro fortius potest Paeto?
ducentiens accepit et tamen vivit.

37.1 voce dulcior *scripsi* : d- mihi T$\beta\gamma$ 37.22 notam β : noram γ

BOOK V

37

A girl, sweeter-voiced than aged swans, softer than a lamb of Phalantine Galaesus, daintier than a shell of the Lucrine pool, to whom you would not prefer Erythrean pearls or freshly polished tusk of Indian cow[a] or new-fallen snow or untouched lily; whose hair surpassed the fleece of a Baetic flock[b] or Rhine knots[c] or the golden dormouse; whose breath was fragrant as a Paestan rose bed or new honey of Attic combs or ball of amber snatched from the hand; compared to whom the peacock was ugly, the squirrel unlovable, the phoenix commonplace: Erotion[d] lies still warm on her new-lit pyre, whose life the harsh decree of the wicked Fates ended in her sixth winter still uncompleted, my love, my joy, my playfellow. And my friend Paetus tells me I must not grieve, beats his breast and tears his hair: "Are you not ashamed to weep for the death of a little slave girl? *I* have buried my wife, and yet I go on living—a wife well-known, proud, noble, rich." What can be braver than our Paetus? He has come into twenty millions, and yet he goes on living![e]

[a] Elephant.

[b] Naturally gold-colored; cf. 9.61.3; 14.133.

[c] Cf. Sp. 3.9; Juv. 13.164.

[d] I.e. her ashes.

[e] An amusingly astringent turn. Otherwise regarded, "a glaring want of taste" (E. E. Sikes, *Cambridge Ancient History* XI.725). But that is to ignore historical perspective.

38

Calliodorus habet censum — quis nescit? — equestrem,
Sexte, sed et fratrem Calliodorus habet.
'quadringenta seca' qui dicit, *σῦκα μερίζει*:
uno credis equo posse sedere duos?
quid cum fratre tibi, quid cum Polluce molesto?
non esset Pollux si tibi, Castor eras.
unus cum sitis, duo, Calliodore, sedebis?
surge: *σολοικισμόν*, Calliodore, facis.
aut imitare genus Ledae: cum fratre sedere
non potes: alternis, Calliodore, sede.

39

Supremas tibi triciens in anno
signanti tabulas, Charine, misi
Hyblaeis madidas thymis placentas.
defeci: miserere iam, Charine:
signa rarius, aut semel fac illud,
mentitur tua quod subinde tussis.
excussi loculosque sacculumque:
Croeso divitior licet fuissem,
Iro pauperior forem, Charine,
si conchem totiens meam comesses.

38.3 seca *Rutgers* : -at $\beta\gamma$ dicis *Postgate* *μερίζει* *Paley* : merize $\beta\gamma$: *μέριζε Postgate* 38.7 sedebis *Markland* : seditis $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] I.e. a knight, Castor being a horseman, Pollux a boxer.
[b] In the theater.
[c] The solecisms — a second person plural (*sitis*) with a

38

Calliodorus has a knight's qualification, Sextus—who but knows it?—but Calliodorus also has a brother. To say "divide four hundred thousand" is to halve a fig; do you think two can sit on one horse? What have you to do with your brother, that tiresome Pollux? If you didn't have a Pollux, you would be a Castor.[a] Seeing that you two are one, will you sit,[b] Calliodorus, as two? Up with you! Your grammar is at fault, Calliodorus.[c] Or copy Leda's children. You can't sit with your brother: sit turn and turn about.[d]

39

You seal your last testament thirty times a year, Charinus, and I sent you cakes wet with Hybla's thyme. I give up. Have a heart now, Charinus. Seal less often, or do once for all what your mendacious cough continually promises. I have emptied my cashboxes and my purse. If I had been richer than Croesus, I should be poorer than Irus, Charinus, if you had eaten my beans[e] this often.

singular subject (*unus*) and a second person singular (*sedebis*) with a plural subject (*duo*)—cannot be reproduced in translation.

[d] Like Castor and Pollux, who lived alternately in Heaven and in the Shades: cf. 1.36.

[e] Though beans are cheap: cf. Juv. 3.293.

40

Pinxisti Venerem, colis, Artemidore, Minervam:
et miraris opus displicuisse tuum?

41

Spadone cum sis eviratior fluxo,
et concubino mollior Celaenaeo,
quem sectus ululat Matris entheae Gallus,
theatra loqueris et gradus et edicta
trabeasque et Idus fibulasque censusque,
et pumicata pauperes manu monstras.
sedere in equitum liceat an tibi scamnis
videbo, Didyme: non licet maritorum.

42

Callidus effracta nummos fur auferet arca,
prosternet patrios impia flamma lares:
debitor usuram pariter sortemque negabit,
non reddet sterilis semina iacta seges:
dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica,
mercibus extructas obruet unda rates.

---

[a] Cf. 1.102.. Art was Minerva's province.

[b] Attis.

[c] Cybele, called the Great Mother.

[d] Of July, when there was a procession of the knights crowned with olive and in their state robes (*trabeae*): Dion. Hal. 6.13.4; Val. Max. 2.2.9.

40

You painted Venus, but you worship Minerva,[a] Artemidorus; and are you surprised that your work found no favor?

41

Although you are more emasculate than a flabby eunuch, more womanish than the catamite of Celaenae,[b] whose name the gilded priest of the mad Mother[c] howls, you talk of theaters and rows and edicts and purple stripes and Ides[d] and clasps and property qualifications, and point at poor men with your manicured hand. Whether you have the right to sit on the knights' benches[e] I shall consider, Didymus: you have none to sit on the husbands'![f]

42

A cunning thief will break open your coffer and carry off your money, ruthless fire will lay low your family home, your debtor will repudiate interest and principal alike, your barren fields will not return the scattered seed, a tricky mistress will rob your steward, the wave will overwhelm your ships piled high with merchandise: but whatever is given to

[e] The fourteen rows reserved for the knights under the Roscian Law.

[f] Assigned seats in the theater by Augustus; Suet. *Aug.* 44.2.

extra fortunam est quidquid donatur amicis:
quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

43

Thais habet nigros, niveos Laecania dentes.
quae ratio est? emptos haec habet, illa suos.

44

Quid factum est, rogo, quid repente factum est,
ad cenam mihi, Dento, quod vocanti —
quis credat? — quater ausus es negare?
sed nec respicis et fugis sequentem,
quem thermis modo quaerere et theatris
et conclavibus omnibus solebas.
sic est, captus es unctiore mensa
et maior rapuit canem culina.
iam te, sed cito, cognitum et relictum
cum fastidierit popina dives,
antiquae venies ad ossa cenae.

45

Dicis formosam, dicis te, Bassa, puellam.
istud quae non est dicere, Bassa, solet.

friends is beyond the grasp of Fortune. Only the wealth you give away will always be yours.

43

Thais' teeth are black, Laecania's snow-white. The reason? The one has those she bought, the other her own.

44

What's happened, look you, what's happened all of a sudden, Dento, that you have four times (who would believe it?) dared to refuse my invitation? Why, you don't so much as look my way, you run away from me when I follow you — me, whom not long ago you used to seek in all the baths and theaters and lavatories? This is how it is: you're captured by a richer cuisine and the bigger kitchen has carried off the dog. Anon, and it will be soon, when the wealthy cook-shop[a] is fed up with you, found out and abandoned, you will come back to the bones of the old dinner.

45

You say you are beautiful, Bassa, you say you are a girl. That is usually said by somebody who is neither, Bassa.

[a] Presumably an insulting term for the house of "Dento's" new host.

46

Basia dum nolo nisi quae luctantia carpsi
et placet ira mihi plus tua quam facies,
ut te saepe rogem, caedo, Diadumene, saepe:
consequor hoc, ut me nec timeas nec ames.

47

Numquam se cenasse domi Philo iurat, et hoc est:
non cenat, quotiens nemo vocavit eum.

48

Quid non cogit amor? secuit nolente capillos
Encolpos domino, non prohibente tamen.
permisit flevitque Pudens: sic cessit habenis
audaci questus de Phaethonte pater:
talis raptus Hylas, talis deprensus Achilles
deposuit gaudens, matre dolente, comas.
sed tu ne propera — brevibus ne crede capillis —
tardaque pro tanto munere, barba, veni.

48.7 ne (*alt.*) β : nec γ : neu *Hand*

---

[a] Encolpos had dedicated his long hair to Phoebus if his master Pudens became first centurion (*primi pili*) (see 1.31), and now proceeds to fulfil the vow.

[b] Helios, the Sun, allowed Phaethon to drive his chariot.

[c] Not "so fair was ravished Hylas." *Hylas* as well as *Achilles* is subject of *deposuit.*

46

I like only kisses snatched resistant and your anger pleases me more than your face. So in order to ask you often, Diadumenus, I beat you often. My reward is that you neither fear me nor love me.

47

Philo swears that he has never dined at home, and it's true. He never has dinner when nobody has invited him.

48

What does love not make us do? Encolpos has cut his hair, against his master's will, but not against his orders.[a] Pudens gave permission and wept. So Phaethon's father yielded the reins,[b] protesting at his audacity. So did ravished Hylas discard his locks,[c] so unmasked Achilles[d]—joyful while his mother grieved. But beard, do not hurry, do not believe the short hair,[e] and in return for so great a gift come late.[f]

[d] Who had been hidden by his mother Thetis to prevent him from going to the Trojan war.

[e] Do not imagine him yet a man.

[f] The logic seems faulty. More appropriately, a god to whom the hair was dedicated might have been asked to slow down the beard in return; cf. 9.17.7–8.

49

Vidissem modo forte cum sedentem
solum te, Labiene, tres putavi.
calvae me numerus tuae fefellit:
sunt illinc tibi, sunt et hinc capilli
quales vel puerum decere possint;
nudum est in medio caput nec ullus
in longa pilus area notatur.
hic error tibi profuit Decembri,
tunc cum prandia misit Imperator:
cum panariolis tribus redisti.
talem Geryonen fuisse credo.
vites censeo porticum Philippi:
si te viderit Hercules, peristi.

50

Ceno domi quotiens, nisi te, Charopine, vocavi,
protinus ingentes sunt inimicitiae,
meque potes stricto medium transfigere ferro,
si nostrum sine te scis caluisse focum.
nec semel ergo mihi furtum fecisse licebit?
improbius nihil est hac, Charopine, gula.
desine iam nostram, precor, observare culinam,
atque aliquando meus det tibi verba cocus.

49.5 possint γ : -sunt Tβ 49.11 Geryonen ς : -em T$\beta\gamma$

49

When I chanced to see you the other day sitting all by yourself, Labienus, I thought there were three of you. The plurality of your bald pate deceived me. On one side and on the other you have hair that might become a boy, but in the middle your head is bare and not one strand is noticed in the long space. This illusion worked to your advantage in December, when the Emperor sent over luncheons; you came home with three breadbaskets. I suppose Geryon was a similar case. I'd advise you to keep clear of Philippus' colonnade;[a] if Hercules sees you, you're a dead man.

50

Whenever I dine at home, Charopinus, if I haven't invited you, immediately there's a deadly feud, and you could skewer me with your drawn sword if you know that my fireplace has warmed up without you. So am I not to be allowed to cheat just once? That gullet of yours, Charopinus, is the most exorbitant thing in creation. I beg you, give up watching my kitchen and let my cook bamboozle you once in a way.

[a] Where there was a temple of Hercules and the Muses, containing a statue of Hercules. It was restored by a Philippus, probably Q. Marcius Philippus, consul-suffect in 38 B.C.

51

Hic, qui libellis praegravem gerit laevam,
notariorum quem premit chorus levis,
qui codicillis hinc et inde prolatis
epistulisque commodat gravem vultum
similis Catoni Tullioque Brutoque,
exprimere, Rufe, fidiculae licet cogant,
have Latinum, χαῖρε non potest Graecum.
si fingere istud me putas, salutemus.

52

Quae mihi praestiteris memini semperque tenebo.
cur igitur taceo, Postume? tu loqueris.
incipio quotiens alicui tua dona referre,
protinus exclamat 'dixerat ipse mihi.'
non belle quaedam faciunt duo: sufficit unus
huic operi: si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.
crede mihi, quamvis ingentia, Postume, dona
auctoris pereunt garrulitate sui.

53

Colchida quid scribis, quid scribis, amice, Thyesten?
quo tibi vel Nioben, Basse, vel Andromachen?

---

[a] A method of torture.

[b] Naturally it is not because he does not know the

51

This fellow whose left hand is loaded with documents, who is surrounded by a smooth-faced band of stenographers, who lends a grave face to the notebooks and letters proffered from all sides, like to Cato or Tully or Brutus — though the fiddle strings[a] constrain him, he can't say "have" in Latin or "chaire" in Greek. If you think I am making this up, let's say good morning.[b]

52

I remember all you have done for me and shall ever keep it in mind. Why then do I say nothing about it, Postumus? *You* talk. Whenever I start to tell somebody of your generosity, he exclaims at once: "He told me that himself." Some things are not nicely done by two. One is enough for this work. If you want me to talk, *you* must hold your tongue. Believe me, Postumus, the most magnificent of gifts are nullified by the garrulity of the giver.

53

Why do you write about her of Colchis?[c] Why, friend, do you write about Thyestes? What is Niobe or Andromache to you, Bassus? The most appropri-

words that he does not answer (as M. pretends to believe), but out of surliness; cf. 4.83.3.

[c] Medea.

materia est, mihi crede, tuis aptissima chartis
Deucalion vel, si non placet hic, Phaethon.

54

Extemporalis factus est meus rhetor:
Calpurnium non scripsit, et salutavit.

55

Dic mihi, quem portas, volucrum regina? 'Tonantem.'
nulla manu quare fulmina gestat? 'amat.'
quo calet igne deus? 'pueri.' cur mitis aperto
respicis ore Iovem? 'de Ganymede loquor.'

56

Cui tradas, Lupe, filium magistro
quaeris sollicitus diu rogasque.
omnes grammaticosque rhetorasque
devites moneo: nihil sit illi
cum libris Ciceronis aut Maronis,
famae Tutilium suae relinquat;
si versus facit, abdices poetam.
artes discere vult pecuniosas?
fac discat citharoedus aut choraules;
si duri puer ingeni videtur,
praeconem facias vel architectum.

---

[a] I.e. your poems are only fit to be sponged out or burned, like the painting in *Anth. Pal.* 11.214, where M. may have found the idea.

ate theme for your pages, believe me, is Deucalion, or, if he is not to your liking, Phaethon.[a]

54

My rhetor has taken to extemporizing; he didn't write Calpurnius down, and greeted him by name.[b]

55

Tell me, whom are you carrying, queen of birds?[c] "The Thunderer." Why is he not bearing thunderbolts in his hand? "He's in love." With what flame does the god burn? "For a boy." Why do you look back at Jove softly with open mouth? "I speak of Ganymede."

56

You have long been anxiously searching and inquiring, Lupus, for a master to whom you should entrust your son. I advise you to keep clear of all the grammarians and rhetors. Let him have nothing to do with the books of Cicero or Maro, let him leave Tutilius to his fame. If he makes verses, disown the poet. Does he wish to learn lucrative skills? Make him learn the harp or the flute. If the boy seems slow of wit, you should make an auctioneer of him or an architect.

[b] Cf. 5.21.

[c] A statue or painting of Jupiter and his eagle is in mind; cf. 1.6n.

57

Cum voco te dominum, noli tibi, Cinna, placere:
saepe etiam servum sic resaluto tuum.

58

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Postume, semper.
dic mihi, cras istud, Postume, quando venit?
quam longe cras istud, ubi est? aut unde petendum?
numquid apud Parthos Armeniosque latet?
iam cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos.
cras istud quanti, dic mihi, possit emi?
cras vives? hodie iam vivere, Postume, tardum est:
ille sapit quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.

59

Quod non argentum, quod non tibi mittimus aurum,
hoc facimus causa, Stella diserte, tua.
quisquis magna dedit, voluit sibi magna remitti;
fictilibus nostris exoneratus eris.

57.2 tuum $\alpha\gamma$: meum *ante corr., ut vid.* β
58.3 longe β : -e est γ 58.7 tardum β : serum γ

57

When I call you "lord," don't get conceited. I often return your[a] slave's greeting too in that way.

58

You say you will live tomorrow, Postumus, always tomorrow. Tell me, that tomorrow, Postumus, when is it coming? How far off is that tomorrow, where is it, or where will you go to get it? Is it hiding in Parthia or Armenia? That tomorrow of yours is already as old as Priam or Nestor. How much, tell me, would that tomorrow cost to buy? Will you live tomorrow? It's already overlate, Postumus, to live today. He is wise, Postumus, who lived yesterday.

59

If I send you no silver, if I send you no gold, I do so for your sake, eloquent Stella. Whoever gives much, wants much in return. My earthenware will take a load off your shoulders.

[a] Better, perhaps, "my" (see critical note). Favorite boy slaves were sometimes so addressed or referred to by their masters; cf. 11.70.2; 12.66.8; 13.69.2.

60

Allatres licet usque nos et usque
et gannitibus improbis lacessas,
certum est hanc tibi pernegare famam,
olim quam petis, in meis libellis
qualiscumque legaris ut per orbem.
nam te cur aliquis sciat fuisse?
ignotus pereas, miser, necesse est.
non deerunt tamen hac in urbe forsan
unus vel duo tresve quattuorve
pellem rodere qui velint caninam:
nos hac a scabie tenemus ungues.

61

Crispulus iste quis est, uxori semper adhaeret
qui, Mariane, tuae? crispulus iste quis est,
nescio quid dominae teneram qui garrit in aurem
et sellam cubito dexteriore premit?
per cuius digitos currit levis anulus omnis,
crura gerit nullo qui violata pilo?
nil mihi respondes? 'uxoris res agit' inquis
'iste meae.' sane certus et asper homo est,
procuratorem vultu qui praeferat ipso:
acrior hoc Chius non erit Aufidius.

BOOK V

60

You may bark at me all you like and provoke me with your shameless snarls; I am resolved to go on denying you the notoriety you have long been seeking, to be read of in my little books the world over, no matter how. For why should anybody know that you existed? Wretch, you must needs perish without a name. However, perhaps there may be one or two or three or four in this city who care to chew on a dog's hide.[a] For my part, I keep my nails clear of such scab.

61

Who is that curlylocks who always sticks close to your wife, Marianus? Who is that curlylocks who is forever chattering something into the lady's tender ear and pressing her chair with his right elbow, round whose every finger runs a light ring, whose shanks no hair profanes? Have you no answer for me? "He sees to my wife's business," you say. To be sure, a dependable, gruff fellow, whose very face proclaims the agent! Aufidius Chius[b] won't be sharper than this one. Oh, how richly you deserve a

[a] Implying that they too were dogs, which proverbially love to chew leather.

[b] A jurist, probably contemporary; see *RE* Aufidius 17. He may be the Aufidius mentioned by Juvenal (9.25) as a notorious adulterer.

o quam dignus eras alapis, Mariane, Latini:
te successurum credo ego Panniculo.
res uxoris agit? res ullas crispulus iste?
res non uxoris, res agit iste tuas.

62

Iure tuo nostris maneas licet hospes in hortis,
si potes in nudo ponere membra solo,
aut si portatur tecum tibi magna supellex:
nam mea iam digitum sustulit hospitibus.
nulla tegit fractos — nec inanis — culcita lectos,
putris et abrupta fascia reste iacet.
sit tamen hospitium nobis commune duobus:
emi hortos; plus est: instrue tu; minus est.

63

'Quid sentis' inquis 'de nostris, Marce, libellis?'
sic me sollicitus, Pontice, saepe rogas.
admiror, stupeo: nihil est perfectius illis,
ipse tuo cedet Regulus ingenio.
'hoc sentis?' inquis. 'faciat tibi sic bene Caesar,
sic Capitolinus Iuppiter.' immo tibi.

cuff from Latinus, Marianus! I do believe you will be Panniculus' successor.[a] Sees to your wife's business, does he? Business, *that* curlylocks? It's not your wife's business he sees to, it's yours.

62

You are fully authorized to spend the night as a guest at my place near Rome[b] if you can lay your limbs on the bare floor or if a large quantity of furniture is brought with you. For mine has already held up its finger[c] to guests. No cushion, not even an empty one, covers the broken couches, the rotten band lies limp with burst cord. But let us go shares in hospitality: I bought the place, that's the larger part; you furnish it, that's the smaller.

63

You say "what do you think of my little books, Marcus?" You often ask me that anxious question, Ponticus. I admire them, I'm dumbfounded, nothing is more perfect. Regulus himself will bow to your genius. "You mean it?" you say. "So may Caesar be good to you, so may Capitoline Jupiter." No, to you.[d]

[a] Cf. 2.72.4.

[b] *Horti* (not "gardens"), perhaps M.'s Nomentan villa, which he sometimes calls "suburban" (e.g. 7.49).

[c] I.e. asked for mercy, like a gladiator; cf. Sp. 31.5.

[d] Ponticus' blessing, being based on the sincerity of M.'s opinions, was an empty one.

64

Sextantes, Calliste, duos infunde Falerni,
tu super aestivas, Alcime, solve nives,
pinguescat nimio madidus mihi crinis amomo
lassenturque rosis tempora sutilibus.
tam vicina iubent nos vivere Mausolea,
cum doceant ipsos posse perire deos.

65

Astra polumque dedit quamvis obstante noverca
Alcidae Nemees terror et Arcas aper
et castigatum Libycae ceroma palaestrae
et gravis in Siculo pulvere fusus Eryx,
silvarumque tremor, tacita qui fraude solebat
ducere non rectas Cacus in antra boves.
ista tuae, Caesar, quota pars spectatur harenae?
dat maiora novus proelia mane dies.
quot graviora cadunt Nemeaeo pondera monstro!
quot tua Maenalios collocat hasta sues!
reddatur si pugna triplex pastoris Hiberi,
est tibi qui possit vincere Geryonen.

65.12 geryonen E : -em *cett.*

64

Callistus, pour in a double double[a] of Falernian. Alcimus, melt summer snow over it. Let my soaked hair be sleek with excess of unguent and my temples wearied by stitched roses. The Mausoleum[b] so close at hand tells us to live, teaching that the very gods can perish.

65

The stars and sky were given to Alcides in his stepmother's despite by the terror of Nemea, and the Arcadian boar, and the chastised mud[c] of the Libyan wrestling ring, and massy Eryx stretched in Sicilian dust, and Cacus, scare of the woods, who by a stealthy trick used to draw oxen backwards[d] into his lair. How small a part, Caesar, is all this of the show in your arena! Each new day that dawns provides greater combats. How many masses heavier than Nemea's monster fall! How many Maenalian pigs does your spear lay low! If the triple fight of the Spanish herdsman were reenacted, you have one[e] who can vanquish Geryon. Though the beast of

[a] Four *cyathi*, the *sextans* being equal to two *cyathi*.

[b] The Mausoleum of Augustus (described by Strabo 5.3), which M. could see from his home on the Quirinal: cf. 2.59.

[c] Cf. 4.19.5n. It stands here for the defeated wrestler Antaeus.

[d] I.e. by their tails, to elude pursuers.

[e] Carpophorus.

64

Callistus, pour in a double double[a] of Falernian. Alcimus, melt summer snow over it. Let my soaked hair be sleek with excess of unguent and my temples wearied by stitched roses. The Mausoleum[b] so close at hand tells us to live, teaching that the very gods can perish.

65

The stars and sky were given to Alcides in his stepmother's despite by the terror of Nemea, and the Arcadian boar, and the chastised mud[c] of the Libyan wrestling ring, and massy Eryx stretched in Sicilian dust, and Cacus, scare of the woods, who by a stealthy trick used to draw oxen backwards[d] into his lair. How small a part, Caesar, is all this of the show in your arena! Each new day that dawns provides greater combats. How many masses heavier than Nemea's monster fall! How many Maenalian pigs does your spear lay low! If the triple fight of the Spanish herdsman were reenacted, you have one[e] who can vanquish Geryon. Though the beast of

[a] Four *cyathi*, the *sextans* being equal to two *cyathi*.

[b] The Mausoleum of Augustus (described by Strabo 5.3), which M. could see from his home on the Quirinal: cf. 2.59.

[c] Cf. 4.19.5n. It stands here for the defeated wrestler Antaeus.

[d] I.e. by their tails, to elude pursuers.

[e] Carpophorus.

saepe licet Graiae numeretur belua Lernae,
improba Niliacis quid facit Hydra feris?
pro meritis caelum tantis, Auguste, dederunt
Alcidae cito di, sed tibi sero dabunt.

66

Saepe salutatus numquam prior ipse salutas:
sic eris? aeternum, Pontiliane, vale.

67

Hibernos peterent solito cum more recessus
Atthides, in nidis una remansit avis.
deprendere nefas ad tempora verna reversae
et profugam volucres diripuere suae.
sero dedit poenas; discerpi noxia mater
debuerat, sed tunc cum laceravit Ityn.

68

Arctoa de gente comam tibi, Lesbia, misi,
ut scires quanto sit tua flava magis.

---

[a] When one of the Hydra's heads was cut off by Hercules, two grew in its place.

[b] I.e. that you may live long to benefit earth.

Grecian Lerna be counted often,[a] what is the abominable Hydra to the wild creatures of the Nile? For such deserts, Augustus, the gods gave Alcides heaven speedily; but to you they will give it late.[b]

66

Greeted often, you are never the first to greet. Is that to be your way? Pontilianus, farewell for ever.[c]

67

When the Attic birds[d] in their wonted fashion were seeking their winter retreats, one remained in the nest. Returning in the spring time, they discovered the crime, and the deserter was torn to pieces by her own kind. Too late came her punishment. The guilty mother had deserved to be rent apart, but sooner, when she mangled Itys.[e]

68

I sent you hair from a northern people, Lesbia, to let you know how much yellower is yours.[f]

[c] The last salutation to the dead.

[d] Swallows, called Attic from Procne, daughter of the Athenian king Pandion.

[e] See index under Tereus.

[f] Taken as a compliment to "Lesbia," this surprises. Perhaps it is meant to imply that she dyes her hair to excess.

69

Antoni, Phario nihil obiecture Pothino
et levius tabula quam Cicerone nocens,
quid gladium demens Romana stringis in ora?
hoc admisisset nec Catilina nefas.
impius infando miles corrumpitur auro,
et tantis opibus vox tacet una tibi.
quid prosunt sacrae pretiosa silentia linguae?
incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.

70

Infusum sibi nuper a patrono
plenum, Maxime, centiens Syriscus
in sellariolis vagus popinis
circa balnea quattuor peregit.
o quanta est gula, centiens comesse!
quanto maior adhuc, nec accubare!

71

Umida qua gelidas summittit Trebula valles
et viridis cancri mensibus alget ager,

69

Antony, you have no stone to throw at Pharian Pothinus. Cicero makes you more guilty than your list.[a] Why do you in your madness draw sword against the mouth of Rome? Not even Catiline would have committed this atrocity. An impious soldier is bribed with accursed gold, and for so great a sum you buy the silence of a single voice. What avails the costly stillness of the sacred tongue? All mankind will begin to speak in Cicero's stead.[b]

70

Syriscus recently had a full ten million poured into him, Maximus, by his former master. Wandering around four baths,[c] he got through it on bistro stools.[d] How large a gullet, to eat ten million! How much larger yet to do it sitting up![e]

71

Where damp Trebula dips her chilly vales and the green land is cool through the months of the Crab,[f] a

[a] The triumviral proscriptions of 43 B.C. Cf. 3.66.

[b] Not "for Cicero."

[c] Cf. 2.14.11f.

[d] Much like our fast-food counters.

[e] Lit. "and not to recline"—the normal posture at a Roman dinner.

[f] June and July.

rura Cleonaeo numquam temerata leone
et domus Aeolio semper amica Noto
te, Faustine, vocant: longas his exige messes
collibus; hibernum iam tibi Tibur erit.

72

Qui potuit Bacchi matrem dixisse Tonantem,
ille potest Semelen dicere, Rufe, patrem.

73

Non donem tibi cur meos libellos
oranti totiens et exigenti
miraris, Theodore? magna causa est:
dones tu mihi ne tuos libellos.

74

Pompeios iuvenes Asia atque Europa, sed ipsum
terra tegit Libyes, si tamen ulla tegit.
quid mirum toto si spargitur orbe? iacere
uno non poterat tanta ruina loco.

---

[a] Cf. 4.60.2n.

[b] Properly the South Wind, which was rainy but warm. Here it may stand for wind in general, or perhaps actually for the North Wind (Aquilo or Boreas), as in Virg. *Aen.* 1.575. See Housman's note on Luc. 7.871 and cf. 5.30.2n.

[c] A summer resort. It will seem, in comparison, warm enough to be a winter resort.

countryside never violated by Cleonae's lion[a] and a house that always welcomes Aeolian Notus[b] summon you, Faustinus. Spend the long harvest on these hills. You will soon think of Tibur[c] as a winter resort.

72

He who could call the Thunderer Bacchus' mother[d] can call Semele, Rufus, his father.

73

Do you wonder, Theodorus, why I don't give you my little books for all that you beg and demand them so often? For an excellent reason: I don't want you giving me *your* little books.

74

Asia and Europe cover Pompey's sons, but the earth of Libya, if any earth, covers himself. No wonder he is scattered over the whole world. So vast a ruin could not lie in one spot.[e]

[d] Bacchus was called *bimater*, because on the death of his mother Semele, Jupiter placed him in his thigh till his birth was due; cf. Sp. 14.7.

[e] For a series of epigrams on this theme, perhaps by Seneca, see *Anth. Lat.* Bailey 396–399; 452–454 (= Riese 400–403; 454–456).

75

Quae legis causa nupsit tibi Laelia, Quinte,
uxorem potes hanc dicere legitimam.

76

Profecit poto Mithridates saepe veneno
toxica ne possent saeva nocere sibi.
tu quoque cavisti cenando tam male semper
ne posses umquam, Cinna, perire fame.

77

Narratur belle quidam dixisse, Marulle,
qui te ferre oleum dixit in auricula.

78

si tristi domicenio laboras,
Torani, potes esurire mecum.
non deerunt tibi, si soles *προπίνειν*,
viles Cappadocae gravesque porri,
divisis cybium latebit ovis.
ponetur digitis tenendus unctis

78.6 unctis *Lipsius et Heinsius* : ustis $\beta\gamma$

---

[a] The Lex Julia against adultery, revived by Domitian: cf. 6.7.

[b] Here referring to quantity rather than quality. "Cinna" accustomed himself to short commons.

[c] You listen to great men with an ear as inclined as if you carried oil in it. Said "of flatterers, who say pleasant

75

Quintus, you can call Laelia, who married you on account of the law,[a] your lawful wife.

76

By often drinking poison Mithridates achieved immunity from pernicious drugs. You too, Cinna, by always dining so badly[b] have taken care that you never die of hunger.

77

Someone is said to have made a neat remark, Marullus: he said you carry oil in your ear.[c]

78

If the thought of a gloomy dinner at home depresses you, Toranius, you can go hungry with me. If it's your habit to take a snack beforehand,[d] you won't lack for cheap Cappadocian lettuces and smelly leeks, chopped tunny will lurk in halves of egg. A green cabbage-sprout fresh from the chilly garden

rather than salutary things": Erasm. *Adag.* s.v. *Oleum in auricula ferre* (Ker).

[d] The Greek word literally means "take a preliminary drink." Mead (*mulsum*) was drunk with the hors d'oeuvres (*promulsis* or *gustus*). The dinner proper begins at v. 6.

nigra coliculus virens patella,
algentem modo qui reliquit hortum,
et pultem niveam premens botellus,
et pallens faba cum rubente lardo.
mensae munera si voles secundae,
marcentes tibi porrigentur uvae
et nomen pira quae ferunt Syrorum,
et quas docta Neapolis creavit
lento castaneae vapore tostae:
vinum tu facies bonum bibendo.
post haec omnia forte si movebit
Bacchus quam solet esuritionem,
succurrent tibi nobiles olivae,
Piceni modo quas tulere rami,
et fervens cicer et tepens lupinus.
parva est cenula, — quis potest negare? —
sed finges nihil audiesve fictum
et vultu placidus tuo recumbes;
nec crassum dominus leget volumen,
nec de Gadibus improbis puellae
vibrabunt sine fine prurientes
lascivos docili tremore lumbos;
sed quod non grave sit nec infacetum,
parvi tibia Condyli sonabit.
haec est cenula. Claudiam sequeris.
quam nobis cupis esse tu priorem?

---

[a] I.e. preserved.

[b] So Colum. 10.134 *doctaque Parthenope.* Naples was a Greek foundation and a cultural center. Silius writes of

will be served on a black plate for your oily fingers to handle, and a sausage lying on snow-white porridge and pale beans with ruddy bacon. If you wish for the bounties of dessert, you will be offered withering[a] grapes and pears that bear the name of Syrian and chestnuts roasted in a slow fire, produce of cultured[b] Naples. The wine you will make good by drinking it.[c] If after all this Bacchus perchance rouses an appetite, as his way is, fine olives will come to your aid, recently borne by the branches of Picenum, and hot chickpeas and warm lupins. A modest little meal (who can deny it?), but you will speak no falsehoods nor hear any and recline benignly wearing your own face. Nor yet shall the host read a thick volume or girls from wanton Gades, endlessly prurient, vibrate lascivious loins with practiced tremor. But the flute of little Condylus[d] will play something light and witty. Such is my little dinner. You will sit below Claudia. Whom would you like to sit above me?[e]

the city's "soft manners and leisure hospitable to the Muse" (12.31).

[c] This seems to have been a common formula of politeness: Petr. 39 and 48 "Your drinking will be sufficient to recommend the wine."

[d] A slave, like the "Condylus" of 9.92. The name is probably fictitious.

[e] I.e. "what girl would you like me to invite?" The order of seating was to be: Claudia (M.'s choice), Toranius, Toranius' choice, M.

79

Undecies una surrexti, Zoile, cena,
et mutata tibi est synthesis undecies,
sudor inhaereret madida ne veste retentus
et laxam tenuis laederet aura cutem.
quare ego non sudo, qui tecum, Zoile, ceno?
frigus enim magnum synthesis una facit.

80

Non totam mihi, si vacabis, horam
dones, et licet imputes, Severe,
dum nostras legis exigisque nugas.
'durum est perdere ferias': rogamus
iacturam patiaris hanc ferasque.
quod si legeris ista cum diserto
— sed numquid sumus improbi? — Secundo,
plus multo tibi debiturus hic est
quam debet domino suo libellus.
nam securus erit, nec inquieta
lassi marmora Sisyphi videbit,
quem censoria cum meo Severo
docti lima momorderit Secundi.

81

semper pauper eris, si pauper es, Aemiliane.
dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.

79

Eleven times, Zoilus, in the course of a single meal you rose from table and eleven times changed your dinner clothes, lest sweat retained by damp garments should cling and a subtle draught harm your open pores. Why don't *I* sweat, Zoilus, who am dining with you? You see, a single dinner suit makes a man mighty cool.[a]

80

Give me less than an hour, Severus, if you have the time (and you may put it on my account), while you read and criticize my trifles. "It's hard to sacrifice a holiday." I ask you to suffer and bear this loss. But if you read them (or am I going too far?) along with eloquent Secundus,[b] this little book will owe you much more than it owes its master. For it will feel safe, nor see the stone of weary Sisyphus,[c] once bitten by the censorial file of learned Secundus together with my Severus.

81

You will always be poor if you are poor, Aemilianus. Nowadays wealth is given only to the rich.

[a] Having no change of clothes, I cannot pretend perspiration as an excuse for showing off.

[b] Whether Caecilius Secundus of 7.84 or the younger Pliny (C. Plinius Caecilius Secundus) is uncertain.

[c] I.e. be labor lost.

82

Quid promittebas mihi milia, Gaure, ducenta,
si dare non poteras milia, Gaure, decem?
an potes et non vis? rogo, non est turpius istud?
i tibi, dispereas, Gaure: pusillus homo es.

83

Insequeris, fugio; fugis, insequor; haec mihi mens est:
velle tuum nolo, Dindyme, nolle volo.

84

Iam tristis nucibus puer relictis
clamoso revocatur a magistro,
et blando male proditus fritillo,
arcana modo raptus e popina,
aedilem rogat udus aleator.
Saturnalia transiere tota,
nec munuscula parva, nec minora
misisti mihi, Galla, quam solebas.
sane sic abeat meus December:
scis certe, puto, vestra iam venire
Saturnalia, Martias Kalendas;
tunc reddam tibi, Galla, quod dedisti.

82.4 i, tibi *edd.* : vae t- *Heinsius* : di t- *Gruter*

82

Why did you promise me two hundred thousand, Gaurus, if you could not give me ten thousand, Gaurus? Or can you and don't want to? I ask you, is that not more discreditable? Get along with you, Gaurus, to the devil with you! You are a paltry fellow.

83

You pursue, I fly; you fly, I pursue. This is the way I am. Your wishing, Dindymus, I wish not; your wishing not I wish.

84

Now the schoolboy sadly leaves his nuts,[a] recalled by the clamorous master, and the boozy gambler, betrayed by an all too alluring dice box and just hauled out of a secret tavern, is pleading with the aedile.[b] The Saturnalia are over and done with, and you sent me no small presents, Galla, not even smaller ones than you used to send. Very good, so pass away my December. Methinks you surely know that *your* Saturnalia are coming soon, the Kalends of March.[c] Then I shall return to you, Galla, what you gave.

[a] Used in gambling; cf. 4.66.16; 14.19.

[b] Who punished gambling except during the Saturnalia: cf. 4.14.7–9, 14.1.3.

[c] When presents were made to women.

previous versions. The text is mainly that of his highly praised Teubner edition of 1990.

D. R. Shackleton Bailey is Pope Professor of Latin Language and Literature Emeritus, Harvard University.

The Loeb Classical Library is the only existing series of books which, through original text and English translation, gives access to all that is important in Greek and Latin literature. A complete list of titles is available from Harvard

Other Latin poets in the Loeb Library

HORACE

VIRGIL

OVID

VALERIUS FLACCUS

STATIUS

CATULLUS

TIBULLUS

PROPERTIUS

ISBN 0-674-99555-4